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THE CITIZEN AND THE REPUBLIC.

Speech delivered by J. R. Countiss in the Mississippi Oratorical Contest, Columbus, Miss , May 2d, 1901.

[It is provided in the Constitution of the Mississippi State Oratorical Association that the representatives of the colleges shall have their speeches published in their respective college journals some time during the year succeeding the contest.]

The relation of the American citizen to the Republic is fundamental and all-pervading. He is sponsor for her existence; she is guardian of his liberty. In no other State are the individual's rights so secure or his duties so important. This fact was clearly realized in the early days of this country's history, and never did a fond mother give the offspring of her travail deeper love than the citizen gave this three-born Republic. Never did obedient child strive harder to please a doting parent than the infant State labored to meet the demands and gratify the wishes of her citizens. Their patriotism was superb; her fidelity to their ideals was unfaltering. But these conditions have so changed that the citizen is jealous of the increasing wealth and power of the State; while the State fears he may hamper her progress by too free an exercise of his sovereignty. Thus is impaired that necessary mutual relation through which alone each can attain the highest ends.

I view this estrangement with profoundest alarm. And what enemy of liberty has wrought the crime? Should not the culprit be searched out and placed under the lash of public opinion until he makes full reparation for the wrong? Standing here to-night I declare to the individual citizen, "Thou art the

man!" As the body cannot fail while the heart sends pure, rich blood through its members, neither can the Republic fall while vitalized by the intelligent and sympathetic support of the citizen. First, last and forever, she derives her existence from the citizen whose suffrage has given her birth, and he must account for her misfortunes. He may delegate for a time his authority, but final responsibility rests forever with him.

And in demanding that the citizen heal his country's ills, I do not ask for the impossible. He has passed a century of political experiment; he has out-stripped the world in creative genius and inventive power; he ranks with the world's leaders in culture, philosophy, and religion; his name is a synonym for industrial ingenuity and commercial enterprise. Yet he tamely sits in professed helplessness while corrupt men minister at the altars of the Republic, while anarchy eats its way to the core of the government, while the liberties of the people are sacrificed to the greed of monopolies, and the highest privileges of freedom are committed to polluted aliens unfitted for the rights of citizenship. Tell me not that the citizen who has hurled back the hateful invader, conquered the savage marauder, triumphed over internal strife, and transformed the American wilderness into a fit garden for the gods—tell me not that such a citizen cannot on the overlasting threads of the Constitution weave a national fabric as bright as the light and as enduring as the sun.

The citizen is alienated from politics. The merest cobbler on the bench keeps in touch with industrial affairs and feels his vital connection with the economic world. But the average citizen views the Republic as something apart from himself; he feels that the welfare of the State in no way coincides with his own. He counts himself a cipher in the political world and withholds that personal sympathy, aid, and encouragement demanded by his relation to the Republic.

This explains the widespread and portentous lethargy at the polls. The blood of patriots has been spilt for manhood's right of suffrage. Will the proud victor despise the privilege so dearly bought by his ancestors? Already no incentive is strong enough to call forth a large per cent. of voters. The best men,

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the most intelligent men, are the ever busiest men, and those absent themselves from the polls. Thus the election of officers and the moulding of governmental policy are committed to the idle, the ignorant and the corrupt. What dangers do not threaten the Republic when in Massachusetts, the home of culture and colleges only one voter in six has sufficient patriotism to cast a ballot? In Indiana a heated contest between Democrats and Republicans calls out but one voter in three, and in other States the case is as bad.

Nor are the best citizens more willing to enter the paid service of the State than to discharge the duties of private individuals. Only when reeking corruption smells to heaven will men of the highest ability consent to serve as public officers. Even then the service is spasmodic and temporary. Officers are cleansed only to be vacated at the end of a single term in favor of corruptionists made more greedy by their brief retirement. This shrinking from public duty is as disastrous to public justice as to public policy. The ablest lawyers find the bar more lucrative than the bench, and inferior men are often honored with the judicial ermine. Prosperous and intelligent citizens find excuse from jury duty, and the great questions of right and equity are submitted to professional jurors, court-house loafers, and vagabonds. Property rights are settled by paupers, and criminals truly are tried by their peers.

Respectable citizens often violate civil law. Unwise legislators have flooded the statute books with inferior laws. Feeling neither reverence nor respect for these laws, good men do not scruple to violate their petty provisions. This gives countenance to lawlessness and lends encouragement to anarchy in a land where patriotic love for law is the foundation stone of liberty. Willful disregard of law and lack of respect for judicial machinery inevitably beget maudlin sympathy for criminals. Law is deprived of its terrors and punishment is robbed of its sting. When thrust behind prison bars, the scorned outcast becomes a social hero. Rarest flowers and costliest delicacies are deemed scarcely good enough for the Apollo who has ruined a home, the Cræsus who has wrecked a bank, or the Judas who

has murdered his fellow. According to this morbid sentiment judges and juries, laws and courts, are mean and false; only the criminal deserves esteem. Chicken-hearted citizens petition a time-serving executive to pardon scoundrels who richly deserve their appointed penalties.

Another self-inflicted curse of the citizen is ignorance. Total strangers to political science presume to settle off-hand the most intricate problems of government. Men who are well informed on other subjects are densely ignorant of political history and state-craft. They hear only partisan lectures and read only the bitterest partisan journals.

The case is bad, but that it is hopeless I am not ready to admit. I have unlimited confidence in the possibilities of American citizenship. Let the citizen cast off his lethargy and enter politics with the all-conquering force of that unique personality that has made him the world's leader in industry and commerce. Never in the annals of history has personality counted for so much as it does today. The glories of Manila Bay and the thunders of Santiago proclaim the triumph of individual manhood. Schley and his comrades fought as if there had been no Sampson on the seas. The time of despotic leadership is past; the day of responsible freemen has dawned. Let Americans meet the issues of the hour as only freemen can!

The citizen must again learn the value of the ballot. No longer should he regard himself as a political fraction, but as the unit on which the Republic is founded. Only his suffrage stands between him and tyranny. Corrupt men will rally a horde of foreigners who for a mess of pottage will sell their birth-right, whose value they do not understand. The zeal of the citizen to save must exceed the ardor of destroyers. If necessary, he must serve as a public officer. The world's highest political dignity is to be the chosen representative of a free and intelligent people. I honor the scholarly man who could hear the call of God in the cry of a great city suffering from corruption and misrule, and retire from his exalted academic position to wipe out the city's disgrace. Seth Low can do vastly greater good as Mayor of New York than as President of the Columbia

University. Good men must make politics respectable. Great corporations should not be allowed to monopolize the brain and talent of the country. Young men should profoundly study the theory of government and enter politics as a profession. Let them strive to be, like Washington, first in peace as first in war, then will they indeed have right to the first places in the hearts of their countrymen. Glowing panegyrics have been pronounced over the sacred dust of those young men who gave themselves a willing sacrifice for the freedom of Cuba. I would heap richer encomiums and higher tributes on those who give themselves heart and soul with unstained honor to the peaceful freedom of America.

Respect for law and regard for its penalties should be cultivated. I do not advocate a return to the age when men delighted to witness suffering and inflict torture, but I urge the exactions of justice as the only antidote for injustice and the payment of penalty as the only preventive of crime. If every criminal who has friends and relatives is to be pardoned, we had as well bid anarchy welcome. There must be suffering—if not of the guilty, then of the innocent and helpless.

To offset ignorance and partisanship, I would have in every chartered college a chair of political science and history, and in Washington City a National School of Civics and Diplomacy. The youth of the Republic are being trained in all arts but the art of statesmanship, and instructed in all sciences but the science of self government. Two great national institutions and a host of lesser schools train men for war, but the Republic has no school for peaceful citizenship, The training once received in the town meeting must now be secured in schools. Men are no more born statesmen than physicians or teachers. Freedom may be inherited, but ability to retain it can only be acquired by painstaking effort. It is national suicide to entrust the government to an untrained populace. If the youth of the country are properly trained in the history and traditions of the Republic, they will not fail to make it, through all the coming years of freedom and justice, the choicest earthly home. But if they do fail let the Goddess of Liberty again cross the seas, lift

her torch from the despotic realms of the Czar, and proclaim to the world that the lordliest of men are but political imbeciles, unable to govern the land their valor has won and their genius transformed.

As I look on my country's needs and listen to her complaints, I discover gigantic trusts reaping the fruit of the nation's industry; I behold great monopolies crying at the doors of the national Capitol for protection from honest competition; I see powerful political parties clamoring for the spoils of government, while red-handed anarchy cries, "Down with the State!" But I fear not these. I fear less from trusts than from traitors, less from polluted parties than from indifferent voters, and less from the anarchist than from the careless citizen. My appeal is not to parties but to patriots, not to arms but to activity.

Oh, my countrymen, a suffering Republic but lately baptized in her martyred ruler's blood stretches her helpless hands to you for aid. In the name of God and home and native land, I beg you rise to a man, and, like Hannibal at the altars of Carthage, swear she shall not stretch her hands in vain!

IN THE CLUTCHES OF THE LAW.

By. .

"I tell you the fellow must be discharged, I have given him a fair trial, and I am tired of him," Said Mr. Hazleton, editor of The Daily Chronicle, to his daughter Rachel who was often in the office and knew all of the employees.

"Why! Papa what has Mr. Loraine been doing now to incur such great disfavor? I thought he was a good man in the press room."

"Yes, the foreman says that he does his work well and is a good man anywhere he is placed; but he has been drinking and keeping company with toughs, and is not very attentive to business."

"So it is drink is it? The Chronicle did not take a very

active part in the prohibition campaign last year; now here it is raising a racket because a man on the press gang drinks a little, but that's the way with the world", said Rachel.

"A paper must speak the mind of the general public you know."

"Provided it is for the best interest of the paper,"said Rachel

"Prohibition or no prohibition, I know that a man that drinks is not fit for a respectable business, and can't hold a position these days even though he be a moderate one. The fact of the business is I don't like the fellow any way, he came here no one knows how or from where, he shambled into the office one evening about dark and gave his name as David Loralne, and wanted work, as Logan needed a man in the press room I employed him."

Just then the door opened and Loraine entered. He was a tall well built man and was what most people would call a handsome man. Addressing Mr. Hazleton he said:

"Mr. Logan wishes you to inspect the new press."

"Very well, I'll go at once. Here Loraine will you please run up these figures while I am gone," said Mr. Hazleton as he left the office.

Loraine sat down at the desk and added the long columns of figures with such speed and skill that Rachel looked on with amazement. When he had finished Rachel said:

"Well Mr. Loraine you seem to know what you are doing. I never saw any one handle figures as you do."

"Yes, I have always been good at figures and rather like them. They are so interesting—see here." He reached for a pad and displayed such skill that Rachel looked on with wonder. "You always find something new, one never tires of experimenting with figures,?' he said as he performed various wonderful little feats.

"I believe you work on the printing force do you not Mr. Loraine?"

"Yes, I have been on the force quite a while."

"I think that you ought to have a better place, and I would like to see you advanced."

"You would! Said Loraine looking enquiringly."

"Why, yes, I like to see every one go as high as they can. I suppose you can hold a higher place than the one you now have."

"Yours are the first words of encouragement that I have heard fn many a day. Yes, I suppose I could hold any place this paper could give."

"I suppose you have good friends here among your follow employes?"

"Not much. They all look down on me as a kind of bum, and I suppose they are about right. I did'nt land in this city on the top of an omnibus blowing a bugle."

"If I were you I would make them look up instead of down," said Rachel.

"Well, now that's putting it pretty strong. I am beginning to think that yon mean what you say, and you make a fellow feel like bracing up and making a fight for it; but you don't understand," he said, and his eyes had a faraway look in them.

"I do mean what I say. Suppose you make a fight for it—as y u say. I shall be an interested on-looker." Loraine hesitated. He looked her straight in the eyes.

"What do you say," said Rachel.

"I'll do it!" said Loraine. and as he brought his fist down on the desk Rachel saw new fire in his eyes.

Mr. Hazleton returned and Loraine left the room.

"Papa, you ought to have seen Mr. Loraine handle those columns of figures. I believe that there is something in him and if you will give him another chance, and with a little encouragement he will develope into a useful man."

"Bah! I tell you he is no good."

"Give him another months time anyway, I am becoming interested in him," said Rachel.

"You are always interested in every foot pad and outcast that comes along."

"Well, sympathy is never wasted. I tell you there is more in Mr. Loraine than you think," said Rachel.

"Very well, you always have your way; but I think your experiment will prove a failure this time."

Next morning Loraine came to his work more neatly dressed and looking in every respect more like a gentleman. He had a quiet dignified bearing and a determined look on his face. His fellow employees, after recovering from their surprise, looked at one another knowingly and began jeering at him.

"Hi! there Mr. Dandy," said an ink boy, and Loraine sent him spralling into a waste file. They soon found that he was not to be trifled with. He performed every duty carefully and fatthfully with a non-assuming air, and within a week he was next in authority to the foreman in the press room.

"How is Loraine getting on, did you say?" said Mr. Hazleton, addressing Rachel, "Well I must say that he is one man that I was fooled in. I don't understand him yet. He has'nt always been a common workman, I think. Not a word of his past can you get from him. There seems to be a mystery about him, Why, yesterday he dared in a way to criticise some composition one of the head reporters had made. He seems to be well read and versed in the ways of the world."

"I hope that you will give him some encouragement and lead him out. I don't think that his life has been a very pleasant one," said Rachel as she left the office.

A few evenings later Rachel attended a banquet given by the New Century Club, on opening its splendid new building. While wandering through the rooms one of her friends stopped her and said: "Rachel, who is that handsome young gentleman over there with a note book in his hand?"

"He seems to be a reporter" said Rachel.

"David Loraine," said Rachel to herself as she began to make her way toward him. In a flowing white evening gown she was a dazzling beauty.

"I am glad to meet you here Mr Loraine," she said.

Loraine greeted her with such ease and grace that it was evident that this was no new sphere to him.

"It s quite an unexpected pleasure to me, Miss Hazleton· You can imagine my surprise when I was detailed .o report this banquet."

"The Herald will be beaten this time sure. I shall read to-

morrow's paper with interest," said Rachel.

Loraine wandered around with a keen, observing eye, but never loosing sight of Rachel. When the banquet was over he hurried to his desk and began writing. The thought that she would read this bore him on through paragraph after paragraph, until at last if was finished and handed in to the night editor.

"Linwood, old boy, you are improving"—said the local news reporter to the social reporter—"You will make a hit on this club article sure."

"I did'nt write it," said Linwood.

"You did'nt! well the old man must have been out himself last night. It's no novice that wrote that."

"Good!" said Mr. Hazleton when he had read the report. "The Herald will not beat that. I do believe that there is something in the fellow after all; there is something back of Loraine—no ordinary foot pad could make the strides he has made within the last few weeks."

"Tell Mr. Loraine that I wish to see him in the office," said Mr. Hazleton to the office boy, as he put some letters down on the desk.

Loraine entered with a quick and more elastic step than usual.

"Mr. Loraine I compliment you on that write-up of yours last night, Here is a letter that I have just received from the president of the New Century Club. He is much pleased. It is a victory over the Herald. The new club is composed of some very prominent men and our paper will be benefitted. You have talent and I will give you an opportuntty to develope it. I hope that you will make journalism your profession. Hereafter you will be a member of the reporting staff; for the present you will be a kind of general reporter. In that way you will soon find your right place."

Loraine's promotion created quite a sensation among the employees. They grew jealous and gave him all the trouble in their power. Sometimes he was almost at the point of giving up the fight, but a thought that Rachel was interested in his welfare would brace him up and he would take new courage.

He threw aside his overalls, sending them into a garbage bag, and reported to the local editor.

"You! advanced to a reporter! A mere printer's devil?" said the local ediior eyeing over his glasses.

"Yes sir. I am here and mean to hold my own, and if I am not greatly mistaken some one else on The Chronicle staff was a printers devil—as you call it—once"

"He fought his way up step by step if he was, he was'nt picked up out of an ink pot and set down at a desk among decent gentleman."

"That's where we differ. I got there first and am going to do the fighting afterwards. I have reported for orders."

"Talks as if he really had some grit. He seems to have a double personality, No ordinary beglnner could climb as he is climbingf" thought the local editor after he had sent Loraine out on the streets for local pick-ups.

"We'll just let him drift for a while and study him. I confess I don't understand him; he seems capable of holding his own any where. I think that he is going to prove a good man to have on the staff," said Mr. Hazleton to the local editor.

Loraine handed in his local pick-ups and said as he produced another manuscript;

"Here is a little extra side work; I remembered your advice not to attempt to interview anyone, but a good opportunity presented itself, and I took advantage of it, as I thought that it would be a little hit for The Chronicle."

The editor picked up the manuscript, glanced at it, dropped it, wheeled himself around in his chair, looked at Loraine over his glasses in blank astonishment.

"You! you mean to say that you, a mere novice, a printers devil! You attempted and did interview United States Senator Carlton? The man who has baffled all other reporters, and boasts of the fact that he has never been interviewed?"

"All I know is that he was a United States Senator enroute to Washington and I interviewed him on the coming fall campaign,"

"Well! you'll do. How did you manage it?"

"I just happened to strike him at the right time I suppose," said Loraine. He did not relate the skillful little maneuvre he had used to accomplish his purpose.

A few hours later Loraine met Rachel as he was entering the Rosenberg Music hall to report a concert given by a local benevolent society. Rachel was one of the directors and had several prominent places on the program. She had a very troubled look on her face and seemed worried.

"Is there any thing that I can do for you Miss Hazleton? I surmise that there is something wrong," said Loraine.

"I have just received a note from one of the principle male voices saying that he can't fill his engagement this evening. He does'nt say why. Our concert will be almost a failure without him, as he is one of the quartette that was to be our chief attraction. The curtain must go up in ten minutes."

Taking a program from an usher Loraine glancing at ft saw that the quartette was near the last.

"Show me the name of the missing man and give me his address- Now you go ahead with your concert. there will be a quartette." said Loraine.

"But you are to write up this for tomorrows paper."

"Never mind that," said Loraine, as he hurried off to catch a car.

Loraine called on the absent man to see if he could not induce him to fill his engagement; but on arriving he found the man suffering from a severe cold and that it was impossible for him to sing.

"The quartette must sing—said Loraine with a determined voice and troubled look. Twill be a risk,b.it I'll do it" he thought

"Have you the music here," asked Loraine.

" Yes," said the man.

"Will you please let me see it," said Loraine.

Going over to a music stand he handed Loraine a sheet of music. Loraines face brightened as he looked at it.

"I used to sing a little and have sung this. Would you mind me being your substitute?"

"Not at all. I would be delighted if you would. I hate to

see Miss Hazleton disappointed; if half of the women of this world were only half as good as she is it would be a far different world. If there is any good in anything she will get it out—and if——"

"The quartette will be called in half an hour, can you play?" broke in Loraine going over to a piano.

"Yes, a little," said the man.

"Well, accompany while I run over this."

He began to play and Loraine began to sing. The man stopped and looked at Loraine.

"Go on," said Loraine impatiently.

When they had finished the man looked up at Loraine and said:

"You'll do." You had better get an evening dress. You can rent one third door north of the music hall; you will not have time to go to your room.

"Thanks," said Loraine as he rushed from the room.

Just three minutes and the quartette would be called.

Rachel watched the stage entrance. Two minutes passed, then Loraine entered in full dress.

"What does this mean?" said Rachel after she had recovered from her surprise.

"No time for explanations. The curtain is going up," said Loraine, as he took his place to march out with the quartette. The other three looked anoyed. Rachel did not know what to think. They began to sing and as Loraines rich tenor echoed through the hall a hush came over the audience. Mr. Hazleton leaned from his box and a strange gentleman heavy built with black hair and mustache, left his seat in the rear of the hall and came near the front. When the quartette finished the building shook with applause. It was a great success.

"Come around here and let me look at you; I don't know whether it is all a dream or this is a fairy play," said Rachel as Loraine came off the stage.

"For myself I can't tell after looking at you. I know that I am tired," said Loraine as he dropped into a seat.

"Now that you have taken Mr. Stocklands place you will have to sing with me. He was to sing with me after this

violin solo."

"Really I can't. You must excuse me. I don't know what you are to sing."

"Do you understand music?" asked Rachel.

"A little," said Loraine.

"I dare say this is not the first time that you have sung before the public."

"Well, no. I used to be known as 'Singin' Bill' down on—" He stopped suddenly and looked confused.

"Down where?" asked Rachel.

"Please excuse me, Miss Hazleton; I wasn't thinking. It's nothing, anyway."

"Well, here is the music. We must sing in five minutes."

"It is not very difficult, and if you say that I must, I suppose there is no alternative," said Loraine, after glancing over the sheet.

Loraine forgot everything but that he was singing with Rachel. His whole soul went into the song. They seemed to sing for each other alone. The audience was spellbound. Neither of them had ever sung as they did then. After they had finished there was a hush for a time, then a pandemonium. They were called for again, but neither wished to respond. Rachel left the stage with tears in her eyes.

"How came Loraine on the program this evening?" said Mr. Hazelton to Rachel in the carriage.

"He sang for Mr. Stockland. He was there as a reporter. He saw that there was something wrong and asked me, and I told him; then he left, and the next time I saw him, he was on the stage. He did us a great favor. You will please not say anything about it to him, papa."

"Very well; I acknowledge that you understand him better than I do. I'll not be susprised at anything he may do next."

"You said that my experiment—as you called it—would be a failure. Better mind how make you light of my judgment hereafter," said Rachel, with a merry laugh, as they stopped at their door.

Loraine went to the editorial rooms, sat down at a desk and

tried to write, but his mind seemed to be in a whirl. He could not collect his thoughts. He tore the paper and threw it into the waste-basket. He wrote a short, little sketch of the concert, then went to his room; but he was restless.

"Why did I sing to-night—something I haven't done for several years? It was dangerous. Why was I so moved when I sang with her? Was it the music? Was it the song that moved us both? Why this change over me? Why have I lingered in this city so long. when I should be moving, yes, drifting, drifting? O, that I had never stopped here! Why not leave at once? Go as I came, no one knowing when or whither; but tomorrow is the day she generally comes to the office—" He fell asleep.

Mr. Hazelton had just entered the office next morning, to relieve the night editor. When he picked up a morning issue of The Chronicle, he read in large head lines:

"Senator Carlton interviewed for the first time by a Chronicle reporter!"

"Another victory over The Herald! I tell you, Thompson, The Chronicle is gaining fast. Who did this and how did he manage it?"

"Loraine did it, I am told," said the night editor.

"Who! Loraine, the first day that he came off the press gang! What will come next? I say, Thompson, tell me what you think of Loraine."

"I think that he came here a well-bred, cultured, and educated gentleman in disguise."

"Why did he choose the role of a bum and keep it so long?"

"That's where the mystery comes in. But my opinion is, now, that you will do well to hold him on the staff."

"I shall do so," said Mr. Hazelton, as the night editor left the office.

Loraine, entering the building, met Rachel coming out.

"You are late, Mr. Loraine. I have been waiting for you, but had given you out," said Rachel.

"Yes, I overslept myself this morning. I beg your pardon,

and promise to do better next time."

"It was so stupid of me not to thank you, last night, for singing for us. I was taken so by surprise, I forgot everything."

"Don't speak of it, Miss Hazelton. 'Tis I that am indebted to you. I am glad that I was of some service to you."

"You! indebted to me! I don't understand."

"Do you remember one morning, in the office, when I footed up some columns of figures?"

"Yes; but what of that?"

"I can't explain now. You remember you told me to 'make a fight for it?' "

"Yes, and you have just trampled upon everything that came in your way, and last night captured the whole public. Really, you will have to sing again."

"I'll never sing any more—not in public, anyway."

"Papa has been searching the building for you, and is waiting for you in the office. He is delighted over that interview of yours."

Mr. Hazelton congratulated Loraine on his success, and commended him for the progress that he was making. Loraine watched every opportunity, and was fast proving himself the most efficient man on the staff, and a worthy gentleman. Mr. Hazelton being a lover of music, Loraine and Rachel often sang together in her home. He made strong friends, and proved himself a friend to many a homeless wanderer. He had refused an offer to be made Local Editor on The Herald's staff. "What was the strange influence that held him to The Chronicle?" he had often asked himself. It was just one year from the time he was made reporter that Mr. Hazelton said to him:

"I have been told that you have refused a prominent position on The Herald's staff. I am very glad that you chose to remain on The Chronicle. Our paper is growing, and, as editor-in-chief, I find my work growing heavy. There is now a great need for an assistant editor, and, as I think that you are the most efficient man on the staff, I offer you the position."

Loraine accepted, and The Chronicle gained in influence. His strong editorials on live topics began to attract attention.

A short time after his promotion a heavily-built man, with black hair and mustache, entered the office one morning with two officers, and, going up to Loraine's desk, he said:

"William Stanly, you are my prisoner."

Loraine turned suddenly and rose to his feet.

"What do you mean! By what authority?"

"Come, now; no use to resist. We have every advantage," said the man, taking some papers from his pocket and motioning to the policemen, who advanced with a pair of handcuffs.

"They will not be necessary. I surrender and will go with you," said Loraine with a firm voice, in such a quiet, dignified manner that it surprised the man; but his experienced detective eye saw that he need not fear his man. So he said to the policemen:

"Put them away. You may go now; you will not be needed."

As the officers left the building they met Mr. Hazelton, who looked at them in a manner that indicated surprise. When he entered the office and saw Loraine, looking very pale but firm, talking to a stranger, he suspected something wrong. He sat down at his desk. When the man saw him he stopped talking.

"Go on," said Loraine.

"As I was going to say, I gave you up and was here working out another clue, and happened to be at the concert the night you sang. I recognized you and had you shadowed, and returned to work up the case and get the requisition papers. I was delayed longer than I expected. I have been making some inquiries about you, and I will say that, had I done it before I reported that I had accidentally located you, I would not have done so. You are a changed man. 'Tis a shame to take you back now, but it can't be helped. He was a good-for-nothing bully; I didn't blame you much. But he came from a prominent family, you know, with plenty of money and—"

Here Mr. Hazelton turned in his chair and said:

"What does all this mean?"

"I am under arrest, Mr. Hazelton," said Loraine.

"What's the matter, Loraine; what have you been doing

now?"

"I'll make no statement now," said Loraine.

"I demand an explanation, sir," said Mr. Hazelton, addressing the stranger.

"His name is William Stanly, and he is wanted in California for the killing of Harry Arlington five years ago."

"So the mystery hovering over you has cleared away and you are a scoundrel and a murderer, and your sins have found you out, have they?" said Mr. Hazelton in a hard voice.

"You are too hard. He is by no means a scoundrel and a common murderer," said the stranger.

"Out with both of you! A pretty mess The Chronicle is in now," said Mr. Hazelton.

"You are- "

"That will do, Mr. Officer; I'll go with you now," and turning to Mr. Hazelton he said, "I'll send you a statement for publication, but I think it best to say nothing at present."

A little later Loraine was locked up in the jail, after a great protest from the jailor. Loraine told the jailor to admit no one. The news of his arrest spread over the city like wild-fire. After he had been there about an hour, the jailor came to his cell and said:

"'Tis a foin lady, sir, and she be bound to see you."

"Who is it, Pat?" said Loraine.

"Faith, and I can't tell you, sir. She is in a carriage and has a vail and—"

"What kind of looking horse is she driving?" asked Loraine.

"Black, with white nose. She is set on seeing you."

"Not in this hole." Loraine now knew that it was Rachel.

"Begorrah! 'tis a nasty shame to have you here. 'Tis you that be a comin' here to cheer up the prisoners, and many a heart have you cheered here in this—"

"Say, Pat, you need not fear to trust me. Bring her up in the corridor; I'll see her there."

"Faith, 'tis not Patrick Oneal that mistrusts you. Follow me down to the sitting-room below; you shall see her there."

"Good for you, Pat!" said Loraine.

A few minutes later, standing in the center of the room, with a face that told of deep emotion and pain, he faced Rachel.

"Have you come here in this place to see me, one who now even the street waifs shun?"

"Mr. Loraine, have I ever, at any time, proved myself a faithless friend?"

"Never! but the most faithful of the faithful and the truest of the true," said Loraine, as he began walking the floor.

"Tell me all about it, won't you?" said Rachel, in a sympathetic voice.

"I'll tell you all," he said, stopping before her. "My name is William Stanly. I am twenty-five years old. I have neither father nor mother. My uncle reared me and educated me at Harvard; then told me to make my own fortune. I graduated at twenty, with some credit to myself. The gold craze had just broken out in the West. I thought it a short way to fortune, and, against the wishes of my uncle, I went to California. I secured a claim, and it was panning out well. A young, overbearing fellow adjoining me began to encroach on my claim. I forced him back. He became my enemy. I grew rough and wild like the rest. One night, in a shanty that was called a hotel, we met in a game-room. We both had drunk a little deep. Some way, we had words. It seems all a dream to me, but next morning they said that I had shot him. He died at noon; it hurt me bad. No one cared. He was not popular; but he came from a prominent, wealthy family, and his brother swore that he would bring me to justice. I went to South America. A detective was put on my trail. I became a homeless wanderer—a man without a country. I did not remain in one place long. I became a wandering foot-pad, but I made my way as I went. I longed for my native land so that, at the end of four years, I landed in this city. I had chosen printing as a profession to make my living, as it kept me somewhat secluded, and I was seldom seen by the public. I did not intend to remain here long, but—you will please excuse what I say now, Miss Hazelton—I met you. You gave me sympathy and encour-

agement; you aroused the manhood that had lain dormant in my soul so long. A change came over me. I loved you; I couldn't help it. I didn't mean to tell you, for I am not worthy to speak to you; but I am going away now. No one will ever know, and you will please forgive me. I am a lover of music; I learned to sing. I was known in Lone Tree camp as 'Singin' Bill.' When I sang at the concert that night there happened to be a detective there that recognized me, and thus you see me now. I have nothing to regret. Your influence helped me up, and I'll never sink again. I am going. I shall not lose hope nor courage. I am going to stand my trial, after which I will make a statement for publication. I think it justice to your father, the public, and myself. I began to live as I thought you would like for me to live, when I found that you were interested in my welfare, and from this time on I shall conduct myself as becomes a gentleman. My s ory is ended."

He turned toward the door; he could trust himself no further. Rachel had sat and listened as one dazed. She had said nothing; but when Loraine turned away she rose to her feet, and, extending both hands, said:

"William!"

Loraine turned. He saw tears in her eyes. Taking both of her hands in his, he said:

"Rachel, do you care?"

"Were you going to leave me like that, William? Did you not think that I, too, had a story to tell? Have you not seen? Have you forgotten the first night we sang together?"

"Rachel, do you mean it? Do you love me as I am now?" said Loraine.

"Love you! ah, more than life!! Listen, William: As you said, we are both young; I am nineteen. I am yours. Come what may, I'll be true."

"Oh, a woman's love!" groaned Loraine. "But your father, he will—"

"I had it out with him before leaving the office. He was furious, but I can manage papa; never you fear."

There was a rap on the door.

"All right, Pat," said Loraine.

"Rachel, I leave in fifteen minutes. Remember, I am yours to the end, come what may," said Loraine, as he pressed her close to his heart and left the room.

One month later we see Loraine, now known as William Stanly, in a California court-room facing the judge, who was saying: "William Stanly, you have had a fair trial for the killing of Harry Arlington, and the jury has found you guilty of manslaughter. Your case is a peculiar one. I have received many letters from prominent citizens of the city in which you last made your home. It seems that you have been an influential, good man; but the law is no respeeter of persons. I fix your sentence at ten years in the State prison. I have given you the lightest sentence that the law of this State allows, which is due to this," and he handed Stanly a pink envelope addressed by a hand that Stanly knew too well.

Stanly wrote a straightforward statement and sent it to Mr. Hazelton, who, after reading it, said:

"I was too hard on him when he was taken from the office that morning. He is a good man and a true gentleman, but he is In the Clutches of the Law. We must try to have him pardoned."

Rachel was the same girl, honored and loved by all. There was just a little ache in her heart, but she smiled as she read the last words in a letter that bore the postmark of a California post-office. The words were, "Thirty-five and twenty-nine is not old."

AMOROSO.

Where e'er my bark shall ever chance to stray
As o'er Life's sea it takes its wav'ring way,
Howe'er God's plan ordains my ship shall sail—
Tho' wand'ring thro' the dark my heart should fail,
Tho' by the mist of doubts and fears my soul
Should lose the sight of its eternal goal;

If by the zephyr breezes of life's joy
My boat should calmly through its waters ply,
Or tossed upon the cold and billowy gale
My being must take bearing, lessen sail,
And stem the mighty tide until it quails
Beneath the low'ring clouds of dark dismay
And feels that fondest hopes are dashed away,
Feels that with bearing lost and compass gone
It sails the wild and angry deep alone,
No human sympathy and cheer to bless,
No human confidence in which to rest—
If then your love and confidence should bless
My soul and let me feel its sacredness
To follow me in kindness and in trust,
That soul would mount the waves, outlive the gust
That sought to sweep it hopeless to mistrust
The darkness of my fears would turn to day,
The bitterness of tears be washed away,
The darksome clouds would lift, the sunlight cheer,
If but my soul could know thy love was near,
And I could feel it in the darkest hour
Steering my bark by its enduring pow'r;
Behold it at the helm with hand of might;
Guiding my tired and troubled soul. aright.

J. H. P., '04.

MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

Vol. 5. JACKSON, MISS., OCTOBER, 1902. No. 1

Published Monthly by the Students of Millsaps College

W. F. Cook, ... Editor-in-Chief
Lamar Easterling, ... Associate Editor
F. D. Mellin, ... Alumni Editor
D. L. Bingham, ... Local Editor.
Jos. H. Penix, ... Literary Editor.
F. E. Gunter, ... Business Manager
W. C. Bowman, M. S. Pittman, ... Assistants

Remittances and business business communications should be sent to F. E. Gunter, Business Manager. Matter intended for publication should be sent to W. F. Cook, Editor-in-Chief.

ISSUED THE 15TH OF EACH MONTH DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR.

Subscription Per Annum $1.00. Two Copies, Per Annum $1.50

-:- EDITORIALS. -:-

The management of the Collegian passes from tried into untried hands. The editor has often thought what an advantage it would be if it were possible for the position to be held by the same student for a number of years, so that the experience and knowledge gained could be used in making our magazine better. Never before has he realized how very great this advantage really would be nor felt so forcibly its need. All the gratitude he has for having been trusted with the mouth-piece of his college, his ardent desire to have his magazine outstrip those of other colleges, his patriotism and love for his college

itself, avails him naught when ability and aptness for the work in hand is required. In this time of need he has those to whom he shall look for aid, his able staff, the students, the faculty, and our charitable friends.

To the students will he especially look for aid. If there is any one thing connected with the college that is more dependent upon the students than the college itself it is the magazine. It exists solely for them, by them, and because of them. The COLLEGIAN is the product of the combined intellect of Millsaps College. On its pages are records made by each and every member of the student body though some records may consist of unmolested space. There is no way to escape it. "Published Monthly by the Students of Millsaps College." If you are a student of Millsaps College, then you are responsible for each issue of the COLLEGIAN. You cannot speak disparagingly of it without acknowledging your own failure. Let every student bear this in mind, and lend his best efforts to make the COLLEGIAN a credit to himself and to his College, which expects of him *the very best he is capable of doing.*

To our friends who have been so lenient in their criticisms of our young magazine in the past four years of its life, we shall still look for indulgence. To the business men of Jackson whose support in a financial way has made possible the existance of the COLLEGIAN, we wish to express our heart-felt gratitude. It is you who have done most for us in the past and you who will determine the ultimate destiny of our and your College Magazine. We know that you may not realize in actual cash a satisfactory return, but you prepare a harvest which is far more lasting than gold and upon which your children for generations to come will draw interest.

The editor has no spacial plan he intends to adopt. Together we shall strive to make the COLLEGIAN continue to grow stronger and better as it has during the four years of its existance.

The growth of Millsaps College in influence and material improvements during the last two years has been nothing short

of phenomenal. Though from the very beginning her growth in reputation abroad and in her accommodations at home has been wonderfully steady and rapid, never before has she made such marked progress as during the last and closing year of the first decade of her useful life. The first session of the new decade finds her without a peer in oratory in the South. Each contest with her sister colleges has been but a record of her victories. Countess made the last entry at Columbus. Her influence is felt throughout the South. During the last two years she has more students than ever before. This session opens enrolled with a handsome increase.

As to her material growth. At a cash outlay of $40.000.00 she has come into possession of eleven acres of land adjoining the Campus together with three large buildings. One is an imposing three story brick building and will accommodate over one hundred and twenty-five boys. A portion of it will be used as a dormatory. The building is fitted out with a steam heating plant and all the modern conveniences which go to make comfort. It will be known as "Founders Hall" in honor of Major Millsaps through whose generosity the building was secured. All the advantages of Founders Hall including table boatd and furnished rooms will be given students for nine dollars per month, thus showing the aim of our Christian institution—*to place within reach of every worthy young man the priceless boon of a collegiate education.*

We have not the enormous endowments of some other similar institutions (though our endowment is comparatively large), but we have what is far more valuable—the continuous outpouring of consecrated gifts, and the prayerful solicitude of a devoted Christian people. The gorgeous fixtures are absent, but comfort and hallowed influences are their shining substitutes.

Rev. A. H. Shannon, who for several years had charge of Wesley Hall at Vanderbilt University, will have charge of Founders' Hall, and, with his experienced management, success is assured from the beginning.

Every summer the editor is frequently asked concerning the

"Rules and Regulations" of the College, and, sad to say, the impression he has gotten from these combined inquiries is that a number of people look upon our College as being one ladened with severe and rigid rules, with what our honored President has so fittingly termed the "choke-throat" policy in schools, and I use the term schools advisedly. We reply with all the emphasis of outraged college dignity and honor, we have no set of rules save those by which every true gentleman instinctively lives. We have an honor policy, because we propose to deal with honor and not dishonor. We believe that *the type of character developed under the responsibility of freedom is of far more value than the hot-house specimen grown beneath the eye of authority.*

If you have a son whom you can trust, there is no place more suited for his mental and moral development than is Millsaps College. There is no faculty nor student body which will welcome him more heartily or aid him more cheerfully than we will. But if you cannot trust him—if he is not a boy of honor and integrity—we do not want him, for we have no night watchmen to disturb the sacred stillness of our honor-guarded nights. For such a patient we have only to suggest the lasting embrace of the kindly plow-handles by day, and the eternal vigilance of their faithful watchman, physical exhaustion, by night.

No, we will not encumber a college for worthy, ambitious young men with the appurtenances necessary for the successful manipulation of a hoosier school for an aimless, empty-headed set of humanity. It is true that we have just bought out an institution where good cooks and field hands were spoiled, but not for the purpose of perpetuating the pernicious practices.

But we do not intend to convey the idea that we have no discipline. There are certain things concerning which an experienced faculty does not give us the right to an opinion, just as the church member may be thought of as having no right to an opinion when his decision conflicts with the church ritual, because there must be a supreme authority in every organization.

What we wish made plain is that we expect a student to do

right, not because a rule says he must, but because it is right, and his conscience, the supreme authority in all moral issues, declares that it is right.

This policy obtains with us because we believe this is the only means to set the inward man at work, and

> "When the fight begins within himself,
> A man's worth something."

Dr. Muckenfuss, who has held the chair of Chemistry and Physics since the foundation of the College, has gone from us to accept the same chair in the University of Arkansas. We grieve to lose this splendid Christian man and scholar, who has labored so diligently and successfully with us. While here he was not only a good man and able professor, but the sympathetic counselor of all the boys. His sincerity and devotion to duty won for him the respect and admiration of all with whom he came in contact. In his stead we have Dr. Sullivan, formerly of Centenary College, and feel assured that he will make up the great loss we have sustained.

Professor Bishop has kindly guaranteed a prize of ten dollars to be given to the contributors of the COLLEGIAN. It has not been decided whether the prize will be given for the best story or for a contribution of some other nature. This will be annouced in the next issue of the COLLEGIAN. We are sure that the students will make Professor Bighop feel how very grateful the entire student body is for such encouragement by the enormous quantity and excellent quality of their contributions.

The business men of Jackson who advertise with us make the existence of the COLLEGIAN possible. The staff asks that every student patronize them. In doing this you not only show your appreciation of their kindness, but you aid very materially in the support of your magazine.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

JOS. H. PENIX, Editor.

The literary editor begins his work with a special sense of unworthiness, due partly to his own limitations, and partly to the peculiar demands of his department. He is expected to have some literary ideal, or, at least, some sort of literary standard. Yet, so extensive and so varied have literary activities become in the last few years, so radically have authors departed from the old stereotyped forms, so versatile is the vast body of our literati, and so inexperienced and incompetent a novice is the ordinary undergraduate, that the editor feels this sense of deficiency to be fully warranted.

So, in venturing upon reviews or criticisms, or whatever shall be expected of him, he does so with reluctance, feeling that he would much rather subject his own poor efforts to criticism (if, indeed, they were worthy of criticism), than to attempt a review or discussion of productions so far beyond him.

Yet, he believes that for every earnest failure there is in some way and measure a recompense; and he has at least the consolation that what he says shall not disquiet the literary world, a relief in knowing that his multitude of errors shall be covered by his obscurity.

In reading Thomas Hardy's *Tess of the D Urbervilles*, one can hardly fail of being reminded of Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*, since both are tales of the sad tragedy of unlawful passions and their succeeding woes. This central theme is, however, the only point of likeness between the two stories.

We would not, of course, attempt to compare the manners of the two authors, the wide differences of which are due partly to their individual styles, but largely to their different conceptions of fiction and its purposes. Yet, in whatever respects Hardy falls of the perfection of Hawthorne's style, he is certainly lucid, and, in the aspect from which he views nature,

natural. His characters stand before us as flesh and blood, and are always, in the literary sense, true to themselves, keeping throughout the book the intense human cast which he has given them, so that none can say of them, "They could not have lived."

Indeed, just here arises occasion for the intrinsic difference of the two novels. As has been intimated, the objects of the writers were altogether different. Hawthorne's tale is psychical. He takes a supposed case, and follows its incidents and its effects on the lives of those connected with it, for the sake of the psychic problem involved. Of course there is implied a deep and sympathetic concern toward his characters, and through their psychic states we become very well acquainted with them, even though they be somewhat fastastic; but the impulse that prompted him to write, and the interest that makes us read, springs from the eternal questions of mind and conscience.

Hardy, on the other hand, is not so much concerned with such problems. True, he considers the mental and moral attitudes of his characters, but only as these explain various incidents, or, are explained by them; and, apart from these requirements, such attitudes have no fascination for him. He is intensely realistic. He assumes to represent this phase of life with all the ghastliness of its moral tragedy; and he attains his purpose. His motto is: "A novel is an impression, not an argument," and he certainly adheres to that idea throughout *Tess of the D' Urbervilles.*

Of the author's powers, as shown in this novel, there is no dispute. As to the ultimate place of the work in literature, there are, no doubt, differences of opinion; but surely, if we are at all to consider the *morale* of a story, or rather if the finer senses are to be regarded in estimating a novel, this one can never meet with the same degree of approval as *The Scarlet Letter*, which it suggests. In the last named work, both parties to the crime are equally guilty; in the former, is recorded the more repulsive deed of a practised villain, wrought upon a helpless victim. Here a question arises: Does the conduct of his heroine just subsequent to this deed justify the epithet "pure,"

which he gives her on the title page? There seems to be here a moral incongruity. Yet again, in representing Tess' husband as casting her off for the very crime of which he himself was guilty, the writer represents him as adhering to that crude moral standard, not based on moral law; that there exists a separate and higher standard for woman than for man. Hawthorne's heroine expiates her crime, and, seemingly, appeases her conscience by a lifelong penitence and service to her fellow-creatures. Hardy's holds out bravely for a-while. but at the very crisis. when her constancy is about to be rewarded, virtue is lost and the wrecked life ends in crime and execution.

Life must have its tragedies, and tragedies must end in tragedy, but alas, that the rude pen of man should let virtue and purity end like this!

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

LAMAR EASTERLING, Editor.

The new exchange editor sends greetings to his friends, fellow-students and contemporaries in the college world, together with his best wishes for a highly successful year to all engaged in the various departments of college work.

It is with a feeling of pleasure and also of responsibility that I enter upon my newly assigned duties. I am sadly conscious of my incompetency to take up the work laid down by my worthy predecessor; nevertheless, I shall try to the best of my ability to make the department interesting.

I anticipate much pleasure in reading over the various magazines of merit that will grace our desk this session; yet I fear I shall make but a dull reviewer and a poor critic, so far as literary merit is concerned. However, what criticisms are made shall be open and fair, and rather pleasant suggestions and encouraging comments than anything of a technical or disagreeable nature.

We are pleased to welcome to our desk the "Olive and Blue," of Tulane University. It is a neatly-gotten-up weekly, full of interesting news, and very enthusiastic concerning foot ball. The article, "Social Order and Educational Agencies," written for it by Justice A. Breux, is very interesting and instructive.

The "Purple and Green" comes to our desk with a breath of out-of-door air about it, suggestive of all kinds of field sports. It is full of the glory of its institution, and stands up for it with a back-bone worthy of credit.

We acknowledge the receipt of the "Crimson and Gold." It is a neatly-edited magazine, and does credit to its institution. We gladly exchange.

Harvard has shortened its collegiate course to three years. This will be of great advantage to its future students who are in a hurry to finish so as to study for the various professions. Considering the amount of preparatory work that has to be done to gain admission to that institution, three years are enough.

As a matter of fact, the University of Chicago has been doing practically the same thing by allowing students, who are sufficiently advanced, to take the four years' regular course in three.

Vanderbilt opened with a greater—at least ten per cent greater—attendance this year than ever before. This is the case with most of the colleges throughout the country. Education is on the boom! This is a great sign of our nation's progress and development. If education is not quite so exact as it used to be, it is, at least, more abundantly distributed throughout the masses—wherein lies the true strength of a republic.

The Cecil Rhodes fund, providing for scholarships to Oxford, England, has been creating a great deal of interest among the young men of this country. It will mean a great deal to the deserving students, provided the proper care and fairness be used in selecting the representatives from the various States. Each State should, by all means, have its representatives selected fairly,—according to tests of ability and scholarship, rather than by "political faction,"—the chief object being to select men who will reflect the most credit and honor upon their States and institutions, and upon the United States as a whole.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

Vacation is over and it is "up to us" again.

Read the ads this month. They will save you money. Boys trade with our advertisers.

R. R. Norquist of Carrollton, was out Monday night having a social chat with friends.

Harvy Monger, '98, visited friends in Jackson last Saturday

Rev. R. A. Clark, '01, made a flying trip to Millsaps last week.

T. Wynn Holloman, '99, visited club mates on the Campus last week.

Marvin Galloway '02 visited friends on the Campus on Founders day.

"Young son to father: What is the difference between a bell and a corrupt politician?

Father: Give it up.

Young son: One peals from the steeple, the other steals from the people."

Rev. J. A. Bowen, of Tupelo, spent several days with his son Cawthon during the opening week.

Dr. A. M. Muckenfuss, who held the chair of Physics and Chemistry, has resigned and accepted a position at the University of Arkansas. His place is filled by Dr. Sullivan.

The question has been asked lately if the Lamar Literary Society and J. N. Hall have effected a reconciliation. Can any one enlighten us?

F. S. Gray, Jr. was on the Campus last week. He will not return to school here this year, but goes to New Orleans to enter Soule's business college.

The Y. M. C. A. reception Friday night September 26, was quite a success and all the boys report a good time. At the first regular business meeting thirty-one new names were added to the roll. While this is a good showing, still there is room for many more· Boys, you can take no better step than to connect yourself with this organization.

Rev. R. M. Standifer of Clarksdale, came down to the opening and brought "Little Rufe with him. Boys be good to him.

L. W. Felder of 1901, passed through Saturday enroute to Glen Allen. He has just recovered from a two months spell of sickness. He looked real sporty with his diamond ring and full beard.

Mr. Chas. R. Garraway of Hattiesburg, was on the Campus a few day last week visiting his cousin W. Felder Cook.

Dr. Swearinger to new student: What is your name?
Floyd, sir!
What are your iniatials?
"SAM."

A. L. Hopkins who attended Millsaps during the session of '00'-01 passed through Jackson a few days ago enroute to the University of Chicago. It is rumored that he is hunting another Freshman medal.

The Tennis Association held its first meeting last week and the following officers were elected: D. L. Bingham, President, W. C. Bowman, Manager and Treasurer, Silas Davis, R. Ed. Turner and M. Green Court Managers. An order for new nets, balls, etc, was put in and play will be resumed in a few days.

Rev. Herbert Watkins, '99, conducted the opening exercises for us one day last week.

The business manager was on the sick list the first week or school, but we are glad to report him out and looking well now.

Mrs. Blanche Howell librarian last year, did] not return. But we attribute that to "My John's" graduation and not to the fact that she has enough of Millsaps.

The Galloway Literary Society held its first regular meeting Friday night and the following officers for the ensuing year were elected: F. E. Gunter, President, W. N. Duncan, Vice-President, W. D. Hughes, Treasurer, S. R. Flowers, Cor. Secretary, J. S. Purcell, Recording Secretary, H. B. Heidelberg, Assisting Secretary and T. V. Simmons monthly orator.

"Look at Miss Garwell as she sits on the sand in her bathing suit," exclaimed a Pittsburger at Atlantic City. "She is pretty enough to eatt" "That's what she is," asserted his hearer. She is a regular sand-witch.

Robt. Lampton came up to the opening, but did not enter school He will attend a school in New Orleans, preparatory for Tulane University where he intends taking his degree.

The Athletic Association had a very enthusiastic meeting last Friday evening and a number of good speeches were listened to and many new names were added to the roll. The result of election was as follows: D. L. Bingham, President, A. M. Ellison, Vice-President, H. V. Watkins, Secretary, W. D. Hughes, Treasurer, V. Y. Felder, Capt· Foot Ball Team, G. R. Nobles, Manager Foot Ball Team, W. M. Merritt, Capt, Base Ball Team Shaw Enochs Manager Base Ball Team, W. C. Bowman, Capt. Track Team, F. E. Gunter, Manager Track Team and A. M. Ellison Director of the Gymnasium. Now boys let us get to work and do something and have an Athletic Association in reality as well as in name.

The election in the Lamar Literary Society this year came off very quietly, The following gentlemen received the places of honor: A. S. Cameron, President, W. C. Bowman, Vice-President, A. H. Whitfield, Secretary, H. V. Watkins, Treasurer, J. N. Hall, Censor, D. C. Enochs, Cor. Secretary and Buchanan Critic.

T. J. Millsaps has a position on Saturdays with Feibelman Bros. Now don't everybody rush down at once to make purchases for it might confuse him.

"Hump" Campbell, formerly of Jackson, now Asst. Cashier of the Bank of Sumner, was out mingling with club mates last Saturday.

After this issue our advertising pages will be interspersed with a series of interesting locals and jokes.

Martz Confectionery and Restaurant.

—SOLE AGENTS FOR—

GUNTHER & LYON'S CANDIES

Our Cakes, Ice Cream, Soda Water & Candies are always fresh and the Best in the City.

Best Brands Cigars and Tobacco.

Martz Famous Stick Candy.

OPEN TILL 12 EVERY NIGHT

Call and be convinced we are the People.

MILLSAPS COLLEGE
LIBRARY
JACKSON, MISS.

MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

Vol. 5. JACKSON, MISS., NOVEMBER, 1902. No. 2

CUBAN RECIPROCITY.

In the interim between one of the hardest fought battles ever waged in Congress and one yet to be waged, doubtless with greater intensity, the American people have witnessed the most persistent effort ever made by an administration in behalf of any measure. For the authorization of a reciprocity treaty with Cuba, the President and cabinet officers have toured almost the entire nation, bringing to bear on the public mind all the power and influence of our country's most exalted positions. By argument, persuasion, ridicule, force, the attempt has been made to lash into submission the refractory senators and representatives of the administration party. There is doubt whether any body of men were ever subjected to greater pressure and subsequent denunciation, than these representatives of the sugar industry in the United States; and for no other cause, than an unyielding contention for their constituents' interests. To determine the rightfulness of either party in the premise these questions should first be considered, viz: (1) Do the Platt amendment and the promises made bind the government to make a reciprocity treaty? (2) Will the concesssion if made materially aid the Cubans? (3) Has our government the right to make such concession?

It is evident that Mr. Roosevelt regards the government obligated to grant reciprocity. The claim is set up that McKinley had promised this much to the Cubans and that the present course is but a continuation of our dead president's policy. The seeming implication is that in loyalty to a dying request, no

objection should be raised to our lamented executive's promise. But however strong such an appeal may be made the people, nevertheless, at times, refuse thus to be bound, and that too, without a sense of disloyalty, even though they disregard the president's wishes. To them it appears as logical, when their interests demand it, that the president should, arbitrarily, put an end to strikes as that they should implicitly yield to whatever promise he might make. Doubtless, a marked hesitancy should precede the repudiation of a president's course, but if, ever, men have the right to dissent, it is when acquiesence results in their own hurt.

The effort to stamp on the public conscience, a sense of moral obligation is a master stroke of diplomacy, for the American people are peculiarly responsive to such appeals. It was a moral obligation that led to the war with Spain. But that the Platt amendment imposes the duty of making special concessions to Cuba, may well be regarded as a debated question. This amendment provides that Cuba, unless with the permission of the United States, shall make no treaties with foreign countries. The supervision of Cuban foreign relations, rightfully, belongs to our government. The United States stand out before the world as the guarantors of Cuban liberty, and the whole strength of the nation is ready to preserve it, should occasion arise. Our army and navy are Cuba's sentinels, dispensing with the necessity of self-imposed precautions against dangers. Should Cuba become involved in foreign entanglements, the United States would, necessarily, be held responsible for Cuba's conduct. Do not the risks assumed by the United States and their position of protectorate justify the concession made in the Platt amendment? Is not Cuba morally bound to concede this much? Not only has American generosity endowed her with liberty, but its continuance assures, to the Cubans, free and untrammeled perpetuity of government. The assumption that this protectorate, because of the general recognition of the Monroe doctrine, costs the United States nothing, is wrongfully made, and its barrenness becomes evident, as we see, yearly, the increasing demand for naval appropriations. It strikes us as a strange

expression of gratitude, that Cuba thus hedged in from dangers, freed alike from royalty to the protecting power and from the expense of self-provided measures of safety—I repeat, it seems strange that, in addition to all this, the request is further made that the American people put no bar to the free entrance of Cuban sugar into the American markets. The moral obligation resolved becomes thus, *because thou hast been generous, continue thy gifts.*

The query as to whether the reciprocity if granted would materially aid the Cubans leads to the consideration of the second proposition. We are familiar with the tale of Cuba's woes, and of the impending commercial ruin, if reciprocity be denied. We were told of the great quantities of sugar lying on the wharves, without an effort to ship it, because its low price would not justify its being placed on the market; of mills that were inactive or dismantled; and of a population restless and difficult of restraint. Other reports give a more hopeful account, that the island is growing prosperous, and the people contented. The true state of affairs is, probably, the mean between these two extremes. It is not supposable that the financial condition of a country emerging from a war such as has devastated Cuba can be wholly satisfactory, especially when the task of setting up a new government, radically different from the old, is not yet complete; but while this is true, to assert that the whole of Cuba's distress is attributable to an inhospitable tariff is to ignore completely the effect of internal disquietude over trade relations.

No one could deny that the United States should be the greatest buyer of Cuban sugar, and that they will be, under settled conditions, is inevitable. The production of sugar in the United States is about one-tenth the consumption, and because the restrictions operating against Cuba operate against every other sugar-producing country, her nearness to our shores and accessibility to our markets effectually shut out all outside competition. Evidently the tariff does not affect the demand; does it affect the price?

There is no more fundamental economic law than that the

commercial value of an article, under natural conditions, is determined by the relative supply and demand. A tariff has absolutely no part in determining the prices, as regards the seller of imported goods. It only adds the amount levied to the price as determined by the supply and demand, and regulates the price at which the buyer and consumer purchase. If the tariff were removed, the importer's price would remain the same; the consumer's price would decrease by an amount equal to the tariff. The Cuban planter need not hope that a removal of the tariff means an increased price for his sugar. This might happen if Cuban sugar came into competition with home-grown sugar, but where home production is so small a part of the home consumption, its commercial value does not fix but is determined by the imported sugar. Here it is that the contention of the reciprocity advocates is most fallacious. They endeavor to make the American people believe that reciprocity means cheaper sugar to them, and a better price to the Cubans. By what process of reasoning do we reach the inference, that a reduction in price to consumer means an increase in price to the seller? The argument that a removal of the tariff increases the selling price destroys the primary aim of a tariff, which is, by adding a certain tax to the original cost, to increase the price of home-grown products by the amount added. There never was but one purpose in granting reciprocity, and that is, by removing this tax, to allow our own people to buy imported goods at the cost naturally created by the supply and demand. It was never intended to aid foreigners at our expense, but ourselves, at foreigners' expense. In the light of past history, the argument does not hold. Prior to the Spanish war, when Cuba was much more hampered than by the Platt amendment, the commercial restrictions, operating now, operated then, unaccompanied by the long, direful portrayal of tariff oppression. The query suggests itself as to whether there is not some unrevealed motive in this play on the American conscience, whereby it is hoped to remove the tariff under the delusion of moral obligation and protecting, filial duty.

The plausible sophistry, being practiced, however, tends to

make us forget that in granting reciprocity, we may do injury to ourselves. So great is the obligation to help Cuba made appear, that to consider our own interest seems sacrilege. There appears to be a trace of great merit in the implication, that if Cuba needs aid, we should not hesitate to sacrifice American interests to give it. But, however that may be, the object of such argument is primarily to turn the voters' attention from matters of home concern.

If there is need for a tariff—the strongest tenet of Republican faith—it is when American interests suffer from free trade and foreign competition. Consistency demands that the tariff be reduced on American goods seeking foreign markets. It is foolish, in addition to the imposition of a monstrous burden, to protect goods at home, that abroad, compete with the world. Suggest that the tariff be removed from dry goods, tin, steel. etc. and the opposing clamor would be deafening. Yet the American production of these articles is so great that the markets of the world have been invaded and they compete with the French in France, with the German in Germany and with the English in England. With sugar however, the case is very different. Ten times the amount produced is consumed. The fertile soil, cheap labor and tropical climate of Cuba make practically certain the destruction of the American sugar industry, if Cuban sugar ever comes into direct competition with the American. It is thus proposed to remove from our weakest industry, by gradual steps it may be, but with the same certainty as if all were removed at once, the only protection making its extistance possible.

Does congress owe a moral duty to make concessions to Cuba, which, when made, are worthless as regards their purported mission, but which are destructive to a now, prosperous home industry? If congress owes one duty more than another, that duty is to protect that which is American, and not to hazard our own interests to false notions of duty or the pretended sincerity of politicians guided by unseen powers.

In the midst of commercial present-day surroundings and their attendant light, it is not difficult to find the true source of the fight for reciprocity. America is so dominated by trusts,

their workings are so intricate, their power to engineer schemes so nearly irresistable, that to effect a desired plan, they can buy up courts, control congress, and under the guise of moral obligation to others, influence for their own good the great weight of public opinion. A simple statement will better suffice. The American sugar refinery controlls the manufacture of refined sugar and consequently dictates its prices. There is not now, nor would there be under reciprocal conditions any competitor of the sugar trust for Cuban sugar. Is there any one so far lost in speculations, who imagines that a moral obligation would cause this corporation gratuitously to pay more than the least possible price, because buying Cuban sugar? Such spirit of generosity is rarely found in American trusts.

No, the result desired is that American sugar be reduced by the same percent that reciprocity allowed for Cuban sugar, and by buying both American and Cuban sugar at a lower than the present price, the millions that we would be made to think go to the sustenance of needy Cubans, to rebuilding the beautiful island's devastated homes, and to the reinstitution of prosperity and peace, will, in truth, swell the multi millions of the power propagating patriotic reciprocity, and cultivating and refining the American sense of moral duty.

B. E. Eaton.

CONFESSIONS OF A CADDY.

"When de *Gent* is out a'playin' golf,
To hit der ball he tries;
But ev'ry drive he breaks a stick,
And dis is what he cries:
* * * —— —— ? * !!! ? ! ; : , .

She tried her bes' to hit dat sphere,
But ev'ry time she swung,
She missed the thing and hit her toe;
Well, here's de song *she* sung:
——— —— — ——— ? * * * !!!! ? .

Does wimmen ever say such things ?
Humph! bet cher life they do.
Just take me job a little while,
You'll learn a thing or two !
!!! ——— ——— ——— ?

C. A. A.———

THE GHOST OF CLAYTON HALL.

"What's that; tired of dancing and want a story? Tut, tut! What more do you want than a dance to such music as old Asa is giving you? When I was a youngster we wouldn't quit such a dance for anything short of an Indian fight. And here you come, Jenny, wanting me to stop the fun with one of my old tales! Egads, these boys would kidnap me."

This was the protest of Captain Dan when his niece threw her arms around his neck and said she must have a story. No one knew better than Jenny how to get anything she might want from Captain Dan. With him she was simply irresistible; with the boys she was—well, just a very gentle, much-beloved, tyrant.

She kissed the old wrinkled cheek and cried:

"Now, there are two kisses. Aren't they worth a little, short story?"

"If you had been a princess you would have broken all the royal hearts in Europe, and then married some poor devil because you loved him. You boys had best mind your own; you see what she can do for an old man like me!"

"Fetch me a glass of punch and I'll tell you a tale." Aside to the boys: "They are worth a dozen."

A silver goblet filled to the brim was brought him. He held it for a moment in his hand. The smile had gone from his face.

"Just such as *she* used to make—the best in the world; fit to drink a toast to any queen, none the less to you, my queens! This night makes me think of another when I was young,

in this very house, in this very room, and, Jenny, your grandfather was telling stories to us youngsters, and when he had finished one about some knights and ladies and castles she and I slipped away and hid behind the holly bush out yonder—it was a bush then, with thick limbs and leaves down to the ground; it's grown a tree now—and I swore to be her knight, and she, the little, timid dove, was to be my lady. But you want a story?"

"Why did you never marry her, Uncle Dan?" questioned the curious Jenny at this story she had never heard before.

His eyes sought the blazing fire, and rested there; his hand nervously pulled at his little, white goatee.

"Did I never tell you?" he said, at length. "She was too beautiful to live. They took her away from me and carried her to Italy—never brought her back."

"But you want a story—well let me see—I have it! This cup, this silver cup, reminds me of the one I shall tell you, one of knights and ladies and castles, too, but a ghost withal. You don't believe in ghosts? Then you never met one face to face in a real lonesome place? Egads! if you had you would swear by them."

"In the south of Old England stood a great castle, called in its day Clayton Hall, but in after years it lost that name and came to be known as the Haunted Tower. Long ago all the wood-work rotted and fell away, leaving bare the huge walls of masonry, perfect, built of immense stones, cut and piled with such precision as to seem almost unbroken.

"The plan of the castle was square. From the four corners of the wall four towers rose to a height of some hundred feet, from whose top-most windows one might see far down the four roads leading up to the castle gates. One of these gates was situated under each of the towers. In each tower three ancient cannon, arranged turret upon turret in a quadri-circle, guarded the approach to the gates.

"In the days of its splendor, Clayton Hall had been one of the King's strongholds; but its glory had all faded away. An awful crime had been committed within its walls, after which

misfortune befell all its inmates, and a doom seemed to hang over the place.

"It happened this way: You know, the law in England was that the oldest son should inherit all the estate of his father, leaving the younger brothers, if any there might be, with nothing. The Lord of Clayton Hall had two sons, and, as the younger came to know that his father, because of his old age, soon should die, Cain-like, he became jealous of his elder brother and laid in his heart a secret plan how he should kill him. At a time when he knew darkness would hide his sin, he stole to his brother's bed and stabbed him in the heart. The devils in hell would have paled at such a crime. He flung the dagger far out the window, and there it was found on the following day, and the crime laid at some stranger's door. The murderer sped back to his own bed chamber, and no one ever suspected him.

"The old father soon followed his son, for grief, and Clayton Hall, once the seat of a proud and honorable house, was in the hands of a villain and a fratricide. The old halls, once merry with the laughter of a proud and happy throng, now covered dark crimes and debauchery. Never again was there to be another such gathering. Never again should the herald sound the bugle calling knights to the tilt-yard and ladies to the scene, for a curse was upon the castle and its inmates. Nothing was left to tell of its pristine splendor save here and there a few pieces of rusted armor or a broken lance. Some had seen a full suit of armor, burnished bright, as if a great knight had lately pulled it off. Others said the dead brother nightly came back to claim his property. It was not an uncommon thing for belated travelers on one of the castle roads to see a knight in full armor riding as if for adventure. And, Jenny, I remember, when your grandfather told us of this *she* was sitting by me and I was holding her little hand, and she caught me closer and nestled nearer, the tim'rous little dove. The knight would ride up and down the road muttering strange prayers to himself, no one ever knew what, save now and then he was heard to say: 'If I lose myself I save myself.' Once he was seen to stop by the road-

side and stoop to wash his hands in a pool of water while he mumbled, 'Blood, blood, blood!' He vaulted on his horse, and above the clanking of the armor was heard again his cry, 'Blood, blood, *blood!*' as he madly drove down the road.

"Thus it was so long that few people could not tell of the strange doings they had seen of the Ghost of Clayton Hall.

"There came one Christmas time, when just such a crowd as this gathered around the wasil bowl and laughed and shouted and made good cheer, when of a sudden all was hushed because of a heavy tread heard in the entry. In a moment the Ghost of Clayton Hall stood in the doorway. He quickly rushed in, seized the silver cup, and, falling upon his knees, cried, 'I have lost myself! I have found myself! I knew I should find it! I knew I should find it—the cup of the blessed Joseph!' Looking at his hands, 'The blood is gone! The blood is gone! The blood, the blood—'

"With this he vanished as quickly as he came, and carried with him the silver cup. They followed the ghost to find him, where he would go, and he went straight to the haunted tower.

"Jenny, can you tell me what the ghost was? It was the living brother. His crime had run him crazy, and he fancied if he could find the Holy Grail his sin would be forgiven. He saw the goblet shining through the window and fancied he had found it. They found him, an old man, haggard and worn, kneeling before the cup on a tottering altar, mumbling, '*Forgiven! Forgiven! Cup of the blessed Joseph!*'"

THE POET.

He read the mystical measures of Life
  As its music rose and fell;
The harmony running through all its strife,
  Its notes false and true he knew well.
An answering song ran through his soul,
  And its strains were so lofty and pure
'Twould strengthen the spirit already bold,
  And hearten the weak to endure.

But tempered hard by the chill of Time
Was the bronze through which he blew.
What wonder the world's ear found fault with his rime
And fancied some notes were untrue!
Alas, it was ever thus; some strain
Of the inner harmonies
May reach our dull and earthy brain
Like the murmur of far-off seas;

But the loftier song of the singer's heart
Can ne'er make its melody known;
Of its sweetness we can but know in part,
Till he sings it before the Throne.

J. H. P., '04.

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-:- EDITORIALS. -:-

Aside from the all-important spiritual growth, there are two main lines along which the college student must develop if he ever attains unto any degree of nearness to the ideal college-bred gentleman, namely, that of mental strength, the mere development of the mind as a motive power, and the cultivation of the social faculties, the developement of the social man.

We find no difficulty in pointing out the way along which every student must travel in order to develop the mind. Great sign boards confront you at every departure-station from that of germinating Prepdom where the way is thorn pierced and beset with deamons of a too distant hope, to blossoming Seniority where the well trod way opens into fields elysian, and ravishing aromas fill the air. The sign-boards bear the one word "study".

All narrow "cuts" lead through the quagmires of delusion and the quicksands of false hopes.

The line of social developement is not so easily followed. It is none the less essential in the make-up of the typical college-bred man. Neither I, nor the thousands of formulated rules can tell you what your social duty is. I would simply refer you to that longing you have for human sympathy, for the exchange of human emotions, and beg you not to disregard this innate desire, nor leave it unsatisfied.

In the college world, as in the business world, there is more or less pretense, of sham and show, of social-insincerity. You speak to a fellow student, you smile pleasantly, you talk with him, but with some selfish end in view. On the other hand he returns your "good morning" cordially, he flatters you with word or look, there is not the genuine desire on either side to look deep down into the heart, to feel each pulsation, to catch with a sympathetic ear the song the inner man sings that you may tune your own soul-cords that they may vibrate in unision with his. How little the college man knows of those with whom he daily associates! How rarely he interprets motives instead of acts! You think because I am communicative I have an ax to grind, you do not become excommunicative because you are far-seeing enough to fear that you may at some future time have a dull one, You find a little coterie of friends and because your eyes become accustomed to the garb they wear, you have no taste for any other, you are so dominated by their ideas and way of looking at things that you cannot appreciate the ideas of others. You try not to show it, but the trial itself writes legibly, and so you become a social hypocrite, a quick-glance-over-the-shoulder. Thus it goes. Artificiality instead of naturalness. Hypocracy instead of sincerity. Oh for a social life in college that is spontaneous, a sincerity of feeling that has its fountain-head in the clear, crystal depths of the soul!

Some one has said that we did not need an athletic editor, because we did not have athletics. The Trustees, together with the Conference, did see fit to take away from the athletic table

its sweetest morsel when they denied us inter-collegiate games, but, though we did sulk, boy-like, for a-while, because we could not get what we liked best from the festal board, we claim the credit of being equally wise in taking what we liked best of what remained. But they must not deny me the privilege of going a little farther with my simile, and saying that the little boy likes the sugar-plums none the less because he is not permitted to eat them. In fact, I do not know if he don't "love um" that much harder. And, to add a little human nature, sometimes mamma *reconsiders*.

So it is with great pleasure that I introduce to our friends an additional member of the staff, who ushers in the newly created department with hopes for an increased sphere of action.

We honor General Torrance, of the United States army, who proposed that the Union soldiers contribute, as an organization, to the building of a Confederate Home. Such imperial souls command and merit the homage of a noble people. He is the type of that ideal citizenship towards which the nations of the world are moving, however slow the march may be, that knows no war of nation against nation, of state against state, of section against section, of individual against individual, but recognizes only those principles of good against evil, such as may have their bloodiest battle-grounds within the walls of an individual soul.

But there are some things which the touch of other than consecrated hands would pollute, some duties which a high-minded people cannot permit others to perform. And, while a gift coming from General Torrance's own hands would be gratefully accepted, as would one from the hands of any other man animated by the same lofty patriotism, though he live north of the Mason and Dixon line, yet the South cannot and must not allow their all-comprehending beneficence to force a fad-gift from a reluctant people, nor others to do with a strained ethical conscience what she is exhorted by all that is noble of life and sacred of death to do.

The United Sons and Daughters of Confederate Veterans have done what *our* Legislature has so far failed to do, and promises to do what none but those inspired by a consuming-zeal for the accomplishment of a great purpose could do. They have builded homes for the helpless veterans, and comforted them in their old age.

They tell us that the veterans themselves defeated the bill which was introduced in our Legislature for the appropriation of sufficient funds to purchase Beauvoir, the old home of Jefferson Davis. The reason is evident to the Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy, and should be to every one, namely, that the small pension which now enables some old soldiers, rich in soul-food though poor in that which nourishes the body, to spend their few remaining days around the home-fireside, would be removed and they themselves compelled to enter the Soldiers' Home. Every Mississippian should exert his influence, as are these organizations, to have the appropriation made and at the same time guarantee to the veterans, who are satisfied with their present conditions, the continuance of the pension. Then our soldiers could return from the States whose kind hospitality we have by our indifference forced them to enjoy, and, together with those who have no loved ones with whom to pass the closing days of a life nobly lived, assemble around the fireside of their chieftain and spend their declining years beneath his kindly roof.

This is why we have no patience with the kind of sentiment that would depreciate the value of these organizations. This is why we have absolute contempt for some modern orators who proclaim with *exhaustive* eloquence that there is "no North, no South, no East, no West," and yet have no conception of a patriotism that will allow a Southern youth to cherish the memories of a father nor build homes for his needy comrades. Who cannot see how that reverence and love for the Stars and Bars can be reconciled with loyalty to the Stars and Stripes. We will not do the injustice to the Northern people to denominate "Northerners" those who at Cincinnati would have torn down and insulted the Confederate flag; we will rather say,

those who lived under the barn from '61 to '65 and whom you might recognize by their cowardly, bleached faces, were it not for the fact that the twentieth century attitude of the North and South had, by assuring them that no guns would be fired, exposed them to the tanning beams of a Union's sun.

Let the United Sons and Daughters of Confederate Veterans go on with their noble work. Let those of Mississippi purchase Bouvoir and invite, not *force*, every Confederate veteran to enjoy the hospitality which their sons and daughters have created. And when the South-loved, world-honored, old men look out upon the misty Gulf may they read a mystic meaning in the murmur of the waves that bathe their own home shore, and feel a sweet, sacred peace beneath the trees that sift into softness the light of their sun.

The prize of ten dollars offered by Professor Bishop for the best story contributed to the COLLEGIAN during the session, will be subject to the following conditions:

FIRST—All *bona fide* students in Millsaps College, of any department, may compete.

SECOND—The Story must be original and hitherto unpublished.

THIRD—The Story must actually appear in one number of the COLLEGIAN and must therefore be subject to the regulations of the Board of Editors as regards length.

FOURTH—The Editors reserve the right to publish any story submitted.

FIFTH—Competent judges will be selected by the professor of English and approved by the Board of Editors.

SIXTH—A prize of $10.00 will be awarded after the last issue of the COLLEGIAN for the session.

This is the second prize offered to stimulate interest in literary work. The Essay Medal offered for the first time last year by Miss Bessie Clark was the first. These two prizes are the best offered, not merely because they afford liberal financial compensation, but by their very nature they stand for more

honor. In the first place in a worthy literary production are consentrated the physical vigor from the athletfc field, fluency of speech from the society hall, general information from the library and past experiences, accurate knowledge from the class room, and inherent talent, the crowning ingredient. In the second place, the plans for the awardal of these two medals insure justice. In short, the best all-around man is almost if not absolutely sure to be the winner.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

JOS. H. PENIX, Editor.

STRATAGEMS AND SPOILS.*

In this volume of stories, the author has confessedly departed from the usual, and indeed, the accepted motive of fiction, seeking other, and, as he thinks, more enduring causes by which to determine the courses and conduct of men and women. The love motive, though one catches occasional glimpses of it, is not dominant but merely incidental, occupying the very least place that can be given to a passion so powerful.

It is peculiarly an American book for it has to do with a subject that is peculiar to itself; American politics. The author has certainly taken an almost boundless field and one, too, which should have special interest for Americans. The tales of political intrigues at Washington with their to vering triumphs and fearful failures, whether these be the triumphs and failures of zealous patriotism or selfish ambition, have a strong fascination for the man who can view them undisturbed by his own personal views.

Yet, in our opinion, he has dredged some very insignificant stories out of the vast lees of modern politics. One is almost discouraged after reading the first two. They are too ordinary. There is in them nothing so unusual, nothing so vital as to arouse special interest, and one feels that they are hardly worth the telling. Such things as they recount might happen and doubtless have happened a thousand times, and there are no striking scenes nor circumstances to redeem their sameness. True, they are well-told, for the author has a swiftly-moving style which makes the events recorded pass before the mind in rapid, vivid succession, producing a wholeness of effect, and compelling a degree of attention that could not otherwise be attained.

* Stratagems and Spoils, by William Allen White, Scribner's.

But as one reads on, interest increases steadily to the end of the book. The events, if not more extraordinary, are, nevertheless, more thrilling. Greater interests are at stake, principles are involved that appeal more directly to the people in general. In *A Triumph's Evidence*, we have an outcrop of "the tender passion", for the comparative absence of which, from these tales, the author apologizes in his preface. But, whether or not this apology is necessary, we note one thing throughout the volume; the indirect influence of the American woman in politics, the "power behind the throne" in modern political strategy. Not that the writer believes in woman's suffrage; he simply illustrates her influence for what it is worth. Sometimes that influence leads to better, sometimes to worse conditions, according as it is thrown on the side of right or wrong.

The last story, *A Most Lamentable Comedy*, is, however, best of all, for it has a cause of interest which is all its own. It fairly represents a phase in the history of our country, especially in the history of the Great West, which is of considerable interest to the student of sociology, portraying as it does a period of agitation similar to that which has so often stirred the *Gallic* peoples, a time when the germ of revolution was verily in the air. Indeed, it *was* to a degree a temporary revolution. There was the "Farmer's Alliance," which, from the extremeness and extravagance of its views, received at least the semblance of a revolutionary machine. There was the usual revolutionary inversions of the strata of society, when the first became last and the last, first, and Dan Gregg was the revolutionary dictator. The delineation of this grotesque character and the story of his triumph and overthrow taken in connection with this peculiar social freak, and indeed the excellencies of other stories in the volume, make it well worth the reading.

THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES.*

This new book by Sir A. Conan Doyle, with the subtitle *Another Adventure of Sherlock Holmes*, is a detective story com-

* The Hound of the Baskervilles, by A. Conan Doyle. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

paring very favorably with others of the same series.

All its interest centers around a subtle mystery such as the author delights in having the ideal detective, Sherlock Holmes, to untangle. The scene is laid in a desolate district of Devonshire, England, where, in the midst of waste and moor and mystery, stands Baskerville Hall. The life of Sir Charles Baskerville has just come to a sudden and mysterious end, and his nephew, as next of kin, comes over from America to take possession of his ancestral home. But through Dr. Mortimer, a friend to Sir Charles, an old family legend comes to light, and, in conjunction with a certain warning to the young heir, is given to Sherlock Holmes for solution. The legend goes that, beginning with a Sir Hugo Baskerville, the deaths of all the family have been due to a gigantic and supernatural black hound, and the accounts of its appearance are such as to strike terror to all, especially to its intended victims. Holmes begins, in his characteristic way, an investigation concerning this supposed supernatural destroyer, and, by his wonderful powers, discovers that, in the cases of Sir Charles and Sir Henry, his heir, it is a real and monstrous hound which a shrewd villain, a Baskerville with the assumed name of Stapleton, is employing to remove his kinsmen from between himself and the estate.

The story is interesting, and is made more so by the skilful manner in which it is told. The author has made the scenery of the surrounding country harmonize perfectly with the superstitious conceptions of its inhabitants. Nothing could be more weird and desolate than that vast wilderness of moor with its alternate tors and marshes and rude stone huts of a forgotten race. With the supernatural element, he has admirably succeeded in mingling the criminal also, and the villain Stapleton is much the more dangerous because he has popular superstition to screen his crime.

One is kept entirely ignorant of what the hound may prove to be until toward the end, and the story, as is usual with the stories of this author, abounds in complete surprises. The suspicion towards Barrymore, and the event which proves it false; the mysterious man on the tor, and the revelation of his identity;

the unmasking of the real character of Stapleton, and the tragic and surprising accident which ended the life of the convict on the moor, all produce an intense eagerness to know the final outcome.

But when we reach it, we are somewhat disappointed. True, it is exciting enough to comport with the preceding scenes of the story; but there is a certain artificiality, a certain stagy effect which, though it may be made attributable to the detective's passion for a supreme climax, seems to the reader a case of rash imprudence.

The explanatory chapter which ends the novel is unnecessary and contributes nothing to the effect of the story.

ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT.

H. V. WATKINS, Editor.

The status of this department is unstable, although, in consideration of the poor success of the Athletic Association of the past two years, it may be reasonably anticipated from the outlook that by the most strenuous efforts life and vitality may again be infused into this organization. Although Millsaps is not allowed to take part in the inter-collegiate sports, she is not at all behind in other branches of this department. In '95 the first regular field-day was held, and until a year or two ago these continued to be important and most interesting occasions of the early summer, and attracted much attention from the friends of the Institution over the State. It can be truly said that as an average Millsaps can show as good records as any other Southern college, and, taking into consideration the limited facilities for these sports, and numerous draw-backs, the results are excellent.

With the advent of inter-collegiate games, and especially foot-ball, all interest seems to have been detracted from all other phases of athletics and centered in the organization of a strong foot-ball eleven, which might in time cope with the strongest elevens of the neighboring States. The prospect was favorable and Millsaps had some good material and had secured an experienced trainer for the year's work, and the possibility of having a winning eleven kept enthusiasm awake, and this hope was in some degree realized. Millsaps played four games. In the first, which was against the University of Tulane, then recognized as one of the swiftest of the South's elevens, was defeated by a score of 30 to 0, and was again unsuccessful in the second game, against the University of Louisiana eleven, also a strong organization. But the third game, against the eleven of the Greenville Athletic Club, Millsaps was victorious by a score of 35 to 0, and two weeks after defeated the Louisiana State Uni-

versity, whose eleven had defeated her in her second game. Millsaps was improviug, but at this point, when every indication was for greater success, the Board of Trustees and the Conferences of Mississippi declared that inter-collegiate games were not in harmony with the purpose and establishment of the Institution, and thereupon abolished all inter-collegiate contests of this character. As soon as this move was inforced all interest in college athletics seems to have gone from the students, even those who had been most enthusfastically connected with the work.

From this point up until the opening of the present session nothing effective was accomplished by the associations. But by the earnest efforts of a few students new life seems to have taken hold of the organization, and with a seemingly fair chance for success·

The principal aim of this year's work is the development of a greater interest in the gymnasium, and to this end, recognizing the improbability of the anti-inter collegiate regulations being rescinded, the managers will direct their efforts, and no cause will be left unmoved that could affect the consummation of this end. If the association of this year proves a success, and this is partially assured, it is the purpose of the students having the matter under advisement to arrange to have some student, who shall show by his year's work his especial fitness, to take a course in the training school in Mont Eagle during the next vacation, thus giving the students of the next year advantages which can only be afforded under the instruction of a thoroughly experienced leader.

While the gymnasium is to be the important work of the year, yet there are so many phases of college athletics that there is no student who can not take part and render some assistance by which the condition of this department may ne bettered. There is as good material in Millsaps as in any other college, and it needs but the proper work to bring it out. There is nothing which is calculated to arouse the best and noblest qualities of a student more than pure, wholesome athletics.

There is much interest being manifested among the members of the Athletie Association in the organization of foot-ball elevens in the several classes, and the better equipment, which has been secured at a great cost to the association, will stimulate this movement to a greater activity, and some interesting games may be expected before the closing of the season.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

For any college to be progressive in all respects, it is of primary importance that each alumnus exert himself to the utmost for the material upbuilding of his *Alma Mater*, since he is her direct representative to the people. It is therefore essential that he keep in constant touch with the life of the institution, and particularly that he subscribe for its magazine, the only mouth-piece by which a college may speak directly to the world. There are many more things into which he should throw his soul; but for any just conception of his duty to his *Alma Mater*, this much is absolutely necessary.

It was recently suggested that a "Millsaps College Club" be formed by our alumni, in order to secure THE COLLEGIAN at reduced rates. Such a suggestion is worthy of consideration; and it would be well if such an organization could be perfected at the annual meeting of the Alumni Association in June.

On the night of November 5, Mr. Allen Thompson was married to Miss Mattie Cavett. Mr. Thompson is the first married of the class of 1902. We congratulate him.

Mr. T. W. Holloman, '00, in his brief business career has had remarkable success. Even while in college Mr. Holloman won many enviable distinctions. Twice he represented the college at State inter-collegiate contests, being in one instance the successful contestant. After graduation he entered the Law School of the University of Virginia, and while there in competitive contest achieved the distinction of representing that university in the Virginia-Columbia debate. Mr. Holloman has located in Alexandria, La., where he has quite a lucrative practice.

Mr. J. D. Tillman, Jr., is taking a business course in Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Mr. A. W. Dobyns, '99, is teaching in Vancouver, Wash.

Millsaps College entered upon a new era in her history with the election of Mr. A. H. Shannon as a member of her faculty. Prof. Shannon received his degree in 1898, and the next year entered Vanderbilt University, from which he graduated with high honors. He is the first graduate of this college to receive a professorship from the hands of the institution. Prof. Shannon holds the chair of Sociology.

We appreciate the interest shown by Mr. C. M. Simpson, '02, in regard to the welfare of THE COLLEGIAN. Mr. Simpson occupies one of the important pulpits in Mississippi. We take just pride in him.

Mr. George L. Harrell, '99, was recently elected Professor of Science in Centenary College. Already by his earnest devotion to work he has endeared himself to both faculty and student body. We feel assured of making no mistake in prophesying for Mr. Harrell a most successful future.

That our alumni, as a body, are taking high rank as citizens, is a matter of just pride to the institution. That such is not always the case with schools has often been exemplified by the experience of many an institution of note, in which a loose, degraded student body is permitted to run rampant, and consequently a body of debauched hoodlums has been turned out upon the world instead of a class of men enriching to the citizenship of the State.

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

LAMAR EASTERLING. Editor.

The *Emory and Henry Era* is decidedly one of the best magazines we have seen this year. It comes to us in a neat and attractive cover, the various departments are well edited, and show care and thought in their preparation. The matter is arranged very tastily. Among other good things it contains four stories and five poems. The "White Papoose" is an interesting and cleverly written Indian story. The plot is happily conceived and the story is well told. In "What Might Have Been" the reader is somewhat startled at the end, by the disclosure that the hero had been dreaming all the while. The "Beginning of My Happiness" is a railroad story of the wild west. The narrative is easy but the plot seems somewhat worn. "November' is a pretty little poem and contains some beautiful lines. "Far Away" is clear and poetical. The other poetry was read with interest. The muses have evidently not been inactive at Emory and Henry College. We congratulate its staff upon their success.

The *Southwestern Magazine* is filled with a large number of interesting articles; but fiction is scarce and poetry is altogether wanting. What is the matter? One might think our friends in Texas are passing into the age of "prose and reason," judging from the number of serious and heavy productions. "The Right of a State to Secede" is written in a strong style and shows some originality and independence of thought in its treatment, together with a pretty fair knowledge of the constitution and its history. But as a matter of fact it is pretty generally held all over the country that a state has not the right to secede. "Chinese civilization" and "Oliver Cromwell" are two good orations. "Virtue the True Basis of Happiness" shows

pretty clearly what true happiness is, and where it is to be found. "Catherines Mission" is an interesting short story, though it appears slightly too much condensed. The magazine is well gotten-up and does credit to its institu ion. However, we might suggest that more poetry and spicy clippings would add more charm and relish to it.

The *Blue and Gold* comes to our desk in quite an up-to-date and attractive cover. "The Character of Robt. E. Lee" is a glowing tribute to that great man and shows a true and comprehensive appreciation of his character. The "Story of a Forgotten Race" is an interesting and instructive story of the now almost extinct Hurons. It is well told and is interesting from a historical point of view." The editorials are strong and sensible. The exchange department is bright and suggestive. Taken all in all it reflects credit on its staff as well as its institution.

We are pleased to welcome to our desk the *Vox Wesleyan*, of far-away Manitoba. It is a handsomely bound magazine and reflects the life of its institution very credibly. This issue is supported by the contributions of several able men. "Silver Islet" is a pretty little sketch. Its departments are interesting and sensible; but there seems to be a dearth of poety and fiction in this issue.

It is with great pleasure we acklowlege the receipt of the *Whitworth Clionian*. It is a bright and attractive magazine, and contains much good reading. "An Omen" is a pretty little story. We expect much of the *Clionian* this season and with its handsome and dashing staff we have no doubt but that it will come up to the greatest expectations.

The *Mississippi College Magazine* contains a good article, "A Plea for the Extention of the Rural Free School Term,"

by Dr. Hillman Brough, it is very long though, occupying about half of the whole space. Otherwise the magazine is pretty meagre in its various departments. It seems as though the "ads" have broken away from their proper places—in the back, and arranged themselves for full view between the other departments. Taken all in all it bids fair to have a successful year.

The *Arizona Monthly* has a good article on the "Defender of the Constitution." The departments are short, but interesting. We predict a successful year for the *Monthly*.

The *Olive and Blue* and the *Revielle* are always read with great interest. They always have a good stock of news, especially about the various games of foot-ball. They reflect in a very creditable manner the life and spirit of their respective institutions.

The *Randolph - Macon Monthly* is one of our best exchanges. "Bismarck," by L. S. B., is a good, short sketch, which is well written. "Nature at Dawn" sparkles with descriptions, and shows a true love and appreciation of nature. This issue is especially rich in poetry. "Hush-a-By Songs" are pretty experiments, and show merit. We welcome the *Monthly* to our desk.

We take pleasure in acknowledging the receipt, also, of the following exchanges: *Purple and Green*, *The Alpha*, *Maroon and White*, *Crimson and Gold*, *The College Reflector*, *University of Tulane Magazine*, *Vanderbilt Observer*, *The Journal*, *Missis sippi College Magazine.*

CLIPPINGS.

November month of shroud and grave,
Why are thy features yellow-veiled?

Look! Nature's ruddy life has paled
Since she to you the sceptre gave.
Why falls the blade, the petals fold?
Why on thy foot-stool leaves of gold?

'Tis true I bring the chill of death
To still the song and wilt the flower,
But 'tis not mine but God's great power
That blights the living with a breath—
And lo! when April is your queen,
His smile shall turn the sere to green.

—B., in Emory and Henry Era,

They sat upon the garden stile,
The youthlet and the maid.
" The stars above are not as bright
As you," he softly said.

She lifted up her little hand
'T'word Luna's golden light;
" The moon above is not as full
As you, my dear, to-night."—Exchange.

Johnny had a jump-up,
A hustler! 'Twas a sin
For Johnny to place his sitdown
Right on a horrid pin!
The teacher had a spasm;
Dismissed Johnny from the room,
While Latin went to thunder—
Now pins are on the boom!

—B. P., in Emory and Henry Era.

She dozed in class—
The Senior lass—
In spite of Class-room clatter,
The Prof. grew wise

Stared in surprise
  Then fired a question at her.
"He's called. D'ye hear?"
Said some one near.
  The words arroused her ire some.
She turned away,
"Oh, well, just say
  I'm not at home. He's tiresome."

—Ex.

SUMMER.

They stood beneath a spreading tree
And talked as lovers should,
And then to seal the compact, he
Cut "Mabel" on the wood.

AUTUMN.

  Now back to town they both have strayed,
One day they chanced to meet
  And then and there that self same maid
Cut "Charlie" on the street.—EX.

THE YOUNG MOTHER.

  Two years ago she showed to me
Her B. A. with an honest pride,
  To-day she has a new degree—
M. A., with a B. A. B Y by her side.—Life.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

Exams have come and gone but the good part is that there are others.

R. L. Hayes, who was a member of the class of '06, has withdrawn from school.

C. D. Potter '02 is now a travelling salesman for The Dayton Scale Co., Dayton, Ohio.

J. H. Penix was on the sick list this month but we are glad to report him able to be out again.

Rev,J, C.Kilgore of the North Mississippi Conference made Millsaps a visit several days ago and placed his son in school here.

Rev. Dr. W. T. J. Sullivan, of the North Mississippi Conference, was the guest of his son Dr. J. M. Sullivan last month.

M. C. Henry has been quite sick for the past few days but is better now. As soon as he is able he will take a short trip to recuperate his strength.

Some of our time honored ——— have learned by sad experience that the proprietors of Lampton grove are not giving away pecans this year.

Millsaps has challenged the University to a joint debate to take place next spring. The answer to the challenge is expected during the next few days.

Mr. F. Roder Smith spent several days "down home" last week. He reports an excellent time. Sports will please apply to him for the latest fads.

Mr. H. A. Wood member of last year's Sophomore class,

now principal of the Montgomery High School, visited old friends at the college this week.

Dr. Sullivan spent several days during last week on a geological Survey along the G. & S. I. R. R. He brought back a number of valuable specimens.

Rev. W. L. Duren '02 now located at Vaiden Miss., passed through Jackson a few days ago enroute to Crystal Springs, where he attended the wedding of a friend.

Capt. Jodis Baker and daughter of Natchez, spent a morning on the campus visiting the several buildings. While in Jackson they were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. G. B. Holloman.

Messrs. W. N. Duncan and E. D. Mellen of the Galloway, and G. R. Nobles and O. W. Bradley of the Lamar' were elected to represent the societies in the commencement debate.

Hon. R. H. Henry gave us quite an interesting talk on the Louisiana Purchase Exposition last wednesday dursing the chapel hour. His talk was highly beneficial to all who heard it.

Rev. Henry B. Corri Pres. of the Centenary college was the guest of Dr. Sullivan Saturday and Sunday Nov. 8th and 9th. He preached at the Methodist church Sunday morning and again at night.

The sophomore class election last week resulted as follows: J. E. Carruth Pres., W. Johnson V. Pres., Jno. Picketts Sec., A. H. Whitfield Treas., W. D. Hughes Capt., foot ball team, A. P. Hand Historian, and M. S. Pittman Poet.

Mr. and Mrs. C, N. Guice were on the campus the first of the month. Mr. Guice was a member of the class of '99. We suppose he was reviewing with her the scenes of his youthful struggles and recounting to her the pleasures which will n'er be his again.

The Department of *Mathematics* and *Astronomy* of *Millsaps College* extends thanks to Dr. A. M. Muckenfuss for ten dollars, he having directed that this ammount of his *Centennial Thanks-*

offering should be thus appropriated. We wish for him and family increased happiness and success.

Prof. Shannon to Duncan in the Biology class.
"Microbes in a kiss you say?
Right you are my boy;
Little germs of purest bliss,
Bacilli of joy."

The foot ball suits have at last arrived and football is now the topic of the day. The comming game between the classes is exciting quite a good deal of interest and many suppositions as to the final outcome are expressed daily. While the two teams are not in the pink of condition, still a good game is expected.

The Junior class elected its officers for the ensuing year Friday evening Nov. 7th. The result of the election showed W.N. Duncan, Pres., Miss Crane, V.Pres., D.G. Frantz, Secy., W. C. Bowman, Treas., J. H. Penix, Poet, H. V. Watkins, Historian, D. L. Bingham, Capt. football team and Samuel Hall Floyd, Jr. DUDE.

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MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

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THE HERO OF "LITTLE MEDICINE"

The town of "Little Medicine" was situated in a beautiful valley in the Rockies. The eastern part of the valley broadened out into a plain; but on the western end it narrowed to a point. Here it has only one outlet, "The Blackfoot Gap"—so called from the neighboring Indians. The little town was prosperous, as could be seen by the general appearance of the place and the air of its inhabitants. It was a very important post for the fur traders. Here they exchanged their bad whiskey and worthless trinkets for the skins and pelts brought by the Indians. But none of the neighboring towns (the nearest was thirty miles away) envied them their prosperity. Their close proximity to a large and restless tribe of Indians was the reason that the population was no larger: none save bold spirits lived in the place. But some of the men had gone back East and brought back their wives and daughters to the little town, showing their confidence either in their ability to defend the town, or the peacefulness of the Indians.

A fur trader rode into the town one day in haste, with information which cast a cloud of gloom over all. Black Crow had escaped from Fort Smith and was back among the Indians stirring them up. The Indians had put on their war paint, and war dances were held nightly. A meeting of the principal men was called at the town "Hotel." They discussed the news that they had just received, but they seemed undecided what to do. Finally, a young man arose who was tall and well-formed. "How many more times are we to be hoaxed by this same cry of 'Wolf!' said he. "The man who brought this information is neither renowned for his temperance nor his strict adherence to the truth. No doubt he has filled himself with 'firewater', hence he has seen these visions and dreamed these dreams. We

have neglected our business at this same cry before to fight an enemy who is too peaceable and too lazy to do anything save lie in the sun or swap horses. And if they do come we are well able to defend ourselves." The optimistic tone of his speech was well in accordance with the nature of his hearers. The sturdy and hardy pioneer of the West, with his honest and frank nature, could not long hold a gloomy view of things.

For a few minutes nothing was said. Presently some one in the corner arose. He was gaunt and grizzled, and it was evident that he had passed the three score line. He looked almost timidly over his audience as he said: "Friends, this young man has tried to persuade you to go back to your work and take no heed of what he calls 'idle report.' I have fought and known Black Crow as an implacable enemy of the white race, and knowing this, I beg of you, in the name of all you hold dear, to arm yourselves and watch and be ready for the Indians. All that the young man has said about the character of the fur trader is true, but remember that truth does not always use discrimination in choosing her messengers. It is more than probable that this man's story is true. I have fought Indians when some of you were babes. I was a scout in the army many years, and I say that if the Indians do come, and you are unprepared to protect these helpless women and children, may I never live to see the day. In conclusion, I will say that at the last cry of 'Wolf,' the wolf came and devoured the herd." The old scout, for such he was, sat down.

The men had made up their minds, and the simple earnestness of the old man did not move them. They decided to await developments, and with this understanding the men dispersed again to their various occupations. The old scout sold the skins he had brought with him to the agent of the fur company and walked slowly back to his little shanty, which was near the western end of the valley. His heart was heavy because the men of the village did not recognize the great danger that hung over them. He knew that the Indians were coming, and he foresaw the result if the men were not prepared; flaming houses, women and children tomahawked, the glow of burning houses

throwing a bright light on the ghastly scene. He tried to shut the vision from his mind. He walked the mile between the town and his little two-roomed hut. The night was fast approaching and it was bitter cold. He made a fire and warmed himself; then he reached up on the rack and got down his trusty repeating rifle, put on his bandoleer and went out into the night. He was going to see his traps which were on the other side of the Gap. Just as he reached this narrow place, he heard something which made his old heart jump. Over the cold wind there came the irregular tramp of many horse's feet on the ground frozen like hard rock. The old man halted and listened. Yes, there too came the dreaded yell of the Blackfeet Indians on the war path. Soon he was able to see them as the moon shone on their blanketed bodies, and their faces painted a bright vermillion. There were about five hundred of them, he estimated, as they swung into view. The old man climbed upon a big boulder which was a few score yards away from the narrow place. Here he hid behind a small rock, placed his rifle in a crevice so as to bear on the opening into the valley and waited. At some distance from the entrance to the valley, the Indians stopped, gathered together in a circle on their horses, and held a consultation. They stopped yelling and began to ride slowly and cautiously toward the place where the old man was concealed.

The old scout thought at first of hurrying to the village and rousing the men, but he soon saw that this could not be done for the Indians were on their swift mountain ponies, and he was old and not a very fast runner. He could easily have saved himself by hiding among the rocks until the Indians had passed and then escaped; but he resolved that he would try to hold the pass alone until the shots exchanged would bring the men to the scene: then the Indians could easily be foiled in their attempt to gain entrance to the place. The Indians continued to advance and the old scout gripped his rifle harder, his nerves became steadier and the joy of conflict returned: he was almost young again. On they came with the fierce Black Crow at their head, his countenance o'erspread with a mocking, sinister, smile, which made him look more like a demon than a human. Be-

hind him, in a very irregular manner, came the remainder of the body. When they had nearly reached the Gap, they stopped again, and finally one of the braves left the main body and advanced towards the place where the old scout lay in wait to reconnoitre. The old man waited until the Indian was very near, then shot him through the head. The report of the rifle had an electrical effect on the rest of the band; they immediately drew off to a safer distance. Black Crow could be seen among them, working up their enthusiasm and stimulating their courage by his stirring speeches. They arranged their horses in regular order of two in each file, for only two mounted horsemen could get through the pass at a time. Again they came on, the old scout picked off the two front savages, and two more soon shared a similar fate. The Indian leader was enraged because his choicest braves were being held back by one man, for by this time he had found out by the report of the rifle, that there was but one opposing their passage. The Indians still pressed forward but found their death at the pass. Then, finding all their attempts were in vain, and the mouth of the pass being filled with their dead companions, they drew off until a rock concealed them from the view of the old man. Then ensued a period of quiet, and it would have seemed to an ordinary observer that the savages had decided to abandon the attempt; but the old scout knew that the leader of the Indians would not be thus easily foiled in his cherished plans.

The old man waited. The moon passed behind a cloud for a few minutes, and then came out again. An Indian rose from behind a rock, and a second later the report of a rifle echoed through the valley. Black Crow had crawled on the ground unperceived by the old man, and it was he who fired almost point blank at the scout. The shot was followed almost immediately by another from the rifle of the scout, and the famous Indian chief dropped inert and lifeless. But the shot of the Indian had found lodgment in the old man's leg, and the bone was broken and shattered. As the Indians pressed forward eagerly in anticipated triumph after hearing the shots fired, they found the body of their dead chief, and set up a frightful yell. They were

panic stricken at the sight, and a few well directed shots from the wounded defender of the pass intensified it. The spirit of the Indians had been tamed by the death of their chief for he was the moving spirit of the uprising.

By his death the trouble was ended and no further efforts were made to gein the pass. They departed carrying his body. The old, wounded defender was left alone.

The moon and the glistening stars shone on the solid mass of white. The flakes of snow were falling thick and fast. An hour passed, and the old man realized that he was dying from loss of blood and cold. He knew that he could not hope to reach the village, even if he had not been wounded, for the cold had numbed his body and his path to the village was hard and rugged, difficult to be passed even in good weather, and now that the snow has fallen, it would be almost worth a man's life to attempt to reach the little town. He realized that here he would and must die. Before his eyes came the vision of other days. In a home far back East, he saw his old mother a widow. He saw himself young and thoughtless, and remembered with what sacrifices his education had been completed. And then when he had completed his course and returned to the little house where his old mother lived, how she had clasped him to her bosom with the simple words "my boy." And then he had met *her*. Why had God decreed that it should be? She who had played with his love as a baby with a toy, only to cast it aside—strange it was that he could not forget her even when death's cold fingers grasped him in their iron clutch. Then he remembered how he had resolved to go to the far west, where he had heard that there was life in all its wild and primitive aspects, with none of the artificial colorings of civilization. How he had fought the red men of the plain, and had helped to drive them back beyond the mountains; and here too he had fought that greater fight against himself and conquered. Here, in the the great, wild, sympathetic West, the heart of man communed with nature, and through nature his hands often touched God's. Here his sorrows had faded into insignificance, and in the land which he had fought for, he wished and longed to

die. Again the moon hid his smiling countenance behind a cloud, and then the light of the old scout went out.

* * * * * * * * *

There were three days during which the snow continued to fall and then there came a thaw. The body of the old scout and also the bodies of the Indians that had not been carried off by survivors of the marauding band were found. On the face of the dead hero there was the smile of one who had found relief. The grateful citizens erected a monument to him in the town square and any citizen of the prosperous city of Brownsville, Colorado, (the name of the old scout was Brown) will take pride in showing you a gravestone on which is the simple epitaph "He Fought a Good Fight." "This," the citizen will doubtless remark, "This is the last resting place of one who preserved this town from an Indian massacre a couple of decades ago at the cost of his own life."

FAREWELL.

Softly the sun is streaming
  O'er mine own, my native hills,
Brightly its rays are beaming
  On forests and dales and rills;
But in sadness I turn from my home once so dear,
The sunlight has lost all its power to cheer,
Nor the warm smile of friends more to gladness may wake
My heart, that in silence and sadness must break.

For a great, sweet hope has vanished
  From my soul like the setting sun,
And joy from my heart is banished
  As light when the day is done;
And half of my heart is buried there,
The half that was free from sorrow and care,
The half that quickened at fond thoughts of thee,
The half that without thee could not be.

Just at the head of the Delta,
Where the great Mississippi doth send,
Part eastward, part westward, the waters
That far up his journey did blend,
The current doth murmur in protest and pain
As it parts ne'er to meet in the wide world again;
As by ways that diverge it seeketh the sea,
The eddy doth sigh such a sad monody.

Into the Gulf, which the Tropics
Kiss with a quickening breath,
One part of the waters goes bounding
To find in its bosom a rest;
And there, locked in by the arms of the shore,
Smiles back at the sunlight forevermore,
And the torrents through which its waters have passed
Are forgot in the thought that it finds rest at last.

On to the northward, another
Seeks a haven that cannot be,
Caught in the course of the Gulf Stream,
It is hurried far o'er the sea;
On by the lands where flowers ne'er bloom,
Where but the seal's lone cry startles the gloom,
'Round mountains of ice, by deserts of snow,
Bleak emblems of loneliness, sorrow, and woe.

The first, of your life is a figure,
The blessed pow'r to forget,
To live in the peace of the present,
To stifle the cry of regret;
The last, of mine is the symbol sad,
A sigh for the joy my soul once had,
A life that is blighted, a pow'r that is gone,
In the deep Arctic night with no hope of the dawn.

Just at the verge of manhood,
My hopes were mingled with yours,
Adown life's way a brief season,

Our souls flowed between the same shores;
And Hope turned each murmuring sigh into song
As on the calm waters we glided along,
The greater the trial, our faith was the greater,
With never a storm but the sunshine seemed sweeter.

But now we have come to the Delta,
Where the ways of our lives must part;
Shall no sigh echo the moaning
Of this sad, disconsolate heart?
Two souls that have met, loved, and parted for aye,
Seek each through Life's ocean a different way,
Two hearts and two hopes that once beat together,
Apart, try the fortune of Time's dreary weather.

Friends and lovers will still smile their sweetest,
And you by their smiles will be cheered,
While I must spend half a lifetime
In ruining Hope's temple I've reared;
You will go through life with faith and trust,
For your confidence never was shaken to dust,
I must bide my time with a cynical doubt,
Until life with its burdens has worn me out.

But since I must, I shall speak it—
Goodbye! say not, "forget,"
For memories of the bygone
Will cling about me yet;
As I sigh for a voice that cannot be heard,
For a tender glance, for a loving word,
As I seek for a solace that cannot be found,
Tho' the world in its wideness I wander around.

J. H. P., '04.

ROMANCE OF A WAR.

CHAPTER I.

"Well, my son, what can I do for you?" asked Gen. Wilbert Nolan, laying down his paper and leaning back in his chair, with the deliberation of a New England judge.

General Nolan came to this country in 1756, from England, and settled near Charlotte, North Carolina. He was considered the wealthiest and most prosperous farmer in his section of the country. He was a lover of good literature, and read regularly for two or three hours every morning, with the understanding that he was not to be disturbed. For this reason he was very greatly surprised at the unexpected appearance of his son, John, who had nevet before approached him during his morning reading.

In reply to his father, John said:

"I have just learned through a reliable source that war will be declared against England within the next three months; and I have decided to hasten North, and enlist for the cause of Liberty,—with your consent"?

Without a moment's hesitation, his father gave him permission to do what he considered his duty.

CHAPTER II.

The Lawrence home was situated about twelve miles northwest of Boston. There were four members of the family: father, mother, and two children. Nellie, who was a beautiful and accomplished girl of seventeen, and Fred, a year and a half her junior, who possessed all of the characteristics of a noble American youth of the latter half of the eighteenth century. Though a farmer, Judge Lawrence was required to spend two months of every year performing his duty in Boston as a tax collector for King George of England.

On the first of June, in the year of the beginning of this story, Judge Lawrence, accompanied by his son and an old

negro slave, went to Boston, where he expected to remain a month, at least.

After eating dinner and bidding good-bye to his father, Fred, accompanied by the old slave, started homeward. When he had traveled several miles, his horse suddenly leaped to one side and stood trembling violently with pricked ears, and eyes intently fixed upon something on the opposite side of the road. Fred soon saw at what he was frightened. A few yards to the left there lay a young man with deathlike stillness and pallor, and covered with blood; while a few feet further a horse was grazing, with dangling bridle and blood-sprinkled saddle.

On examination he found that the unfortunate man was wounded in the left leg, and on the head; and that he was unable to speak. Having dressed his wounds the best he could, with the aid of the old negro, he placed him on his horse, and rode home holding him in the saddle.

Mrs. Lawrence and Nellie were greatly excited, and asked many questions, almost all of which Fred was not prepared to answer.

"He certainly has the appearance of a gentleman," said Nellie, in her excitement.

"We will know all about him in a few minutes, I hope," said Fred; "but first, we must care for his wounds, and give him something to strengthen him so he can talk."

After several hours of hard and willing toil on the part of all three, the stranger being able to speak, told them of himself:

"I left home about three weeks ago for Boston. This evening, near some cross-roads, I rode into a small creek to water my horse; and while he was drinking, I was startled by the unexpected command, 'Surrender or die,' which came from a near-by thicket. Not having accomplished the object of my long and lonely journey, not wishing to be branded a coward, and especially not wishing either to 'surrender or die,' I spurred Charlie, who started at full gallop up the opposite bank; but before he had cleared the dank ground there came a volley of shots which knocked me from my saddle, half stunned, and

severely wounded in my left leg. Though suffering intensely, I recognized their leader as one on whom I had 'turned the table,' in a scheme to publicly shame me at school in England. He came forward, and rausacked my saddle-bags. I could scarcely utter a word; but when I saw him take a little gold watch and chain which my little sister gave me before leaving home, I asked him to leave it. Hearing me, he wheeled around and struck me on the head with the butt of his pistol."

CHAPTER III.

John's wounds healed wonderfully fast during the next three weeks. During this time he had become a brother to Fred and Nellie Lawrence, who tried to make his unfortunate accident as easy to bear as possible. They daily entertained him by talking to him.

One day, in the fourth week after his misfortune, their conversation was abruptly ended by the appearance of a man who rushed in unannounced, but on seeing John, said in an imperious voice, pointing towards Nellie:

"Come here a minute. I want to speak to you,"

She followed him across the hall; he began by exclaiming:

"So this is what you are up to! sheltering a cowardly rebel in your father's absence! Well, I am going to Boston—get soldiers—return—take him—and when he gets well, take pleasure in killing him!"

Before he had finished, she had sunk into a chair, unable to speak a word in opposition to him, so completely overcome was she with fear.

* * * * * * * * *

When Nellie left both Fred and John remained silent a few minutes. Then John asked—though he already recognized him as the man by whom he had been waylaid—"who is that man?"

"His name, answered Fred, "is Christopher Brussett, the man who is to marry Nellie, and—"

"What"! exclaimed John, "that man to marry your sister! I don't see how any girl could love such a scoundrel."

"She don't love him," said Fred, "but it is due to some

pledge between our father and his, the breaking of which would cost father dearly. So she—"

"Hush! here she comes now."

The fact was, that as soon as Nellie had composed herself, she started to John's room to warn him to get away before Brussett returned.

"No," said John, when she had told of Brussett's threats, "I won't endanger you by fleeing. I must see Sir Christopher before I leave."

Fred and his sister had already told John that they were for Liberty, though their father was a Tory. Therefore they promised to have his horse ready for him in case of an emergency.

Boston was beseiged at this time, but Brussett had access. Having secured a troop of cavalry, he returned about dark, accompanied by Judge Lawrence, who had not been home since Nolan was shot.

He and the Judge went straight to the wounded man's room, expecting to find him helpless. But lo! when they saw him standing and alone, Brussett was dumbfounded.

John, slowly approaching him, said in a cool voice:

"You coward! Failing in your other attempt, you have come to murder me again. There, take that, until we meet under fairer and more suitable circumstances!" and he struck him a blow that knocked him sprawling on the floor, insensible.

He then ran out of the door, leaped into the saddle, jumped the fence, and escaped the lazy soldiers whom he had left on guard, and in a few hours rode into General Washington's camp.

Brussett, having recovered somewhat and seeing Nellie enter the room, turned to her with the question:

"Do you believe me guilty"?

"Until you prove him otherwise than a gentleman, I do," and left the presence of the villain whom she detested.

The next morning Brussett left to find and kill John Nolan, having first given a written statement to Judge Lawrence to release Nellie from marrying him, if he did not return in two weeks after the war.

CHAPTER IV.

A little more than three years after the incidents of the last chapter, during the siege of Yorktown, General Washington, spying some very large cannon on a small hill near the enemies' chief breastwork, called for volunteers to take them.

Capt. John Nolan and his company of brave and daring men offered their services. Going around two or three miles, they came up behind the hill, where they found about a hundred soldiers lounging around, gambling. He gave his men the order to charge, which they obeyed with alacrity.

Captain Nolan did not pursue; and one of the British did not flee. That was Sir Christopher Brussett, who, with a most confident air, advanced on his enemy.

Now the opportunity! thought Brussett.

When they were a few steps apart he made a motion to John that he would surrender; and of course John started to return his sword to its scabbard. At this motion Brussett struck at John with deadly strokes, but he evaded them. They fought for several minutes. Brussett, being too confident, Nolan knocked his sword from his hand, and pinioned him to the ground.

"You dirty coward! Only on three conditions will I give you your life: Return my watch, write a letter of apology to Miss Lawrence, and leave this country as soon as the first ship sails."

Brussett remained silent.

"If you do not answer by the time I count three, you will travel to the lower world. One—two—" said John, but before he had finished Brussett shrieked:

"I consent."

That was the last John saw of Sir Christopher Brussett.

In the battle before the surrender of Yorktown, Captain Nolan received three or four bullet wounds, which left him on the battle-field. His name appeared on all the bulletins as among the dead.

CHAPTER VI.

About three months after the surrender, Fred and Nellie Laurence sat on their front verander, engaged in earnest conversation,

"Sister" asked Fred, "have I ever told you why Sir Christopher has not been here since the war"?

"No," said Nsllie.

He then told her all about the encounter between John and Sir Christopher. The explanation seemed to make her happy and her eyes filled with tears of joy.

At this juncture a lone horseman rode up the broad driveway. It was John Nolan; and the sister and brother ran to meet him, exclaiming together:

"We thought you were dead, but thank Heaven you are not."

"That report came near being true", said John, but I managed to pull through in spite of several bullet holes".

After some time had been spent in congratulations, explanations and the like, Fred went to attend to Johns horse.

As soon as he was gone, John drew his chair closer to Nellie and said:

"Nellie, I have lived through fire and blood and horrors more awful than death, that I might come back to you, and tell you that I love you. When I became conscious in Fred's room, after those hours of horrible delirium, and saw you, I knew that I should live to love you, when I learned that that villian intended to force you to marry him, I vowed that my hands should drive him from you, and save you from a life more horrible than death. When I was wounded on the battle-field and left alone to die, it was my love for you that gave me power over death. I love you, I love you. Will you be my little wife?"

Nellie lifted up her bright eyes filled with happy tears to him and said, "I am glad you love me, John, because I love you."

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EDITORIALS.

"A NATIONAL STANDARD IN HIGHER EDUCATION."

Mr. Horwill, in the September issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* has entered a plea for "A National Standard in Higher Education." He begins his article with these two contradictory, yet suggestive, sentences. "It is generally agreed that there are too many universities in America. That is the reason why one more is urgently needed." 'We understand the paradox when the author reminds us that the greater the number of banks in a city the more necessary is a clearing house. And that it is the paucity not the multiplicity of magazines that has brought into existence the *Review of Reviews*.

The number of degree-giving institutions has increased so greatly that the fact that a student is an A. B. has little significance as to his intellectual attainment. We are constantly coming into contact with graduates, and the fact that they have their degrees means little or nothing to us, because we do not know what the degree is worth.

On the other hand, there are colleges which have become famous in various ways; perhaps, from the fact that they have

been backed by fabulous endowment funds; posibly, because they are state institutions, or it may be that the excellence of their work, some time in the past, has given them such prominence. A degree from such institutions overrate the intellectual attainment of the graduates and therefore gives them a prominence that he does not merit, and the people an educational leader which is unworthy of them. So we readily see how it is that the statement that a man is an A. B. graduate gives little indication of his intellectual worth.

Mr. Horwill would "establish a common standard in education, by reference to which it would be possible to fix the academic positions of individual students," whether they come from the most famous university, the least known college, or the humblest private study. He proposes plans by means of which a thorough examination is given to applicants for degrees. The plan guarantees justice, and, since there would be no honorary degrees, individual educational attainment alone would be rewarded. The degree would therefore be a sure indicator of intellectual worth.

The author claims the following advantages for the scheme:

(1.) It would provide a new opportunity for ambitious youths of narrow means. Many young men who would pursue a scholarly course at home are disheartened by the fact that they are placed at such disadvantage in the struggle with those who have the oft-times money-bought recommendation of a college university—the degree.

(2.) It would furnish an intelligent standard of proficiency in the case of graduates asking posts as teachers. This occurs to me to be the greatest advantage of the plan. In the United States there are very few institutions whose diplomas are a guarantee of intellectual worth. As a consequence, there is no safe means of filling positions even though the power of appointment chances to rest with those who would waive every consideration save the interests of the people, which is alas! too seldom.

(3) It would give small colleges a chance. Basing the appoint-

ments on individual worth and not the reputation-worth of a pretentious college or university, the colleges which deserve promotion would be promoted through the awardal of posts of trust to their graduates.

(4.) Within a few years it would sensibly raise the standard of colleges which have hitherto been content with low aims and still lower performances.

The fact that not only all national educational appointments would be made with reference to this standard, but that public opinion in general would base its estimate on the educational world in reference to it, would force practically every college to pass through this purgatory. Some would no doubt be consumed by the purifying fires, but as Carlyle has said, "that which is incombustible will not burn."

WHAT WE ARE, NOT WHAT WE SEEM TO BE.

Byron said that his school mates, after they had finished their college course, went about with learned faces, awe-inspiring mien, wearing monstrous masks, of lawyers, doctors, bankers, parsons, and the like.

From my astonished childhood to my maturer years, which have brought with them scanty assurance, I have wondered at the pomp and magnificence of artificial society. Since the mystical light of hero-worshiping boyhood has given place to the light of sane judgement, I want to know why it is that people try to fool each other. You can fool little boys and confiding girls, but you can't fool sensible men and women. For the man knows either because he makes one of the masquerade party, that is to say he is a hypocrit like yourself, or else because he is a good man and has good eyes and therefore knows a false-face when he sees it. You can't fool the modern society woman, for she's up to all your tricks. You can't fool a real lady, because she's not a fool. So I say the wonder is that people still go to so much trouble. Why! just lots of times men speak to me as if I would believe their souls great because of the accent they give their words; they look learned and pompous as if they would

make me feel their colossal powers. Perhaps you too have been done this way, or maybe even worse; you may have had the fine spun net of social weavings thrown about you by one of societies most artificial productions of the femenine type.

What I would like, and doubtless you would too, or you would not be reading this, for we would not be congenial, is for us to lay aside our masks, to break up this mask party, to cast aside the artificial veil that is between us, and to know each other as we in ourselves really are.

I have seen people who were interested in big things alone. In fact, I believe *most* people are interested in big things. They are grieved near unto death to learn of the decease of a senator, and are unmoved at the death of a dirty street waif. They prick their ears with eager interest for the joke of a big man, and pass with stern indifference the ragged boy who has his story of pathos. Fathers there are, who would "blow in" a months earnings, or better gettings, to sport on in pomp the social lord, and yet will draw the skin of their faces, which has been laugh-lines to the pompous visitor, into plow-lines or birch switches for a pleasure-hungry boy.

I know that we should look through social distinctions and official decorations at the heart beneath, but how much better we could see if there were no decorations and artificial distinctions.

I would have us interested in human life, its joys, its hopes, and its fears. I believe the man who feels is the educated, the refined man, and not the man who knows. I know it is the aim of a great number of parents, who send their sons and daughters to college, to secure for them a higher station in life. They would have them superior to other people. They would purchase them a high seat from which they may look down upon a struggling world. I hold that the true aim of education is not so much to know as to feel, that the truly educated man is not he who raises himself above his fellows by superior mental force, but is fitted to mingle with them, to enter into their lives, to turn the rich red blood of his knowledge into the dry veins of a society thirsting for life and sympathy. It does not matter

how much you know, if you do not care for me it will do me no good, unless it be an accidental good, and an accidental good is no credit of yours. You might, with equal justness, claim of the Almighty, credit for the life-perserving bread that the starving beggar purchased with the coin you hurled at him to get him out of your passage way.

I know that it should be the aim of every father to guarantee a loftier, a happier position to his son than he himself has had; that each generation should inherit advantages from the past generation. But this idea of social elevation, of the making of men who will rule by mental force, is sickening, is absolutely disgusting. I had rather be a plow boy and grieve to turn a daisy beneath the heavy clod, than to wield the scepter of world power, and be unable to feel the pains, to enjoy the happiness, to enter into the hopes, that fill the lives, and sanctify the passing of the lowliest of this life.

I speak reverently when I say that my faith is in the Christ who wept at the grave of Lazarus, not in the Christ at whose command the fig tree withered, and the water turned to wine; in the Christ of universal feeling, not the Christ of universal power. I want to spend this life, as I do eternity, not with those who know most, but with those who feel most.

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

LAMAR EASTERLING, Editor.

In reading over the various exchanges that have come to our desk we are very favorably impressed with the progress that they are making in college journalism. There seems to be a spirit of growth and progress that tends to make each issue an improvement on the one preceding. Especially is this to be noticed in the quality of the stories with which many of our college magazines abound. The style and treatment which characterize most of the fiction in college periodicals are certainly

improving. The institution of prize contests, we are inclined to think, has had a a great deal to do with it by furnishing the editors with a larger supply from which to draw. Some exchange editors, we have noted, seem to think that stories should have no place in college journalism. On the contrary, we think interesting and imaginative stories play a very important part by contributing to the interest and attractiveness of a college paper. There is a large amount of the deep philosophy of life that can be imparted more vividly and to a greater advantage by being imbued with sentiment and imaginative beauty than if condensed into an essay or sermon, which for most readers would only furnish very dull and lifeless reading. Besides, a constructive imagination is, of all talents, the most necessary to an all-round success. Then why should we discourge the story writers in cultivating this great power or faculty of the mind?

Another step toward improvement, we have noticed, is the subordination of the "local department," and the giving of more attention to the exchange department. This should be looked upon as one of the most important parts, and care should be used to make it interesting and instructive. It is with much regret that we have observed that some magazines, most noteworthy in other respects, pay scarcely any attention to this department at all, but content themselves with merely acknowledging the receipt of the "exchanges," or do not mention them at all.

The poetry has been of an unusual good grade in meter and sentiment. But there seems to be a great scarcity of it in some of our best exchanges. Such institutions should import some poets by all means; or else stimulate the latent poetry in the students by offering a prize for the best poem.

* * *

We do not hesitate to pronounce the *Emory Phoenix* as being one of the best and most interesting of our exchanges. Many other magazines might well use it as a model. The three stories, "The Influence of the College," "What's in a Name," and "She Did not Know," are written in a charming style, and hold the interest throughout. The plots of these are unique and

the threads of the narrative are well woven together. "Joel Chandler Harris, the Writer," is an appreciative sketch of the life of the author of "Uncle Remus," which, we feel sure, will be read and enjoyed by all the host of admirers of our great "Master of dialect." The quality of the other articles shows the same literary knowledge and good taste. We are glad to note the great success that is being made of the exchange department. The comments and suggestions show much judgment and insight in their character, so we do not doubt but that this department is in good hands. "Christ is Born" and the "Reveries of Senior" are praiseworthy efforts at verse. Taken as a whole the *Phoenix* reflects much honor on its able staff as well its institution.

* * *

We are just in receipt of the *University of Mississippi Mag-Magazine* for the first time this session. The *Magazine* is a highly creditable publication and reflects much honor on its corps of editors as well as upon its honored institution. The quality and arrangement of its matter is good. This issue (December) contains many intelligent and interesting articles. "The Kingship of the mind" is a strongly written essay and one that evidences a wide range of information and scholarship. "Progress through Revolution" is entertaining and instructive throughout. In it the writer very fittingly shows that evolution of society has been preceded and facilitated by revolution when society had outgrown its old institutions. "Reminiscences" bids fair to furnish some interesting reading. "Ballade of the Round Table" is a poem worthy of complimentary mention. The exchange and editorial departments are well conducted and instructive as well as interesting.

* * *

A most interesting and enjoyable exchange is the *Crimson and Gold*. The arrangement of the quality of its matter are the the very best and deserve much praise. "The Star" and "A night at Bethlehem" are written in pleasing style, and form very appropriate reading for an Xmas issue. "Shakespeare's Art of Contrast, as shown on the Night of the Portents" is espec-

ially worthy of commendation. It is an essay of great clearness and beauty. The editorials are varied and newsy. We congratulate its enterprising staff on getting up so creditable a magazine.

* * *

We are glad to number among our exchanges the *Cap* and *Gown* of Tuscaloosa, Ala.,. It comes to us in a neat and atractive cover, but most of its articles are purely local in character. The essay on "Character," while very much condensed, is very well treated and contains some very fine sentiments. It reflects in a creditable manner the life and custom of its institution. We expect more fiction and stories in its next issue.

* * *

The *College Reflector* makes a very neat appearance and has much good reading matter in it. The chief fault we find with it is that it is most too meagre. What it needs is some clever scholarly essays and a story or two. In arrangement there has been much improvement—the quality was always good. The poem "The man Behind the Plow" is exceedingly good and expresses truthfully and well some of the truths that only too often escape our observation. The exchange department of this magazine is conducted in a very enterprising and instructive manner. Deserved praises are fittingly bestowed; and unfavorable criticisms, if needed are not shunned. We commend the Ex.-man's spirit.

* * *

The *Converse Concept* need not fear unfavorable comparison with any college magazine we have seen. It is neatly and tastily "gotten up" in every respect and presents a most intelligent and interesting table of contents. It constitutes a most flattering index to the high grade of intellectual training that is being given by its institution. The only complaint we have to make, is at the absence of verse. "The American Indian in Literature" is a short, but interesting account of the Redman's place in legend and song. It has made an attractive subject even more interesting and attractive.In reading the article on "woman's rights," though very chivalrous in our attitude towards

the "fair sex," we acquiesced to all the writer said in regard to woman's intellectual rights, but as to her elligibility for the coarser and more commonplace duties of life, we demurred. As to woman being "man's intellectual equal," after having read the *Concept*, we accept as a "self-evident" fact. The other sketches and stories were very much enjoyed. The exchange department is well edited and pays a silent compliment to its exchange editors, who can skillfully point out an error as well gracefully bestow merited words of praise.

* * *

Since the last issue of the COLLEGIAN, in addition to those above mentioned, we beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges:

The Alpha, Parker Purple, The Jeffersonian, Southwestern University Magazine, Hillman Lesbidelian, The Randolph-Macon Monthly, Hendrix College Mirror, Twentieth Century Tatler, Emory and Henry Era, The Jonrnal, The Revielle, Olive and Blue, Whitworth Clionian, Review and Bulletin, Cap and Gown, Mississippi College Magazine, Deaf Mute Voice, Uaiversity of Arizona Monthly, Vox Weslyan.

CLIPPINGS.

EPICUREANS.

A squirrel hurried through the grass,
A sparrow gossiped like a lass;
The little minnows in the brook
Were playing school; a shady nook
Showed me the tenants, like a glass.

Under a shower of twinkling dew
A dwarf-like toad sat peering through
Minstrell of moisture, one who sings
Love for the dew and cold, wet things—
O quaint philosopher and true.

A bee lay cradled in a leaf
Of thirsting clover. "Life is brief,"
He muttered to himself, and drank
Deep of the honey, till he sank
Among the flowers, who called him thief?

—*Harvard Monthly.*

Said a Cadet to his Juliet,
"I'm like a ship at sea,
Exams are near and much I fear
That I shall busted be."

"Oh, no," said she, "a shore I'll be,
Come rest your journey o'er."
Then silence fell and all was well,
For the ship had hugged the shore.—Ex.

Whatever troubles Adam had,
No man could man could make him soar,
By saying, when he told a jest,
"I've heard that joke before."—Ex.

Mary had a little lamp,
A jealous lamp, no doubt,
For when Mary's beaux went in,
The little lamp went out.—Ex.

"Falsehood buyeth falsehood only,
"Truth must purchase truth."

FOUR EPITAPHS.

"Deep wisdom—swelled head—
Brain fever—he's dead—
A Senior."
"False fair on—hope fled—
Heart broken—he's dead—
A Junior."

"Went skating—'tis said—
Floor hit him—he's dead—
A Sophomore."
"Milk famine—not fed—
Starvation—he's dead—
A Freshman."—Ex.

"THE BEAUTIFUL ROSE,"

He stood where the maiden stood beside
A beautiful, blushing rose,
And he lovingly bent his head and sighed,
And he buried his moth and nose
Among the petals so sweet, so rare,
That the fair maid's lips had pressd
And a bumble bee that was resting there
Proceeded to do the rest—Ex.

God made the world and rested. God made man and rested. God made woman, and since then, neither God, man, nor the devil has had any rest.—Ex.

The Exchange Editor may scratch on a pen
'Till the ends of his fingers are sore,
When some one is sure to remark, with a jest,
"Rats! How stale! I've heard that before."

CO-OPERATION.

Little Jack horner sat in a corner,
Killing a stiff exam,
By the help of a neighbor
He avoided all labor,
"What a student," he pondered, "I am."

ALUMNI AND OLD STUDENTS NOTES.

F, D. MELLEN, Editor.

Mr. W. O. Tatum is manager of Tatum Lumber Co., Bonhomie Mississippi.

Messrs. Allen Thompson and Clayton Potter, both of the class of '02, have opened a real estate office in this city.

During the recent sessions of the Mississippi and North Mississippi Conferences, the following appointments were made by Bishop Key:

Mayorsville, H· P. Lewis Jr.; Thomasville, W. A. Terry; Anding and Lintonia, H. B. Watkins; Simpson, H. T. Carley; Binsville, J. L. Red; Scranton, W. B. Jones; Oxford, J. R. Countess; Beauregard, J. J. Goden; Webb, J. T. Lewis; Itta Bena, W. L. Duren; Neshoba, L. H. Alford; Washington, C. N. Guice; Hill House, L. W. Felder; S. S. Secretary R. P. Neblett.

Mr. Morris Chambers '00, is director of Lumberton Electric plant, Lumberton, Miss.

Mr. W. A. Wood is teaching school at Monterey, Miss.

Dr. Sullivan in one of his class lectures recently remarked that the alumnus in his idle moments might do a vast work, a work beneficial not only to his *Alma Mater* but to the whole state. He called attention to the fact that if every man ever in attendance had, during his vacant hours, secured from his home-county specimens of the state from well-boreings for every five feet through fifty or sixty feet of the earths crust, perhaps specimens from every county of the state might have been collected, affording information most valuable. Such a collection would mean a comprehensive study of important geological features relative to the nature of the whole State. Such contributions to the museum should be readily forthcoming, since idle moments are in every man's life, and such is the college man's duty.

Mr. E. B. Ricketts is an eletrical engineer in New York City.

We recently made a very hurried review of the vocations chosen by our alumni. As might have been expected the vocation most universally followed is that of law. Next in order was that of medicine. Not depreciating the professions in the least, for we believe they are essentials to advanced society, we were sorry to note the relative scarcity of men engaged in the still more essential and fundamental pursuits—mechanics, scientific agriculture and the like.

But there was in particular one other fact that attracted our attention. These latter pursuits are assuming a new vitality. While in the past among our Alumni the law had held unchallenged sway, and in a manner so continues today, yet there is a perseptible departure from this old channel toward these more natural and necessary pursuits. Such a movement denotes health in our national life, and a due appreciation on the part of our young men for these most important industries. This movement was made even more manifest by the departure from formally selected vocations of several alumni, who had recognised the sterility of the professional fields.

LITERATURE.

JOS. H. PENIX, Editor.

SOUTHERN LITERATURE.

The Middle States and New England, which have produced the main body of American literature, seem to have reached the height of their literary expression, and to be now either in a state of decadence, or at best of preparation for some future effort. Instead of the measure of spontaneity and vigor which characterized the productions of the "Knickerbocker School" and the renascent period of New England, we have now mostly the treatises, criticisms, and comments of learned scholars, and there is a marked scarcity of true literature of the higher order.

On the other hand, the West has not, apparently, reached its full literary development. The literary history of a country

or a section is, in many respects, parallel to that of its politics. Indeed, though ignorant of the social, religious, and governmental institutions of a people, one might still learn much of their character from a study of their literature, since this is greatly affected by all the above influences. The West is still comparatively a new country, and the epithet "Wild," formerly applied to it, is still in some degree appropriate. Its settlements rose like magic from the influx of a population almost as varied as the nations of earth could afford, and it is a great problem of our national politics to reconcile such differences of race, custom and nationality under one government. We are not surprised, then, that its literary productions are as yet scanty, and its literary efforts undecided and unsteady.

When we consider the South, however, we find a section not lacking in age, culture, nor homogeneity, yet nevertheless, singularly barren as regards its literature. Its whole history seems to justify the statement that it has been, throughout the past, doomed to a kind of unprogressive isolation. This has been due chiefly perhaps to its peculiar social institutions, and indirectly to other conditions caused in turn by these. True, its educational advantages were for a long time limited, to say the least; but this can hardly be one of the principal causes of its unproductiveness. Because of the fertility of the soil and the presence of a large body of slaves, the pursuit of the South was naturally agriculture. Naturally, also, there was comparatively a small number of land owners, living on large estates, thus preventing population from gathering in considerable centers, and thus was missed that peculiar culture and alertness of intellect that would have resulted from a more universal socialness. Then, too, while considering the old institution of slavery from the standpoint of the present, this generation, both North and South, is likely to forget that long before it was abolished it had become one of the most serious problems that had ever demanded solution of any people, and that to the South especially, as being most intimately concerned, it was a pressing and ever-present question. To his master, the negro seemed then, as he has proved since, the most dangerous and helpless lower class

that had ever come in contact with the Anglo-Saxon. Yet the conditions of soil and climate had thrust on us the burden and responsibility of a nation, and in assuming it, a factor had entered our social and political structure which, though dangerous while it remained, would seemingly cause demolition if withdrawn. So the leading Southerners concentrated their minds on politics, and naturally developed a conservative policy which tended to check national individuality. At the same time however, this attention to governmental affairs produced a body of public men whose orations, though belonging only to a species of literature, are reckoned as among the best ever produced in America or even the world, and whose statesmanship laid deep and well the foundation of the Republic.

But the statements made by certain literary scholars that the insignificance of Southern writings is in any way due to its former social oligarchy, or to climatic differences, do not, in the light of the history of universal literature, seem quite evident. Greece, that made models of literature and art for the ages to copy, had slavery and social aristocracy, yet to this very fact historians attribute the surpassing development of their aesthetic nature. Italy, too, is a southern country, yet while making laws for the world it helped to make its literature also.

Lanier, the most representative of our Southern poets, believed the true function of poetry to be far nearer to that of music than is generally held; and though his training and career was too short and imperfect to make his critical work or his theories of aesthetics seem of importance to technical scholars, yet this is a view which has been largely in accord with the poetry of all southern peoples. Who knows then, but that in a near and more auspicious future this view may materialize here in our own Southland in a loftier poetic utterance than America has yet known? Poe, in a degree, carried out the same idea in his poetry. True, most scholars consider him as Southern by courtesy only, but he was infinitely more; he was Southern by the inalienable rights of nature and ancestry, and his character, with all its tragic height and depth and mystery, belongs preeminently to the South.

The Puritan came seeking religious and political liberty, but cramped himself by laws severer than those he had fled, and it required the mighty forces of Unitarianism and Transcendentalism to strike off these more galling fetters of mind and spirit and free them to sing their fuller liberties. The West escaped

this bondage, for its very foundation was on more modern and more liberal ideas of civil and religious freedom. The South, we may justly say, has been influenced by conditions unfavorable to the development of a distinct and spontaneous body of literature. Since the Civil War, its social and economic conditions have been too disturbed for anything, like final expression. But when we consider Southern character and temperament, and the place which sections of like climate and peoples of like temperament have so often held in the best literature of the world; when we think of the background of romance and field of fiction, certainly unsurpassed in America; then, when through the frequent harshness of Southern song we hear the overtones of a loftier harmony to which the poetic spirit of the Southland may some day become attuned, we may reasonably hope that our past writers did but herald a spirit that shall breathe a fuller life and beauty into the body of American letters.

LOCALS.

D. L. BINGHAM, Editor.

The Holidays have become a thing of the past, and we are once more in our places.

We were sorry to find a few vacancies in some of the rooms, when we returned for the new years work. Those who failed to return seem to have made the wrong kind of resolutions.

Prof. Harrell, a former Millsaps student, and who is now occupying the chair of Physics and chemistry at Centenary College, conducted chapel exercises for us one morning during the first of the month.

Miss Kattie Redding of Crystal Springs, was the charming guest of her aunt, Miss Annie Linfield, the latter part of the hollidays.

Boys, stick to those resolutions you made when you left home Xmas.

We were glad to have H. T. Carley with us as he passed through on the way to his work. Mr. Carley is one of Millsaps boys of high ambition, as is evidenced by his completing his course at Vanderbilt University.

Miss Jannie Millsaps, is now boarding with Prof. Hudlleston, as her aunt, Mrs. T. B. Holland, has moved to Vicksburg.

Quite an interesting program was rendered by the two societies on the 18th of this month. The orators for the occasion

were Messrs Heidelburg and Pittman. In the debate, Messrs Nobles and Easterling represented the affirmative, and Messrs Welch and Wasson the negative. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative.

Wasn't it too bad that Belhaven was unable to come to the debate. When it began to rain Friday night there were tears seen in several of the boys eyes as large as goose eggs and as hard as hickory nuts.

Pittman tried hard to write a speech that would appeal to Belhaven, and he succeeded admirably, but after all the rain interfered,—such a pity. Better luck next time, "Pitt."

Miss Mason, of Whitworth College, accompanied by one of her charming pupils, Miss Winnie McKee, spent the day with Dr. Hillman, while passing through Jackson.

C. R. Carley visited club mates on the campus after the holidays.

William Buchanan of Okoloua, has withdrawn from school and is reading law under his brother, a prominent young lawyer of Woodville.

Professor B. E. Young has been absent for the past few days to attend the marriage of his brother at Louisville. He returned to the college Wednesday afternoon.

We are glad to have E. B. Cooper, who has been absent for the past two months on account of sickness, with us again.

There has been some sickness at the domitory during the month, but we are glad to report most of the boys able to be in school again. Guess they ate too many sweetmeats christmas, old Santa Claus should be more careful.

Mr. H. Stuart Stevens of Hattiesburg, senior member of the law firm of Stevens & Stevens, was on the campus the other evening.

The many friends of W. N. Duncan, will be delighted to know that he has about recovered from his recent spell of sickness.

Ex-Treasurer Carlisle attended the public debate Friday night. We always appreciate the interest shown by our prominent citizens.

Miss Pearce sister of H. W. Pearce. is boarding on the campus and studying Physics under Dr. Sullvian.

We are sorry to learn that Mrs. Murrah has been quite unwell the past week. That she may have a speedy recovery is the earnest wish of us all.

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MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

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THE FIRST CHRISTMAS MORNING.

Inland about thirty miles from the eastern shore of the Mediterranean sea, on the plains of the province of El Kuds, and six miles south of the ruined city of el Kuds, lies the little village Beit Lahm. Standing upon the hills that surround the village, and looking away to the northeast, one may get a glympse of the city of er Riha, and letting the sight fall south, he sees the heavy blue waters of Bahr Lut. Upon the mountain sides and in the depths of the green valleys of this country, from July to autumn, patient shepherds guard their drowsy flocks by day and by night. There, the summer days are hot and long, and it is good when the sun has finished his course. At night the same stars shine out in the deep blue of the skies that we see in our own country. In the north is the great dipper, the little dipper, and the bright individual stars. On the western horison, in the spring time, the seven stars rise near the path of the moon and take their silent way across. The language of the people and the call of the shepherds, if we were in that country, would be but gibberish to us.

On our happy Christmas morning these hard names, strange landscapes, ruined cities, blue waters, and foreign people have little interest for you, gentle reader, till I tell you more about them.

Nineteen hundred years ago the province of El Kuds was called Judaea the city of el Kuds Jerusalem, the ruined city of er Riha Jericoh; Bahr Lut the Dead Sea and Beit Lahm was called Bethlehem. The hills and valleys were the same old hills and valleys, and doubtless the herds that pasture on them are the same stock and kind that pastured there so long ago. Instead of the strange people which keep watch over the flocks

there now, the shepherds of the children of Judah the son of Jacob kept watch then.

The Judaeans were a quiet, humble people, living by their vineyards, farms, and herds. Jerusalem was the capital and pride of Judaea. It was a magnificent city, surrounded by massive walls and natural barricades of high hills and deep valleys. In the southeast corner of the city was the beautiful hill of Zion, and high up on its crest was the holy place of worship, the temple. In it the descendants of Levi were still priests, and every Judaean gathered once every year in the temple, and with the priests, worshiped and offered sacrifices, waiting for the hope that a great deliverer would come and free them from Rome.

The priests, while they adhered strictly to forms of worshiping by sacrifice and symbols, had come to occupy a very important and honorable place in the nation. It was a high honor to be a priest of Levi, and to administer in the temple, clad in the costly, gorgeous robes of the priesthood. They therefore looked for the coming of one who would free their land and make the Judaeans again a conquering nation, and place them, instead of the honored of Judaea, the honored among the great nations of earth. The inhabitants of Jerusalem were dissipated, proud, profligate people, reveling in drunkenness and wantonness. The men had long since lost their strength, courage, and endurance by their indolence and intemperance. The women were vain and frivolous.

Out beneath the cool shade of the trees by day, and the sentinel watch of the stars by night, with the sweet perfumed breezes from the mountains in their nostrils, and the happy songs of the birds and murmuring of the brooks in their ears, the shepherds looked for a deliverer who would free them from rituals, forms, and customs, fill their souls with an everlasting peace.

Far away in some eastern country there lived a school of men who through prophecies and stars searched diligently for truth.

From away up in Galilee a distant son of David sought

lodgement, one night, in the little city of Bethlehem, when it was crowded with Roman tax-payers. There being no place in the inns to comfort them they made their bed of a pallet of straw in a broad trough where the cattle fed.

On that same night while the priests drank and waited in their pride, the people of Jerusalem danced and chambered. While the cattle lay sleeping on the plains and the birds were asleep in the trees, the magi followed the light of his prophesies and stars, and the shepherds lay sleeping in the starlight with the green sod as his mattress, the priests heard nothing but the voice of ambition, and the people heard nothing but the call of lust and passion. The cattle, and the birds dreamed only of green pastures and shady groves. But the wise men's star stood over the quiet city of Bethlehem, and the murmuring of the brooks and the voice of the winds crept into the shepherds' dreams. The murmuring grew like the seas breaking upon a thousand strands, and the voice of the winds took up the melody of the pipes, the horns, and organs of the temple. The sound of the winds and the brooks mixed and mingled into one great flood of melody, and as it flowed on it bore in its tide the voice and song of the angel dead. So full grew their dream that it awoke them. When they arose the flood of melody passed away in their souls, and all was silent and still. So full were they of the memory of the dream, and so impressed with its great joy that they wandered away to Bethlehem to find some one to whom to tell its meaning.

That night, while the Galileans slept in the manger to them a babe was born. A simple thing it was,—a babe born in a manger.

Over the mean couch the wise men's star came and stood. To the stall the shepherd's dream led them. The magi saw the babe and poured out their gifts to a sacrifice, a priest and a king. The shepherds saw him and their dream was told. Their innermost soul was filled with light and they sang the songs of the redeemed. David's son, the noblest and the greatest, made his first bed in a manger, the lowest place of all the earth.

Such is the simple birth of which millions of voices to-day

sing, and hundreds of millions of flaming torches tonight proclaim.

Happy Christmas reader, answer me:

Why on that night did ambitious
Priests, hope on for a great deliverer,
And reveling Judaeans in the city fair
Hear not the dream like the shepherds?
Why were the sheep the kind, the birds
In the fields so deaf to the choirs of heav'n?
While the dark veil that shut the shepherds out
From earth to heaven was riven,
And the wise men found a place for their gifts
To pour them out for ever more?

A. S. CAMERON—'03.

SEPARATION OF THE SCHOOL FUND.

For the past few years there has been a movement on foot in the State of Mississippi to separate the public school fund between the whites and blacks in proportion to the amount of taxes paid by each race. The movement at first received little attention, but, owing to the fact that there is in the South an element opposed to universal education, it has come to receive more consideration.

This is an element which is still begrudging the freedom given the negro by the Emancipation Proclamation, and wishes to keep him in as near a condition of serfdom as possible. These men with the prejudice towards the negro, caused by the despotic rule of the Carpet-bagger during the Reconstruction period, look with aversion and bitter hostility on any movement which tends towards his educational or industrial development. They argue that the white public schools are far from being in a state of perfect development, and that every dollar devoted to the education of the negroes is just that much withdrawn from the much-needed education of the whites. Aside from what they

consider an unjust and unmerited burden from a financial standpoint, they point out with great emphasis that the education of the negro will destroy the results aimed at in the adoption of the amendment to the State Constitution, which places suffrage on educational qualifications. It is claimed, therefore, that it will mean his return to political power. Hence, as a remedy for this so-called injustice to the white man and for what they consider will be the undoing of this amendment, it has been proposed that an amendment to the State Constitution be adopted, providing that the amount of the school fund appropriated to the two races shall be in proportion to the amount of taxes paid by each.

Even on the extravagant assumption that the proposed amendment would produce the best results economically, morally and industrially, is it practicable? By the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, it is clearly shown that it is their opinion that such legislation is irreconcilable with the Fourteenth Amendment to the United States Constitution. This declares that "no State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States,..... nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws." In the case of Duncan v. Missouri in the 152nd United State Supreme Court Report, it is decided that special legislation is not obnoxious to the last clause of the Fourteenth Amendment, if *all* persons subject to it *are treated alike*. The above proviso effectuually and plainly debars such legislation as has been proposed. The Supreme Court has also declared in the 175th United States Report in passing on the racial question, "All admit that the benefits and burdens of public taxation must be shared by citizens without discrimination against any class on account of their race; and that schools must be maintained for each race out of a common school fund, if maintained at all." A Court having made this decision, would undoubtedly declare such an amendment, as the one proposed, unconstitutional. Before the proposed law could be enacted, it would therefore be necessary to change the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the

United States, which could not be done without a two-thirds vote of Congress and a ratification of the same by the legislatures of three-fourths of the States, which is impracticable.

If there were no constitutional objection to such a law as the one proposed, still it would be wholly unnecessary. The money appropriated to public education is not, and has not been equally divided between the two races. Nor would such distribution be fair. The schools of each race are taught by teachers of its own color. Of course the white teachers are far superior to the colored ones in intellectuallity and educational development. Under our present State law, our superintendents of education are vested with large discretion in fixing the salaries of teachers within mininum and maxinum limitations. By one of the fundamental principles of economic law, better service is always rewarded by better pay. According to a statement of our present State Superintendent of Education, only 42 per cent of the educable children of this State are white, and yet they receive 79 per cent of the school fund, or about five times as much as the negroes. The average pay of the white teacher in the public schools is forty dollars; that of the negro teacher fourteen dollars. If the people of Mississippi should ever become so influenced by the implacable hatred and undying prejudice, which is manifested so strongly in the South towards the negro, as to further demand a share of the mere pittance that is now given him, it would not be necessary even then to adopt the proposed amendment. The laws of the State could be so amended as to give the county snperintendents still greater discretion in fixing the salaries of teachers. As these superintendents are all white men, they could thus fix the salaries of the negro teachers even smaller than they now are.

It is only a question of time when a large number of negroes will inevitably return to the polls. Repulsive as the thought may be, nevertheless it is worthy of consideration. From education we are now giving them they are obtaining those qualifications which give them a right to vote. When the number of negroes with these qualifications becomes sufficiently great, they will exercise this right which they will inevitably

natural inferiority of the race, intellectually and morally, the negroes will never become a dominant political factor in the State. Is it not infinitely better to contend with an educated negro minority, than to cause such unfavorable legislation as will give suffrage to every negro man in the State, thereby increasing ten-fold the dangers of negro domination, and causing the Black Peril of the South to gain new terrors?

The moment we strike a blow against the education of negroes, we uproot the foundation of our whole public school system. Whenever public education of the negroes is no longer aided by the whites, immediately the rich will clamor that it is not right for them to educate the children of the poor whites, thus paving the way towards anarchy in public education. To take away education from the negro is a step towards despotism; and the despot is no respecter of persons. If the poor white man yields to the appeal of the imperialistic capitalist to his prejudice to bind the negro, and keep him bound, then, after he himself is caught in the meshes and cries for help, the snarer will mock.

The true theory is, that education—the development of power—enables the individual, of whatever vocation, to grapple more successfuly with the problems of life. We daily hear demand. So long as the Southern whites provide school facilities for the race whose illiteracy they disfranchise, just so long may our legislation, basing suffrage on educational qualification, pass unassailed by the Supreme Court of the United States. But if this violent and prejudiced element should ever succeed in removing the educational facilities for the negro, it would be considered as having a direct bearing on our educational qualifications for suffrage, and a proof too striking to be longer disregarded of an intention to violate the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution. Who cannot see that this agitation may cause such unfavorable action by the Supreme Court as will render null and void our legislation placing suffrage on an educational basis, and thus break down the structure so painfully wrought out? Under the present system, the number of negro voters will always be limited. Owing to this fact, and to the

hat education of the negro serves to encourage aspirations that cannot be gratified. Ever since the embryonic state of public education, this theory has been used as an argument against educating the poor whites. Intellectual training may spoil some negroes, as it does some whites. We often see men, with the training afforded by the best universities of the country, leave the halls of learning pure idealists and theorists, who are totally unable to win back the money expended by their fathers for this training. But what man will declare that education brings disasterous results to the white race as a whole? Compare the negro as he is to day, after over three decades of educational training, with the negro at the close of the Civil war when he was totally illiterate, and you will find that he has made tremendous strides in development, even in the face of the prejudice and enmity of the white man. Then why take away those facilities by means of which he is obtaining this development? Do we fear that he will become our successful competitor in life? If with equal oportunities we cannot surpass the negroes, then we belie our boast that we are their natural superiors.

The proposed law is inexpedient, because it would widen the breach already separating the two races, and would tend to aggravate the race problem. If, in the age of prosperity, we abandon the policy, which was maintained while the black cloud of adversity was overhanging us, we break the strongest tie by which we may properly guide and control the negro. Under the present system, it is within our power to adapt the negro's education to his needs, and to select the worthiest and most competent black men to influence the principles of the young negroes and train them in the paths they should follow. But the moment we withdraw assistance from the negro schools, we will lose control over them. The negro will recognize the fact that the white man has no interest in him, except how he may best utilize him. He will see that the white man's purpose is to keep him in ignorance and poverty, and hold him in a state of absolute subjection. Consequently, it would stir up such hatred between the two races as has never

existed before. If ever we should withdraw our aid from negro schools, not only would we lose all control of them, but they would fall into the hands of partisan politicians, who would make them instruments of strife and disorder. They would stand bewildered—the subjects of shameless demagoguery and base deceit. These leaders would teach the negroes that the white man is their foe, and that whatever progress they make must be in the face of his indefatigable opposition and never-ending hatred and prejudice. The disastrous effects that would follow the rearing of a generation in such an atmosphere are incalculable. It is then that there would appear that "awful phantom in whose crimson shadow we would behold the dangers of a race conflict."

Ignorance, without regard to race or condition, is the enemy of the State and of civilization. It is, like crime, the enemy of all the people, and must be suppressed because it engenders crime. Besides, ignorance and uncleanliness are inseparable companions. It is a fact well known, that an educated negro is a clean negro. We have a multitude of negroes seeking a higher life. They want clean bodies, clean homes, and better advantages. Shall we take away those facilities by which they may obtain these things of inestimable value, and, shutting them out from the realm of knowledge, thus abandon them to ignorance, immorality, and the tender mercies of the demagogue? Take away their educational facilities and the protecting arm of the white man, and "they will sink like an iron to the bottomless pit of ignorance and wretchedness."

In the words of an eminent Democratic leader, "It would not be right, it would be unworthy a strong Christian people to withhold the light from this weak and needy race." To raise the negro from ignorance to enlightenment, from semi-barbarism to civilization, is a debt of honor and humanity we owe him and the world. Destroy all prejudice, give him fair and favorable conditions, and let him work out, unhampered, his destiny among us.

HARVEY B. HEIDELBERG, '03.

MORE THAN GOLD.

Dark and threatening financial clouds were gathering over the time-honored and trustworthy firm of Richard Ross and Co., and they seemed to be settling on the head of Richard Ross Jr. as he walked the floor of his comfortable, if not luxurious, batchelor flat. He looked at his watch and listened for the elevator, for he was expecting Robert Hansley, the second member of the firm, who was an hour over due. He walked to the window, looked out and shivered as the wind dashed against the casement and an occasional rain drop spattered against the pane. Even the cheerful crackle of the fire in the grate failed to keep out the surrounding gloom. Presently the door opened and Robert entered.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting Dick. The train was late. They are having rough weather up the country. It does a fellow good to get into this cozy den of yours. Come, cheer up! You look as if the last potato was out of the barrel. Have a cigar. It is not natural for you to look down in the mouth."

"I was just thinking of to-night five years ago, when the responsibilities of a great business that our fathers had built, were shifted to our shoulders, and such a pretty mess as we have run it into!"

"Now Dick, dont be hard on yourself. I acknowledge that I have made a botch of my part of it; but you know that you are looked upon as one of the best business men in the city. This is just a misfortune that could not be helped. These panics will come, you know."

"Well, what success did you have to day?" asked Dick.

"None; everything seems going against us. He would not release us from our contract, or give us an extention of time."

"And that means that the firm of Ross and Co., goes to smash tomorrow," said Dick.

"Well, now that rests with you wheather it does or not,"

replied Robert.

"What do you mean, Bob?"

"Now, Dick, I have done all that I can to save the firm. Now, I have a plan for you to work, and it is a sure plan too; will you do it?"

"It depends on what the plan is. I am willing to do any thing to save us, you know; that is, anything fair and honorable," said Dick.

" 'Anything is fair in love and war,' I think I heard you say once."

"Yes, I believe you did."

"Well, my plan is going to work according to your own philosophy."

"State your scheme. This is no time for trifling." Said Dick, growing impatient.

"It is just this: In the Second National Bank, of this city, there are bonds and securities to the amount of a hundred thousand dollars, placed there subject to your order. Now during this financial strain that is on the country, if it becomes known that this firm has a hundred thousand dollars, cold cash, to back it, why, our fortunes would be made, Dick! We would soon be millionaires. A hundred thousand man is equal to four hundred thousand! The only reason that I couldn't get an extention on that contract is, owing to the present general financial strain, Wright and Co. is begining to take nervous chills. Why if I had a cool hundred thousand to shake in their faces an extension would be no trouble. And credit! why, we would have all the credit we needed. Now you understand the plan, don't you?" said Robert, growing excited.

"Yes, and it sounds very plausible; but, Bob, do you for one moment entertain the idea, that I would take my sister's money, that was committed to my care by a dying father, and I her sole protector in the world? Do you suppose that I would risk her money, maybe lose it, to get a little gold for myself? After our long years of association, do you not think better of me? I am surprised that you should entertain such an

idea," said Dick in a firm voice.

Robert knew that he was playing a desperate game, and that he was playing his last card, so he pushed the matter further.

"Now, Dick, don't lose your head. I am not asking you to steal anything, or lose any money. In all probability we will not have to use the money at all. If we do, it will only be a matter of a few weeks before it can be replaced. All I want is to let those fellows know that we've got it."

"Bob, it is a violation of my principle and the principle of fair and honest dealing upon which our fathers built this business."

"Principle be hanged! Are you going to let a reliable firm of a quarter million capital go to smash on account of a little principle?" said Bob.

"Now, Bob, we can't do business that way. We have a future to look to. If we attain success in this manner, we would pay too dear for it."

"You've preached honor and principle to me all along. I acknowledge that it is a very good thing; but every thing can be carried too far. In a time of crisis, a man's principle should suit his needs."

"That is just what principle is for, to hold a man in the time of a crisis; if he had no principle he would be tossed about by every little gust," said Dick.

Robert saw that it was useless to argue with Dick on this point, so he changed his tactics.

"Now, Dick, there is Eva Hillman, the most beautiful and attractive girl in the city, to whom you expect to be married some day. You have won her over the most prominent young men of the city. You know what an influence money has over her father. Now, if you fail, it is all over with you and her. Come man, use the money. 'All things are fair in love and war,' you know," said Robert. And he saw the expression on Richard's face change.

"My honor shall never be compromised. There is no use for you to argue with me, unless you can devise some honorable

plan," said Dick.

"There is no other. I'll leave you to think about it. I'll ask for your final decision at eight in the morning," said Robert as he left the room.

Left alone, Richard began walking the floor. He could stand and see his money go. But lose Eva with it? He would rather lose his life. He believed that she would be true, but her father, under the present circumstances, he knew would never yield. Here he was going down for the need of a little money; and there was a hundred thousand within his reach. There was his sister, Louise, at Vassar, if she knew that he wanted the money it would be his. Tell her, never!

The morning broke dark and heavy, and as Richard went to the office the gloom seemed to envelop his very soul. He was little prepared for the stormy interview with Robert, whom he found awaiting him.

"Now, Bob, there is no use for you to go any further. I gave you my decision last night, and it was final."

"Well, I'll leave it with you. I've no patience with any such foolishness. I am going to take the first train for the west."

"You are not going to leave me to go down alone, are you, Bob?"

"Little help that I can give a drowning man, with a rope dangling at his nose. I am gone," said Robert slamming the door behind him.

It was a trying day for Richard; but he went through it with such courage and dignity that he won the admiration of all his creditors. It was not cold; but Richard pulled his great coat close around him, to shut out the public gaze, as he stept out in to the long shadows of the early evening. There was a sensation in the business circles. The old firm of Richard Ross & Co. had gone into the hands of a receiver. Dick heard his name as he passed groups of men. The news boys were crying the failure of Ross & Co. He bought a paper and hurried on. The worst had not yet come. He must go now and release Eva from the engagement. How could he? The very earth seemed

sinking beneath his feet. Well did he remember the balmy summer evening, beneath the running rose vine, when she promised to be his bride. Now he must lose her too! "But it is best," he said to himself as he rang at the door of the Hillman house where he had always been welcome; but the old butler on this evening was not so polite and obliging as he was wont to be on other evenings. Mrs. Hillman did not greet him in the hall, as she had done on former occasions; but Eva greeted him with a troubled look on her face. Never had she looked more beautiful.

"Tell me all about it, Richard. What does all this mean?" she said, pointing to the head-lines of the evening paper.

"That tells it all. Our firm has failed, and all that I possess has gone into the assets. I am not worth anything, and now I have come to release you from your engagement. It would be a mockery to take you from this luxurious home, and a shame to ask you to leave it."

"Richard, do you consider me as a part of your business? When it is gone I am gone too?"

"No; but you as a part of my very life, and now I do not ask you to share my failure," replied Dick.

"An honest gentleman was never a failure. Did you think that I valued you as a pile of gold? Did you think that you were buying me? If so you shall pay a price of far more value than gold for I will take nothing less than yourself," said Eva.

"The noblest of the noble is a true woman," said Richard as he kissed her.

Now Richard Ross Jr., president of the board of trade, says that his first failure was his greatest success.

JACKSON, MISS , Dec. 6, 1902.

STATE PROHIBITION.

In all the zigzags of human development the unprejudiced observer must acknowledge that the world is growing better. Generation has succeeded generation until in some countries a

lofty code of ethics has been evolved, evincing the highest civilization. The things that it was once popular to do have had a stigma placed upon them by the all-powerful public opinion. Yet while, undoubtedly, the human family has been making rapid strides in progress, the progress has not been uniform throughout the world, nor in any sovereign power of the world.

This non-uniformity is especially to be seen in the United States of America. The reason for this, perhaps, is the vastness of the domain placing men in different conditions; or the enormous number of immigrants that have come to this country all along; or the unevenness of individual progress. It would be wise to say, no doubt, that each of the above named has had its effect. Be that as it may the George Washington of to-day must not fight chickens nor the Webster drink brandy.

So far has public opinion advanced in regard to intoxicants that it is now generally believed that they are the cause of a large part of the poverty, vice, and crime in existence. Hence over the liquor business a constant watch must be kept. And since it is the source of the above, all laws passed for its control and regulation must, necessarily, be for public protection, and not for the elevation of public morality, for wise men long ago have recognized the futility of making men good by legislation. The primal purpose of all law is protection, and the states, in passing laws in regard to liquor, with the moral aspects pure and simple have nothing to do. It is just as in regard to murder: not to make any man moral, but to protect the people.

The three most common systems employed by the states for the regulation of the liquor business are the license system, state prohibition, and local option. Mississippi has the latter, which is a form of the license system with local prohibition. About one-half of the states of the Union have the local option system; one-third, formerly, but now five have state prohibition; and the rest, with the exception of Ohio and South Carolina, which have systems of their own, have the license system.

In examining the different systems we observe that the license system, the Ohio tax system, and the South Carolina dispensary system are not intended to prohibit; that the state pro-

hibition system, while it prohibits the legal sale, does not prohibit the sale; but that local option alone, and in the long run, prohibits. That this may be the more evident it is necessary to recall to mind the manner in which the laws of a State are administered. Mississippi, for instance, is divided into counties upon which the enforcement of the state laws devolves. One county cannot enforce the laws in another county. Each county is a whole within itself, and yet a part of a whole, that whole being the State. The grand jury of the county in which the crime is committed must indict, and the petit jury of the same must convict. Thus it is easily seen that a law will not be enforced in a county to which it is especially obnoxious. For if a man have to report himself to the grand jury he will not be reported; and if he is reported by some one else he will refuse to indict himself, for, so to speak, he will be on the grand jury; and if he should indict himself he must then proceed to convict himself. The best enforced law is that law which has the greatest number of adherents in a county, and that law which has but few is scarcely ever enforced. Such a law only tends to make men careless about the enforcement of other laws.

It was the realization of these facts which served as a motive for Mississippi to adopt the local option system for the control of the liquor business. One by one all of the counties of the state, save some ten or twelve, have by local option elections, many of them hotly contested, expunged the legal sale of liquor from their borders; and are, because of the majorities, slowly driving out the illicit sale. Where the sale of liquor has been kept up with there has been a very marked decrease in certain crimes and absolute poverty of certain of the lower classes. Such a decrease could not possibly be unless the sale was strictly checked, for a man who will commit crime or starve his family because of drink will not hesitate to enter a place of illicit sale to obtain it.

The decrease of certain crimes, and the alleviation of a great deal of the abject poverty in the prohibition counties served as a motive to some to attempt to pass a bill at the last session of the state legislature to prohibit the sale of liquor in the state of

Mississippi. It was an attempt to throw off the local option system and adopt the state prohibition system. However well the attempt was planned, and notwithstanding both the great pressure brought to bear by the temperance societies, which would make laws prohibiting the Madagascans eating snakes and turn them over to be enforced by the Madagascans, and the fact that the overwhelming majority of the legislators were from prohibition counties, it was successfully defeated. The greater part of those who opposed the bill did so, no doubt, because of the doubt in their minds as to the desires of their constituency, as they were not elected upon such an issue; and the rest, though they would not have ignored such a consideration, did so because they saw that such a bill would not hasten prohibition in the least, but that harm most probably would result.

The most successful argument in favor of state prohibition is that a law prohibiting murder while it does not prohibit yet on that account is not an evil; and that a law prohibiting the sale of liquor in the State while it would not prohibit yet must not be considered an evil. If such an anology could be made, why, all good and well. But there can be no such anology in the mind of him who looks beneath the surface of things. There is a school of writers who, however much we may disagree from them, hold that so long as an offender is duly punished the law has not been broken. They hold that the law prohibiting murder says that yon shall not kill, and that if you do kill you shall be hanged. The individual is free to choose which he will, "kill not," or "be hanged." Whether we agree with this school or not, we do acknowledge that the majesty of the law is alone vindicated when the guilty party is brought to justice. Since every county in the State would vote unanimously for a law prohibiting murder, and not for a law prohibiting the sale of liquor, majorities not being had in some twelve counties, we see that the law prohibiting the sale of liquor will not be vindicated; hence the far-fetchedness of the analogy.

While the citizens of the prohibition counties are anxious to suppress that which they cannot suppress, yet they do not

try to suppress that which they can suppress. I refer to mob violence. They have not yet risen to that point in the scale of progress from which they can look down with disfavor upon a mob of lawless men who hurl an immortal soul, perhaps innocent of the crime, into the visible presence of an avenging God. There is a United States law, not mentioned above, which, in substance, says that where two or more persons combine to do a third personal hurt they shall be tried before a United States court. The United States court consists in districts made up of counties, and by using this law it would be comparatively easy to indict members of mobs by the Federal graud jury if that grand jury was as enthusiastic to suppress what it can as it is what it cannot. If there is a general apathy towards suppression of mobs nothing will be done.

The papers bring us the news that Vermont, the State which has been cited by the state prohibitionists as the model State, which has had state prohibition for fifty years, has now thrown it off and has adopted the local option system. This is conclusive proof that state prohibition will not prohibit, not even in the long run of fifty years.

Shall Mississippi, on the other hand, with her state prohibition ticket, throw off the local option system, under which she is so admirably accomplishing the end desired, and adopt state prohibition, taking the place of Vermont in the five prohibition States? Rather, shall she not continue as she is until the billows of the Gulf shall break upon the shores of prohibition counties, and the Father of Waters glide on to the sea pass counties of the State of its name in similar condition? Then can prohibitionists of other States point to Mississippi as the model State with the model system, for I reiterate my statement that *local option alone, and in the long run, prohibits.*

X. Y. Z.

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EDITORIALS.

THE ETHICS OF THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

The literary societies of *Millsaps* have, unlike nearly everything else connected with the College, failed to attain a marked degree of excellence. They have retained the same old stereotyped programme, the debate, and this has been and is still, barely more than disputes between the members over questions selected by Committeemen who have in view escape from a fine rather than the selection of an evenly balanced question which involves deep study. The reasons then for the lack of marked improvement in the literary societies are (1) that they have no variety programme and (2) the regular debate which constitutes almost the entire programme, is poorly, miserably conducted.

We do not mean to discount the debate. There is no one

thing connected with college work which does more to develop the student. Its place in the college world is unique. From a study of grammatical forms one may become versed in the use of language, logic enables us to be consistent, but the thought itself is the product of the individual thinker, and the true debator is necessarily a thinker. But monotony, though it be a monotonous good-thing is tiresome. The human mind is that close kin to the human stomach that it wants a variety-food. Then, to have the society-mind in the best humor, and no one can develop in a bad humor, it is necessary to provide this variety-food. So lets bring to our mental festal board, now so frugally spread, essays from the best among us, spicy selections from the best authors, or just any delicious morsel we can prepare or that some one else has prepared and we can lay our hands on. Lets have one or two such meetinge each month. These programmes may be placed in the hands of a wide awake committee who can assign work to those specially gifted in the chosen line, or place members on duty with the privilege of making their own selections.

The ailment of the society is a chronic sameness, or a compulsory service. We do not give sufficient freedom for individual work. This disease is not confined to the society but attacts all modern colleges in a disguised form, "degrees." You can't mentally eat what your mind is starving for the want of, because it is absolutely necessary that you have on a particular kind of information, not necesserily *knowledge*, which is calculated to digest an examination, and, according to recent arrangements, it must be powerful, sufficiently strong to use up nine examinations in five days.

To the second cause of the societies failure to develop: the debate not entered into in the proper spirit.

The committeemen as a rule select lopsided questions, questions which may be construed to mean half a dozen different things. They select a question not because it involves great principles, not because it demands profound study, not because it will enlighten the debator or the audience, but because they believe that the speakers will be able to secure a five or ten

minutes' speech, a fine-escape speech; or perhaps they are yet less humanitarian in their motives and merely desire to secure a fine-escape question. We can with little effort recall some of these *accommodating* subjects: "Resolved, that there is more pleasure in the memory of the past than in the anticipations of the future"; "Resolued, That the pursuit of an object affords more pleasure than the possession of the object." There are numerous others even more purely *accommodating* but we take the less ridiculous medium.

The committeemen lack the ethical sense and noble conception of their duty which would have them develop the individual debator and profitably entertain his audience. They fail to grasp the fact, or grasping it fail to have sufficient moral incentive to utilize it, that there are social and political questions demanding every spare moment of the student's time, problems of individual and national life which he must attempt to solve. Instead of furnishing questions which bring about a search for light and the truth, they hand in those which appeal to the debator's skillful play on words and ability to escape the vital issue by equivocation. They prepare the cards for a game of chance.

The committeemen are not the only indifferent participants in the debate; nor must too much of the censure be directed against them. Although the subject for discussion may hamper, to a great extent, the search for truth, the subject matter is of far more significance. No matter if the committee does fail to state the question so that a narrow and partial interpretation is possible, the debator may escape this evil by giving a broad, a common-sense interpretation of it. He may implore the Goddess of Wisdom for knowledge rather than the gods of sophistry and jugglery for a skillful hand and an equivocating tongue. Locke (*Thoughts Concerning Education*) said, "If the use and end of right reasoning be to have right notions and right judgment of things, to distinguish between truths and falsehoods, right and wrong, and to act accordingly, be sure not to let your son be bred up in the art and formality of disputing—either practicing it himself or admiring it in others—unless, instead of

an able man, you desire to have him an insignificant wrangler opinionator in discourse, and priding himself in contradicting others; or, which is worse, questioning everything and thinking there is no such thing as truth to be sought, but onty victory, in disputing. There cannot be anything so disingenious, so unbecoming a gentleman, or any one who pretends to be a rational creature, as not to yield to plain reason and the conviction of clear arguments. Is there anything so inconsistent with civil conversation, and the end of all debate, than not to take an answer, though ever so full and satisfactory? * * * * For this, in short, is the way and perfection of logical disputes, that the opponent never takes any answer, nor the respondent ever yields to argument."

With a few master-strokes he has delineated the characteristics common to a vast multitude of college society debators. What they need and we need is a literary-society conscience which will leave the society members dissatisfied until they have done their best to secure an interesting programme, that will not let the committeemen rest until they have given in a good question, nor will allow the debator to be satisfied with anything less than a diligent search for the truth.

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

ELAMAR EASTERLING, Editor.

We are thoroughly pleased with the *University of Virginia Magazine*, both with its cover and its contents. It is neatly and tastily gotten up in every respect. It presents quite an interesting and varied table of contents. The poetry and prose are arranged throughout in such a way as to give the most pleasing effect to the whole. "Thomas Moore's Roman and Greek Mythology" is a good subject, and it is treated in a very definite and beautiful manner. The comparison with Anacreon is aptly made. The author has interwoven the essay with beautiful quotations, which strikingly illustrate the points under consideration. "A World on Fire" should be read by all who are interested in Astronomy. The article is well written, and holds the attention throughout. The writer is evidently well acquainted with astronomical lore. "The Settlement of Jamestown" is a historical sketch, and one that shows much research in its preparation. The two stories, "A Porcelain Courtship" and "Le Delire," are interesting in plot and are well told. The poetry in this issue is above the average. "To the Mountain Golden-rod" is especially worthy of complimentary mention. The magazine is one of our strongest exchanges, and we are glad to note the high stand it is taking in college journalism. Its staff has our hearty congratulation.

The *Hendrix College Mirror* comes to us in an up-to-date and handsome dress, yet its contents are more worthy of praise. We are always glad to receive the *Mirror*, as it contains so much interesting reading matter. "The Achievement of Union Labor" is an admirable article on Trade Unions, and it shows ability on part of author to discuss in a lucid manner one of the leading questione of the day. "The Influences of the Physical Sciences" is a strongly written essay, and one that shows a wide

range of information. It tells of the influences that physical sciences have had in the development of the human race. "Having a Time at Uncle Dick's" is smoothly and naturally told, and contains some humorous incidents that were certainly based on experience. Humorous or funny pieces interspersed among the more serious and heavy articles serve to relieve the monotony of a magazine, and to add interest and life to it. The one piece of poetry, "Hallow'een," is poetic and graceful; the second and third verses are especially beautiful. The poem reminds us of Poe's "Eldorado," in its meter and rythm. More poetry would be advantageous to securing interest. Hardly anything adds more to the attractiveness of a college magazine than bright bits of verse, scattered around so as to relieve the sameness of the prose. The editorials deal, in a very lively and eloquent style, with some of the live topics of the day. The exchange department is well conducted, and it contains some helpful remarks and criticisms. Waiving the scantiness of poetry, the *Mirror* is decidedly one of the best monthlies we have seen this year. The staff and students are to be congratulated on getting out so creditable a magazine.

We are glad to welcome to the realms of college journalism the *Hillman Lesbidelian*. In its struggle for existence amid all the evils attendant upon a young magazine's life, it has our hearty sympathy and encouragement. A college magazine when supported by the ardent co-operation of the student body fulfils a very important mission in college life and training, not merely by reflecting the life and progress of the institution, but also by developing the literary talent among the students, and by giving that ease and finish of style that can only be attained by long and persistent practice. Every student at college should consider it his or her duty to contribute two or more articles to the college paper during the year. They should remember that the college journal represents the whole student-body. All the poor, scanty journals that barely eke out an existence, can be traced to the indifference of the student-body. We may truly

say, however, that the *Lesbidelian* has made a brave start. This issue contains in addition to its departments several articles of interest. "Nothing Walks With Aimless Feet" is a pretty subject for an essay, and is well treated. The author's views are borne out and strengthened by many beautiful and appropriate quotations. The poem, "When the Sun Goes Down," is deserving of complimentary mention. The departments are well edited and show care and thoughtfulness in their preparation. With its efficient staff and the co-operation of the students, we see no reason why the *Lesbidelian* should not be successful. We welcome it to our desk.

The November issue of the *Vanderbilt Observer*—the only one we have received—is indeed a very creditable edition. It contains several good articles and some unusually good poetry. "Carlyle's Message" is a strong article and is ably presented. In it the relation of Carlyle to his age, and the great message he thundered forth to the world, are strikingly pointed out. "Enoch Arden, the Martyr," shows a keen insight into that poem, and a true appreciation of Tennyson's genius and sublimity of thought and feeling. "The Gridiron on the Styx" is very interesting and humorous. If you want to laugh, read it. "Swallows to the Southward" and "Unknown" are commendable efforts at verse. "Jim and Joe" is a pathetic story told in verse, which contains many beautiful lines with real poetry in them. The *Observer* is one of our strongest exchanges.

The *Unioersity Unit*, of Fort Worth, Texas, is rather late in making its appearance this session, but it is neatly bound and contains much interesting reading, and on the whole we think it bids fair to keep up its high reputation as a college journal. "Cardinal De Richelieu" is decidedly the best piece in it. This is written in a lively style, and shows that the writer had a true insight into, and sympathy with, his subject; it further shows that he fully appreciated the part played by that wonderful man in the history of France. "The Wandering Minstrel" is a

short, but interesting and touching, tribute to the author of "Home, Sweet Home." "Each Passing Day" is a poem of unusual merit and beauty. The editorials are broad in their scope, but on the whole interesting and well written. The exchange department is exceedingly well conducted, indeed. We congratulate the exchange editor on the very dashing and enterprising manner in which she has begun the session. We will have to complain of the absence of fiction in the *Unit*, as we think a story or two would add to its general interest and attractiveness.

The *Tulane University Magazine* makes its appearance in a neat and tasty cover. It is a well edited monthly and shows up to good advantage. It contains an interesting and varied assortment of reading matter. "My Burglar Serenade" and "Miss Mitchell's Assignment" are interesting storyettes, and are well told. "The Glory that Was Greece" is dealt with in an elegant and comprehensive way. Perhaps the writer unconsciously imitated Demosthenes, of whom he spoke. "A Defence of College Education" is a clever and elaborate defence of college education against grumblers and those who would depreciate college-bred men. The author makes some strong points in favor of college education, and we fully agree with him in all he said. "Love the Conqueror of All" is a drama fanciful and varied. It is well presented and the plot seems good. "The Light o' My Lady's Eyes" is one of the best poems we have seen this session. The editor is to be congratulated upon his excursion from old and hacknied themes into realms of more up-to-date ones. The exchange department, as may be seen at a glance, is receiving the attention it deserves. We congratulate the ex-man.

The *Journal* is a handsomely bound magazine, with much good reading in it. Heavy articles, however, occupy most of the space. The article entitled "Trusts" is a very forcible plea for trusts. In it the writer makes some good points, still there is another side to the question. "A Bit of Unknown History" is

well written and very interesting. The other articles show the same thoroughness in their preparation and treatment. What the *Journal* needs is more fiction. The exchange department is interesting, and contains many helpful criticisms and remarks.

The November issue of the *Maroon and White* makes a good appearance, but it is rather short in reading matter; however, what there is in it is well written and sensible. The principal article in it is "The Shakespeake-Bacon Controversy"; but the subject seems old and pretty well worn out. The departments, though, are all well edited, and speak up well for the staff; so we rather atttribute the scantiness of the magazine to the apathy of the student-body. The September issue contained a good story, the "Tale of Two Bridges." More essays and stories would improve it.

For want of space we will have to content ourselves by acknowledging the receipt of the following exchanges also: *Blue and Gold*, *Purple and Green*, *College Reflector*, *The Alpha*, *Twentieth Century Tattler*, *Revielle*, *Olive and Blue*, *Mississippi College Magazine*, *Parkee Purple*, *Southwestern Magazine*, *Randolph Macon Monthly*, *Crimson and Gold*, *Deaf Mute Voice*, *Chats*, *Converse Concept*, *Clionion*, *Cap and Gown*, *Emory Phoenix*.

CLIPPINGS.

TO THE MOUNTAIN GOLDEN ROD.

Thou seekest not for bold display
  Before the gaze of men,
But bloomest rather to make gay
  Some lonely mountain glen.

With steady purpose toward the sun
  Thou springest from the mold;
Yet modestly dost bow thy head
  And wear thy crest of gold.

What matter though no human eye
Be conscious of thy grace?
Enough for thee to live and die;
Our Father makes thy place.
—Univ. of Va. Magazine.

Drucilla paints divinely,
Surpassing all in skill,
And yet she scoffs at nature,
Nor studies vale or hill.

She joins colors neatly,
And never smears or streaks,
But still you doubt her talent?
Behold Drucilla's cheeks.
—Univ. of Va. Magazine.

If I should steal a kiss from you,
Pray, pretty maid, what would you do?
With eyelids dropped, she murmured: "Well,
Until you do how can I tell?"—Ex.

ESSAY ON MAN.

At ten, a child; at twenty, wild;
At thirty, tame, if ever;
At forty, wise; at fifty, rich;
At sixty, good, or never.—Ex.

THE RUBAIYAT REVISED.

A book of verses underneath the bough,
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread—and thou
Singing beside me in the wilderness——
Oh, wilderness were Paradise enow.
—Omar Khayyam.

An auto on the shaded avenue way,
A promoter, per annum, a few millions, say;
Coal in the cellar till winter is o'er—

An heiress——and it's worth while to stay.
—W. H. N., in *Maroon and White.*

———

Fantastic shapes are stealing around;
Ghosts on every side are found.
The wind is blowing—
Through the tree-tops going,
And the air is filled with a ghostly sound.
—Randolph Macon.

———

Student (reading Virgil)—"Three times I strove to cast my arms around her neck—that's as far as I got, professor."

Professor—"Well, sir, that's quite far enough."
—Yale Record.

———

THE TWO KINDS.

Two kinds of boys are found in college,
Both apparently after knowledge.
There's a patient, grinding man,
Improving every moment which he can.
Then there's the fellow wirh the knack
Of reading Latin with a ————————
—Blue and Gold.

———

Prof. Brunson—"Mr. Pilkenton, how did you get that skinned nose and black eye?"

Pilkenton—"I went to that church wedding and saw a fellow strutting around, and asked him who he was. He told me that he was the *best* man. I told him to prove it—and he did."

ATHLETICS.

H. V. WATKINS, Editor.

Nothing excites greater admiration than a strong, graceful well proportioned physique, an evidence of physical culture and development. But physical culture is not mere muscular strength, but is rather a symmetrical, healthy, and harmonious activity of all parts of the body, a state of physical and mental equipoise, and is that system that seeks to develop every muscle of the body in due proportion, and which seeks after suppleness and symmetry. All have read of the alertness of the Grecian youths in participating in the athletic sports and games, all based on their reverence and love for a beautifully formed body, and if the health and beauty of the race are to be improved, gymnastics represents the proper course.

An elaborate system of gymnastic training, combined with much out-of-door exercise, should be made a part of the education of every young man and young woman in our colleges. It is strikingly noticeable that physical culture has come to play an important role in a great number of educational institutions, and the universally increasing attention being given is the best omen. It seems more apparent in this age than ever before that the development of the muscles of the body is equally as important and essential as the education and cultivation of the mind. Educators in our day have done much and are still doing more for the advancement of this cause than those of any previous age. Though many advocate it, yet there are those who look askance at any attempt which is made to better the condition and broaden the scope of this department, for no other reason than that they have a mistaken idea and are in the dark as to the true object of this work. The purpose of the gymnasium is not the training of acrobats who may perform numerous difficult and dangerous feats, but to develop the various muscles of the different parts of the body.

Then many are indifferent to the gymnastic work, considering themselves the physical equal of any careful student of the

gymnasium, because of mere muscular strength and brute force and power attained by manual labor, and therefore entirely neglecting the importance of the work in the gymnasium. One may be strong in the muscles of the arms, or of the legs, but no one is developed properly or proportionately unless having had a systematic training. The gymnasium not only develops strength, but lends grace and imbues one with self-confidence and ease that can be got nowhere else. The acquirement of excessive strength, or great power of endurance, does not produce the desired effect, since it is irrational and tends towards the abnormal.

A student having access to a thoroughly equipped training hall, if only for a few hours a week, may continue a course of development which will assist materially, in a short time, the building of a healthful, robust body. To the hard student the gymnasium especially commends itself, supplying the exercise whfch is so needful to those who apply themselves closely. Yet, while it is noticeable that this development is very important and necessary, only a small per cent. care to interest themselves in this department of instruction. College men who are the closest students, the leaders of their classes, but those feeling that they can never afford to spend an hour in the gymnasium or on the field, are the men who are deprived of a successful business or professional life by ill health and lack of strength.

LOCALS.

D. L. BINGHAM, Editor.

Dr. Murrah attended the Mississippi Conferences this month.

R. D. Clark, '04, spent Thanksgiving day with club mates on the campus.

W. M. Casey deciding that he had lived long enough in this world in single blessedness, has withdrawn from school and married. He is now an employee of the Southern Express Co.

Several of our boys took advantage of the Thanksgiving holiday and went home. Of course they had an excellent time and the folks were glad to see them.

E. H. Galloway, '00, spent several days in Jackson during the first of the month visiting friends. He is studying medicine at Vanderbuilt university where he graduates this year.

The Literary Societies have decided to have a public debate to take place on the third Friday night in January. Messrs. Nobles and Russel will represent the Lamar, and Messrs. Welch and Wossan the Galloway. The question has not yet been decided on.

Henry Polk Lewis, '00, Spent a few days with home-folks this week. He is now the pastor of the Methodist church at Anguilla.

"He sent his boy to college,
And now he cries. Alack!
He spent two thousand dollars
And got a quarter back."

Marvin Galloway, '02, occupies the position of principal of the Auburn High School, Auburn, Miss.

Our Libraian, Miss Lynn Hemingway, was absent from the

library one day last month from sickness. Her place was filled by her sister Miss Kate.

The Senior Class held its first meeting this month. A class stick was adopted and from the size of it we would suppose it was designed as an article of defense rather than for sporting purposes. The following officers were elected: Miss Hemingway Pres. Miss Millsaps V. Pres.

Leon C. Holloman, '01, was on the campus Monday shaking hands with friends.

"Pete" Clark spent a few days on the campus last week. He was on his way home from New York where he has been attending the Eastman Business college. He has not yet decided where he will locate.

Rev. T. L. Mellen came out to see his son, Frederic, last week, who has been sick. He was on his way to Natchez to attend Conference.

Luther Manship, who has been quite sick for some time, is now able to be out and is spending a few days in Yazoo City with relatives to recuperate.

Miss Genie Corothers of Carry is the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. M. Sullivan, this month.

"It seems rather strange" observed the facetious youth as he watched his father tossed by a bull, "it seems rather strange that I should laugh so when my stock is below pa."

Mrs. Murrah entertained the bachelor members of the faculty at a dining during the month.

E. B. Mayes was quite sick during the first of the month but we are glad to report him able to resume his work.

A contemporary observed that the Crown Prince of Siam looks like a man who is accustomed to take life easy. Of course. We have all heard of the Siam ease.

ALUMNI AND OLD STUDENTS.

F. D. MELLEN, Editor

Mr. T. C. Bradford is principal of Montrose High school.

Mr. Leonard Hart is studying medicine in Columbian University, New York.

Perhaps many will be surprised to know that we number among our Alumni Francis M. Austin. Judge Austin is one of our first graduates. Immediately after taking his degree, he moved to Texas and there entered into the practice of law. But he was not destined, as are so many, to long obscurity. With a high purpose before him, he threw his soul into his work with such determination that he is today a recognized authority in his chosen profession.

The primal purpose of this department is an attempt not only to keep sympathy aroused between the Alumnus and his *Alma Mater*, but so far as possible, to keep informed as to the whereabouts of every old student. As to the importance of this, nothing need be said, other than that no college can maintain so lofty a position without this information as with it.

Mr. H. L. Clark, 1902, who for the past few months has been taking a business course at Poughkeepsie, New York, on his way home, paid us a hurried visit. Mr. Clark has secured a splendid position in his home county.

The great strides made by Mississippi Agricultural and Mechanical College during the past five years, have probably been due, more than to any other cause, to the strenuous efforts of one man, its president, Mr. J. C. Hardy, '97. Mr. Hardy reflects credit upon both of the institutions of which he is a graduate. It is of a class of men like him, that any school is glad to boast. There is nothing which we might say of Mr. Hardy that Mississippians do not well know.

Mr. J. B. Howell, '02, who is attending Vanderbilt University, has so distinguished himself as a student that he has

attracted the attention of the whole faculty. But nothing less than this could be expected, for he has always been faithful to duty and tireless in his efforts.

Mr. H. H. Hinds, for several years a student of this institution, is president of Coushatta College. Mr. Hind's position is indeed an important trust for one so young.

We recently had the pleasure of quite an agreeable visit from Rev. H. P. Lewis, Jr., 'oo, while on his way to Natchez to attend the present session of the Mississippi Conference, of which body he is a member.

Among the most enterprising young lawyers of this State, are the members of the law firm of Teat & Teat, Kosciusko. Both these gentlemen are graduates of the Literary as well as the Law Department of this college. There can be do doubt of their future success.

The Alumni of various institutions have shown sympathy for the work accomplished by their respective colleges, principally by promoting material interests. In several instances through laudable munificence they have founded so-called "Alumni Halls;" and in still other cases have visibly increased endowment funds. While none of our Alumni are able to give with such unbonnded liberality, yet there are other means by which they may advantageously exert themselves for the upbuilding of the college. There is no doubt that the library, the museum and the laboratories are all incomplete. And further, in idle hours they might canvass for the institution. These things are but parts of the great debt one owes to his *Alma Mater*. After all, it is the little things that count.

LITERARY.

JOS. H. PENIX, Editor.

THE MAN FROM GLENGARRY.*

Fiction, like other departments of life, has its extremes, between which oscillate, sometimes with greater, again with lesser impetus, its ideals and its purposes. Literary taste is constantly changing, or rather, perhaps, is constantly being changed, whether because of overwrought themes, or by the advent of new circles of writers, new conditions of life, or new phases of thought. From the romanticism of the eighteenth century, it has passed over to the realism of the twentieth.

Of course, a great part of the literary world regards this as the emancipator of the novel, and the index of its proper future, and in the true sense, we believe it is. But, like even greater movements, it has been, by some writers, carried to harmful excess. There is a certain vital relation between fact and fiction that cannot be rightly nor successfully disregarded, and with some phases of life are mixed elements of coarseness, rudeness, meanness and knavery. When the portrayal of these is necessary to whatever worthy object the writer would attain, it is his to present them. May he not forget, though, as some seem to have done, that realism is not, of necessity, vulgarism, and that the nobler impulses of life are as real as the meaner. Those books that have lived to a respected age because of the mere portrayal of human character and human deeds were written by men and women who did not sacrifice a worthy purpose at the shrine of their art, but who discerned the highest and truest realities of life in what the unwitting and misanthropic might deem as but ideal and visionary.

No writer has attained a happier mean with reference to this matter, none has more successfully combined the varied elements that go to make up the complexity of character, and so none is more real in his representations than Ralph Connor. He

*The Man from Glengarry, by Ralph Connor; Fleming H. Revell Co

has, if we are to judge from his books, a large conception of life, and a profound faith in humanity. Though he sometimes shows us dark and dangerous passions, he sometimes shows us, too, in a vivid way, the conquest and victory of temperance over wilfulness, of manhood over primitive proneness; and the struggle of the soul is all the more intense and thrilling because the foe is fearful and the fight is long. And occasionally we have one of those characters, rare indeed, but none the less real, whose whole life is a sacrifice and a benediction. In fact, he is rich in the variety of his men and women, and in the case of his chief characters, we are especially impressed by the fact that, when once they have triumphed over their meaner selves, they ever represent definite and worthy purposes, and if tragedy overtake them they stand by these purposes to the end. In the works of none of our latter-day writers, do we meet with manlier men or more womanly women.

The author's latest story, *The Man from Glengarry*, is, without question, his best. It begins with the thrilling description of a fight between two rival gangs of lumbermen on the Ottawa River, in which McDonald Dubh receives an injury from which he never recovers, though both he and his son, Ranald, swear to avenge it. Soon after, Ranald, who is the principal character of the novel, gains the friendship of Mrs. Murray, wife of the minister at Glengarry, and the influence of this saintly and devoted woman plays a great part in his subsequent career. He also meets Maimie St. Clair, a niece who is visiting Mrs. Murray, saves her life, and in a youthful outburst they make known their love for each other. Some time later, at Quebec, he probably saves the life of Le Noir, the man who injured his father, and forgives him according to his father's dying request. Here, also, he again meets Maimie, and with her, several friends, among whom is Kate Raymond. His thorough manhood appeals to Kate at once, and she frankly shows her pleasure at meeting him. But Maimie has become a belle, proud of the aristocratic society in which she moves, and shows her embarrassment at the appearance of Ranald. However, through his manliness and good sense, he wins the respect of

all, rapidly advances to high social position, becomes manager of the Raymond & St. Clair Co., and apparently wins Maimie again. But, on his return from a prospective trip through the company's timber lands, he is requested by Mr. St. Clair to withhold his report until the company can close a pending bargain, but flatly refuses, and tenders his resignation. About the same time, he learns that Maimie is engaged to a Captain DeLacy. Immediately, he is employed by the British American Coal and Lumber Co., and by his untiring efforts, not only advances their interests, but also has much to do in bringing about a closer attachment between his section and the Canadian government at a critical time when it was considering annexation to the United States. He afterwards realizes that he probably would have been disappointed in Maimie, and marries his friend and Maimie's, Kate Raymond, who has loved him in silence so long, and whose sweet-tempered and hopeful nature is the perfect complement of his own.

The story is interspersed with graphic descriptions. It is seldom indeed that one meets with more thrilling descriptions than those of the fight between Dan Murphy's gang and the Glengarry men, the night ride of Ranald and Mrs. Murray, and the contest at the "logging bee."

The plot of the novel is not its most pleasing element. In fact, the story is somewhat digressive. It is in the presentation of his personages that the writer is at his best. His expression is singularly pure, virile, unrestrained and refreshing, and the mighty Canadian forest is a fitting background for the rude but potential types that are transforming the great Northwest into the congruous part of a mighty empire. Such conditions of primeval wilderness are favorable to the production of just such men as Ralph Connor delights in describing; men as free and unrestrained as the storm-wind that rocks the mighty pine and birch along the Ottawa, as stern and unyielding as those forest kings themselves. Moreover, there is something in the stern yet passionate Scotch nature that appeals to the awe and admiration of men whenever it is portrayed, and an expressiveness in the rugged, practical Scotch dialect that has given it a favored

place in English literature. The Glengarry men are true Scots; stern, proud, and fearless, but with feelings that flood them and sweep everything before them when once the dam is broken. The author is very skilful in his employment of dialect, thus securing the best aid to the representation of these characters. The Scotticisms in the sketches of Maclaren are not more expressive than the more Anglicised, yet none the less peculiar, dialect of these Canadian sons of the Highlands.

But stronger than the customs of primitive life, mightier than the maelstrom of primitive passions, appears a force which softens their severity, retouches their rudeness, and makes them fit builders of a mighty state. Their religion was doubtless too severe; they seemed to hear the voice of God from the darkness of Sinai, not from the glory of Olivet; they may have feared more than they loved, for their creed was founded on the narrow, Calvinistic teachings of Scotch Presbyterianism; yet this produced an uncompromising sense of duty, and a rigid discipline of life and action, which fitted them for the struggles and hardships of frontier life.

His characters in general, though diverse, are all very interesting, and highly probable. Mrs. Murray is a perfect expression of consecrated womanhood, while her husband is a true type of the Scotch Presbyterian minister. "Yankee" is as truly the shrewd, calculating and resourceful American as is Westcott's "David Harum." Maimie St. Clair is a true type of womanhood, so is Kate Raymond; the former, perhaps, the rule, the latter, the exception. Ranald McDonald, however, as chief personage of the story, is the center of our interest. Through his veins runs the hot blood of the McDonalds before him; he seems to inherit only their rude traits and customs, and the wild, exultant freedom of the forest; he knows nothing whatever of the whirl of activities beyond the rim of the woodland; yet some genius has talked with him of destiny, and in his soul there is the consciousness of inherent greatness that shall not be baffled. To us, the most significant earnest of his future is the fact that he was strong enough to withdraw his affection from Maimie, and bestow it on a woman who was truly

worthy of it. There is no doubt that Mamie loved him, so far as she was capable of love, but she yielded to the influence of her aunt, and a piteous pride of rank, and thus lost his love forever. It is the same stern tale that the world hears so often, but ours is no broken-hearted hero, to spend his life in melancholy and misdirection. He takes a practical, common-sense view of matters, and goes to work with renewed determination and success, thus vindicating the fact, more inspiring than all the records of abstractive sentiment, that true manliness makes its own destiny.

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THE BRIDE OF ELMWOOD.

Mr. Silas Gray, more generally known as Deacon Gray, was an eccentric old gentleman in the estimation of his nephew, Arthur Gray, and the general public agreed with him; but at the same time he was held in high esteem by all, for he belonged to that class of men that make a nation strong. Men who stand by their convictions, and are governed by high and lofty principles. He had lived all alone in a comfortable planter's home. Just why he had never married no one knew. It was said that Elmwood, the beautiful home on the bluffs overlooking the river, was built for a bride; but she never came. It was one of the Deacon's peculiarities that he never spoke of his younger days.

Arthur, the only son of the Deacon's only brother, had lived with him and was his only relative that any one knew of. He was a manly, well brought up young man, and his Uncle's heart swelled with pride as he looked upon his Nephew.

"Arthur, I sent for you because I want to talk to you. You have finished school now, and are old enough to form some plans for life. You have made a good record at college, and I am glad to see you develop into an honorable gentleman. Your father was a man. Side by side we followed Lee to the Wilderness, then we parted, he to a soldier's grave. Alone I wandered home to build up a broken fortune. You never saw your father, and remember nothing of your mother. You resemble your father in many respects, and the indications are that you will bring honor to his name. We have understood each other and you have known and honored my wishes all along, and I am fond of you. What have you to say for yourself?"

"I appreciate all that you have said concerning me, Uncle, and as to plans, you know I have always wanted to be a farmer.

I love the farm. You have said the plantation would be mine. and I was to remain here."

"You are right, Arthur, the plantation is to be yours. I have said nothing about a will, but I have made one this summer—here it is, you may read it. There are some conditions in it, and it is best for you to know them, altho' they are the same as I told you some years ago."

Arthur picked up the will and read it through.

"Uncle, may I ask you who drew up this will?"

"Certainly, it was drawn up by Mr. Rayford, the brilliant young lawyer that located in town last spring. You will know him soon, he seems to be an excellent young man."

Arthur's face clouded a little as he replied:

"I know him sufficiently well now. Yes, seemingly, he is a good fellow but——"

"Oh, you college men are so jealous; but I suppose that it is natural."

"Now, Uncle, this condition that says that if I make love to or engage myself to any one before I am twenty-five years of age this will becomes null and void, seems to me to be a little hard on a fellow."

The Deacon turned and looked at Arthur with a stern face. He did not like to be opposed.

"Was that not the understanding between us all along?"

"Yes, sir, and I have honored your wish."

"Mr. Rayford told me he thought it a very wise provision. He believes just as I do, that many a useful life has been ruined by a hasty marriage. It is something a young man should not think about before he is well matured, and is capable of good judgment."

"I have no doubt that Mr. Rayford has good reasons for agreeing with you. I am nearly of age and have finished school, so to me it seems to be a little hard; but at any rate I have no idea of going against your wish."

"When you are older and experienced as I am you will understand. As you say, you will be of age in the fall. I am not so strong now, and the care of the plantation weighs heavy upon

me. I am going to shift some of the load to your strong shoulders. You will want something to keep you out of mischief. Eh! my boy?"

"It's just what I was going to propose, Uncle; nothing would please me better."

"Well, come," said the deacon, and he led the way out on the lawn, and there, pawing at the hitch post, was a beautiful black horse, saddled and bridled. "There he is, he is yours. Kentucky never had a better animal."

"Uncle, you are too good to me."

"Yes, it is one of my failings. Mount him and try his mettle."

Arthur went up to the horse and patted him on the neck, and the horse in turn rubbed his nose against his breast.

"There, you'll be good friends," said the Deacon, as Arthur rode away. The negroes greeted him with cheers as he rode through the quarters out into the fields. He was popular with all the hands. As Charlie bore him swiftly along ever passing familiar scenes and haunts, his heart swelled with the old time freedom; for he had been shut up in school and lecture rooms for years. Now that he was back and free once more he forgot the elm-lined ways and ivy-covered walls of the University campus. He saw only the willow-lined brook and moss-covered mill. He was a boy once more, wading the shallows, and pulling the wily bass from his crystal palace among the rocks. So it was not strange that he pulled Charlie into the way that led over to Mossbank, the home of Colonel Morriston, the owner of the adjoining plantation. For had not he and Louise Morriston galloped and romped over every foot of both plantations? He made a picture good to look upon as he clashed up the avenue, clad in a brown flannel shirt and sombrero hat. He found the Colonel and Louise sitting on the wide veranda looking over the mail that Uncle Neb had just brought from town. Both faces lit up at sight of Arthur. His cheery good nature made him a welcome guest every where.

"Go bring Betty, Uncle Neb, Miss Louise is going for a ride," said Arthur, as he dismounted.

"How do you know, sir?" asked Louise.

"Because you never refused when we were little, and we are going to be children again this afternoon."

"Yes; well hurry, Uncle Neb, I'll be ready," said Louise as she ran into the house.

"Sit down there, my boy, I want to look at you, 'tis good to have you back again. So you have been trying to make yourself famous at the University, sit down and tell me about it."

"Now, Colonel, you want to flatter. Let's change the subject. I'm a farmer. Let's talk about cotton, corn and——"

"So the University hasn't turned your head? I knew that you were solid. You can find no more honorable or profitable vocation, Arthur. The Deacon is a lucky fellow to have those strong shoulders to shift his load of care upon. The load grows heavy with the years."

Arthur saw that care was telling on the Colonel, and it was evident that something was weighing heavy on his mind.

Uncle Neb came leading Betty. Louise came out, and together they rode at a brisk pace down the avenue, Louise with her brown curls flying from under her dainty riding cap. Two more graceful riders never mounted horse. As the sound of their laughter echoed up the avenue the Colonel smiled, then looked serious.

"Heah, dat boy been in de U'versity dese fo years, an he jes a boy yet. I b'lieves dey always gwine be chilun."

"I hope so, Neb, it is not necessary to get old."

As Arthur and Louise turned into the road that led along the bluffs, they met a gentleman driving a dashing team. Louise stopped, and after speaking to him, said:

"Mr. Rayford, this is my friend, Mr. Arthur Gray, just back from the University. The man who saved the day for the Eleven, you know."

Why, yes, glad to know you, Mr. Gray. I have heard of you.

"So have I heard of you. I think that you were pointed out to me once when you were the center of an interested crowd."

"Ah! You should have been introduced."

"It happened that introductions were not in order at the time."

Rayford cast a keen look at Arthur.

"You will find papa at home, Mr. Rayford," said Louise, as they parted.

"So you know him, Arthur? He is a very pleasant gentleman and comes out often. I think that he is managing some business for papa. Every one seems to like him."

"Yes, I know of him. Which way?"

"To the fields," said Louise, and away they went, the horses catching the spirit of the riders. They were children again as they went through the familiar lanes of waving corn, over the bridge, around through the maples, back by the old spring under the beaches on the cliff, and rode home in the golden splendour of a summer evening. For the first time Arthur felt the tightness of the band that held him. When they came back they found Rayford and the Colonel in earnest conversation.

As Arthur was going out he met Uncle Neb at the big gate, who greeted him with a broad smile as he took off his hat from his bald head, and said:

"Looks lack ole times see'n you an' de young Missus dis ebenin'. I's feelin' mo' easy naw dat you is back. I tell you, Mars Arthur, I don' lack dis new gemmen up heah," he said, pointing to Rayford's team. "I'se been heah a long time, and used ter know all de gemmen ob quality what come out hear from Richmond, an' all around. I tell you good blood always shows. Naw dey is one thing sho', dis man ain't no gemmen, or old Nebuchedneezer am bad fooled."

"I have great confidence in your judgment, Uncle Neb."

"Yes sah, I knows. Den 'nuder thing I do'ne lack is, he's makin' his sef mighty 'spickus round hear, an' payin' powerful lot ob 'tention to Miss Louise; but what makes me feel uneasy is, 'pear lack somfin' is worr'in' de Colonel's mine."

"Well keep your eyes open, Uncle Neb, and if any thing goes wrong let me know at once."

"Dat I will, Mars Arthur."

Arthur rode home somewhat troubled in mind. He foresaw troublesome clouds gathering over the peaceful home on the bluffs, and his manly spirit swelled as he felt the band that held him from interfering. "I'll stand by my obligations and promises, but if a crisis comes, and it involves my future welfare and happiness, then justice must prevail," was the thought in his mind. Arthur was not of a rash or impulsive nature; he acted only after careful deliberation, and having once reached a decision, he was firm as granite until he was convinced of his error.

Summer blended into autumn. Arthur was busy with the harvest, and the plantation felt a master's hand. He was avoided by Frank Rayford, who seemed to have a good deal of business with both the Colonel and the Deacon. Arthur kept a keen and observant eye. So long as he had no proof of any underhanded work, he was silent.

Uncle Neb shook his head, as he opened the gate for Louise and Rayford as they were going for a drive.

"Dis hear business gwine come to a pint fo long. I don lack de way de Colonel is actin' roun heah. He is lookin' older ebery day," he said to himself as they disappeared down the riverside drive.

They turned into a shaded by-way and Rayford drew the horses up to a slow walk, and dropped the lines. He was a brilliant young man, and his eloquent flow of language had thrilled audiences large and small. He had traveled far and wide. The fact is, he had never remained in any one place very long. He could appreciate the beautiful and the grand, and could make others enjoy it with him. On this occasion he was bringing all of his powers into play, and Louise was thoroughly enjoying the drive.

"But Ah! Miss Morriston, all these beauties of Nature which surrounds your home fade and lose their power to charm when you, their queen, is sitting by my side."

"There, you have made a pretty little speech; but it is all flattery. Yes, I am a queen and this Nature is my realm; these hills and rocks are my temples and palaces; these birds

and squirrels are my subjects; but a good queen would rather hear them praised than herself, so please return to the former subject."

Rayford was baffled. He bit his lip in confusion. Many a reigning beauty had he swayed with his eloquent flattery; but he realized that Louise Morriston was not to be affected by it, and that he had only lost thereby.

"I do not flatter. I may flatter some; but you I can not. Louise, I love you."

"Now that it has come to this, I am sorry; I have given you no encouragement."

"No, you have given me none. That's why I now speak. I am not poor. I can make you happy. Louise, will you be my wife?"

"I like you as a friend, but love you I do not, and to be your wife, it can never be. Tho' you be ever so wealthy, happiness you can never buy."

"No, don't give me your final answer. Give me time. You will love me yet."

Autumn lengthened into winter. The Deacon wanted Arthur to go south on some business that would require a lengthy stay; but for sufficient reasons of his own he refused to go. Rayford came more frequent, and seeing that his suit was hopeless he was more determined than ever to win by any means —fair or foul. The Colonel seemed failing fast. It was evident that something was wrong. Arthur grew more suspicious. One day Rayford and the Colonel were shut up in the library for an unusually long time, and after Rayford had gone the Colonel summoned Louise. She came, and seeing him looking so careworn and weary, she went and sat down on the arm of his chair, put her arms around his neck and kissed him.

"There, sit down there, Lou," for he always called her by that name, "I want to talk to you about a serious matter. You are all that I have. I am growing old. You have no mother, and will be left alone some day. I don't know how soon. I want to see you well provided for. You are old enough to look at life seriously now. Mr. Rayford is a good man, and he loves

you, Lou. I would like to see you married. What do you say?"

"Papa, I have tried to be a loving, dutiful daughter. I have tried to comply with all of your wishes; but to marry Mr. Rayford, I can never do, and I have told him the same."

"Suppose that I should say that you must. Surely you find no fault with him?"

"No, I find none; but marry him I can not."

"Lou, we have no cause to be ashamed of our ancestors. You have an honorable and spotless name. Now, suppose I tell you that it involves my honor."

"What do you mean, papa?" said Louise, looking at the Colonel in wonder.

"I can't explain. You would not understand; but I have made a great mistake. If you do not marry Mr. Rayford, I am a ruined man."

"Father, you have let him get you in his power. Why did I not see it?" said Louise, standing indignant. "Papa, give me more time. It's so sudden. How can I—" She sat down, weeping.

"There, Lou, don't cry. We'll talk about it another time. It will be all right."

A few days later the Colonel and Rayford had a stormy interview, and when Rayford had gone Uncle Neb went in search of Arthur.

"Mars Arthur, dis thing done come to a pint. Dat man bin over dar raisin' all manner ob a racket dis mornin'. Young Missus bin cryin', and when he lef he say somfin bout offsers, and turnin' de Colonel ober ter de law. He say dat he wus comin' back termorrow for a final answer ter somefin."

"The crisis has come," said Arthur to himself. "Very well, Uncle Neb, you did right in telling me. I'll meet Mr. Rayford at the Colonels in the morning. You be ready to go to town. I may want to send a letter. In the meantime say nothing to any one about the matter."

"You kin trus me, Mars Arthur," said Uncle Neb, as he turned away chuckling to himself, "He gwin show 'em a thing or two, see if he don't."

Next morning Arthur asked to see the Deacon in the library, and when they were seated he said:

"Uncle Silas, I am under great obligations to you. I love you, not only as an uncle but as a father. I have tried to do at all times as you wished me to, and now for the first time I must oppose you. It may cost me all, but my mind is made up. I am a man now and should be so treated. I ask you to release me of that marringe obligation in the will, or else I must break it. I have kept it faithful; but now I must speak out."

"You, Arthur Gray, proving false. You are no Gray. Have I been deceived in you? You whom I have been proud of, and the whole surrounding country as well. You prove false to your obligations, and you leave this roof."

The Deacon was wild with rage.

"Uncle I have counted the cash. I'll go; but hear and answer this. Did not Frank Rayford suggest to you to send me away for awhile?"

"That has nothing to do with it, sir."

"Well, I'll take it for a fact that he did. He is a slick tongued scoundrel, and I'll prove it. He has tried to get you and Col. Morriston in his power. I don't know how far he has succeeded. There has been some underhanded work. I am going to meet him at Colonel Morriston's house this morning. My future wellfare and happiness is at stake. I mean to ask Louise to mary me. The time has come for me to assert myself. Love is stronger than obligation."

"Then you leave this roof, and mind you, when you come to your senses in a far country, remember that I have no sympathy for a prodigal."

"Very well, you will allow me to come for my few personal belongings will you not?"

"Yes, for they are not wanted here."

Arthur was gone. The Deacon sat down dazed and bewildered, not knowing half that had been said.

Going over to Mossbank, Arthur met Louise in the hall.

"Louise, there is something wrong. I have been suspecting it for sometime. Now I know it from your expression.

Louise have you promised to marry Frank Rayford?"

"No, Arthur, but I must.

"Listen, Louise, I have been silent because I was bound, but I have broken my bands. I am free but penniless and homeless; but I am a man with hope and courage. I want to tell you something that I have longed to tell before, but could not. You know I could not hide it. Louise—I love you. I have loved you from childhood. We were intended for each other. Will you marry me?"

"I have waited long, Arthur. I have always loved you."

"I knew that you were true." He kissed her and said: "Where are they?"

"In the library. Do nothing rash, Arthur. I am glad you came. Somehow I felt that you would come in time."

"Come, you have a right to go."

Together without warning they entered the library. The Colonel was sitting, and Rayford was standing before him.

"Sit down there, Frank Rayford, and mind that you speak not a word unless you are bidden," said Arthur in a voice that rang with authority.

Rayford being so taken by surprise, and not knowing what to say or do, sank into a chair.

"Col. Morriston, this man by his crafty villany has made you think that he has you in his power. I have known him before, although he has not known it. The last time I saw him before last summer he was in the charge of two policemen, arrested for swindling. He bought himself out and escaping punishment, came down here to play the 'Carpet Bagger' where he thought no one would ever recognize him. Answer me this. How much has he swindled you out of? How much have you let him have?"

The Colonel named quite a large sum, and Arthur wrote out a check for the amount, and turned to Rayford and said:

"Frank Rayford, sign this."

Rayford catching the fire in his eye, the determination on his face, and the quiver of his strong muscles, cowered before him like a dog before his master. He picked up the pen and

signed the check. Arthur wrote an order to the bank to place the amount to the Colonel's credit. Enclosed it in an envelope, went to the door and called Uncle Neb, who was waiting without.

"Now Uncle Neb take this to the bank at once. You will find my horse on the lawn."

Then going back to the table he wrote a statement saying that Rayford had deceived and acted the lie to the Colonel, and made apologies. Then said to Rayford.

"Now sign this, and leave this place, and be glad that you are in the presence of a lady, and on that account a sound thrashing is out of order, and thank your good fortune that you are not turned over to the law. I don't think it would be advisable for you to remain in Virginia. You may go. I don't suppose that it is necessary to say good morning."

Like all whipped scoundrels, Rayford left the house in silence.

"Now Colonel, I ask you for your daughter. I am not worth a cent. I have not even a home; but I think that I can take care of her."

"You seem to be master of the occasion," and the Colonel's eye sparkled as it had not done for many a day. Take her boy, you deserve her. Nothing could make me happier."

Arthur explained all to them. Then the Colonel took the hand of Louise and placed it in Arthur's, and said she comes to you neither empty handed nor homeless. You have a father's blessing."

Arthur and Louise were married in the little chapel on the hill, and the day after he said to her.

"I am going over to Elmwood to get my few possessions, it may be my last visit to the old home. Come, I want you to go with me."

Together they went and found the Deacon sitting alone looking so careworn that Louise went up to him and threw her arms around his neck, and said. "Uncle Silas, I have always wanted to call you uncle because Arthur did. Now I can. There you look so tired," and she kissed him on the forehead.

"I am going to love you whether you want me to or not. The Deacon began to feel for his handkerchief and blow his nose.

"Say, Arthur, I guess you better let those things stay here. I've been a fool. Elmwood was built for a bride, and she has come. I'll send to Richmond for workmen and decorators who will make it a place worthy of her. You are a lucky dog," and he slapped Arthur on the shoulder.

When he was told of how Arthur had managed Rayford he said:

"Just like the boy, I should have been there to give the rascal a sound thrashing."

Elmwood is a home to be coveted. In it its Mistress reigns supreme and its master is kown and felt far and wide.

The Deacon and the Colonel sit under the elms in the shades of the summer evenings, smoke their pipes, talk of the good old days that are gone. and view the sunset, flooding the broad river with gold as it flows on to the sea.

MY LITTLE SWEETHEART OF THE GLEN.

Did you ever sit dreaming of days long gone by,
While you sat in your room in the fire's dim glow?
Well to-night I sit thus and the embers all die,
As I wander back there in the days long ago.

A tiny blaze flickers and then it dies down,
Yet the embers all glow like the star's feeble light,
When the sun having made his long journey around.
Has wrapped all the world in the darkness of night.

I sit here in silence and watch the bright embers,
'Tis in them I see now a cool shady glen,
I wonder if now she this dear spot remembers,
And the long happy days that we spent in there then!

The brooklet down there used to run, O so clear,
O'er that moss covered root of the big willow tree,
And the ferns seemed to nod when my sweetheart was near,
As we picked the wild rose on the edge of the lea.

It seems I can see now that fern-covered brink,
With those dear little prints of her feet in the sand,
And her dear little form as she kneels down to drink,
While I tenderly hold to her little white hand.

One day she told me that my sweetheart she'd be,
And we vowed with our hands on our hearts not to tell;
And I kissed her right there in the shade of that tree,
Where no one could see; for twas dark in the dell.

Could I ever forget those dear days of my childhood,
The purest, the sweetest, the brightest of life,
Or my dear little sweetheart who played in the wildwood,
Who now sits so near me? We kiss, she's my wife.

C. A. A.—03.

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EDITORIALS.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE PEOPLE.

To an American citizen there is nothing more sacred than is the office of Chief Magistrate, the position held by the President of the United States. It is a holy eminence prepared for his most deserving child; a hallowed seat around which hovers justice, truth, and honor; its entity is crystal purity; encircling it is a halo of God-given freedom; illuminating it is mighty beams of the Sun of righteousness. What wonder then that an indignant clamor should rise from every section of the Union when the favorite child proves unworthy of the trust?

When Mr. Roosevelt became President of the United States the people of the whole Union, both north as well as south, believed that he was a man honest in his convictions and fearless and determined in his efforts to execute them. The Republicans believed that, since he was elected to the Vice-Presidency on their ticket, he would regard the party policy and promote, so far as was consistent with the interests of the whole country, the party interests. The South believed that, true to his Southern

blood, he would not only regard her industrial and commercial interests but, what means more to her than all others combined, her social interests. She believed that this strong man would lend his best efforts to preserve the integrity of the blood that courses in his own veins. He has proven false to both north and south alike.

It is evident that the Republican party, whose support is principally in the North, as a whole, no longer considers the right to vote an inalienable one; but they now consider it a reward of merit. They believe that not as a free gift but as a hard-earned privilege will it be properly appreciated by any race or worthy of the consideration of any people. They agree with all wise Southern men that the act of the republican party in giving the negro the ballot was one of rashness, consummated in a most bitter and pansionate moment, and that it has proven a failure. The very fact that so great and universal a protest has gone up fron the Northern people as well as from the Southern people against inviting negroes to the White House to take part in the social functions is conclusive proof of the changed attitude of the Republican party and the entire North. Negroes have been invited by every Northern president since the Civil War and have been present at social gatherings at the White House, and yet no such indignant protest has been made before. Why then should the Northern people protest against Mr. Roosevelt's negro policy when his Northern predecessors have done likewise? Simply because the sentiment of the Northern people, as embodied in the policy of their party, has changed. The tenets of the Republican party at one time, carried to their logical consequences, would have meant the absolute political ad social equality of the negro and the white man. The Northern people, as a whole, believed that the negro was inherently the white man's equal and that all he needed to enable him to cope with the white man in every department of life was similar conditions, conditions which were equally fair to both races, afforded equal opportunities for both. Since the support of the party believed this and aimed at the establishment of social equality between the two races, the president, whom they elected,

was expected to do all in his power to bring it to pass. The invitation then to the negroes to attend social functions came incidentally and their presence was only a shadow, though a very black one, compared with the reality that would exist when social equality, with all that the term conveys, should be established. The Northern people, as supporters of the party platform, promulgators of the party principles, accepted the preliminaries that led up to the consummation of those principles as not only natural but inevitable. Now that not only the social but even the political equality of the two races is acknowledged to be an impossibility by the Northern people in general, and the Republican party leaders in particular, we think that Mr. Roosevelt has proven traitor to his own party. The invitation that summonsed the negro to the White House also summonsed the Democratic party to to the rescue of race integrity. The negroe's presence as a participant in the social functions at the White House is undoubtedly the "passing-bell" of the Republican party; and the jingle of his bango within its sacred walls its funeral dirge.

The South declares that he has proven false to her because he has attempted to renew the race prejudice in the South. He has attempted to do in times of peace and good feeling what the North attempted to do in the moment of passion and prejudice. The carpet-bagger was the split reed through which a nation's blind discord pealed, he is both reed aud enraged piper. He has not idjured the white man alone, he has injured the negro. The majority of the Southern people act conscientiously in their dealings with the negro. They would have them develop those virtues by which alone a race may become capable of self-government. Whatever may be the process employed for this development they will aid them for their own and the negroe's interests, for so long as the negro is in the South his interests will be identical with the Southern white man's. The negroes believe this, dnd believing it, are contented, as a whole, with the existing conditions. As soon, however as one negro is elevated to the level of the white man, the entire race will aspire to like prominence and fatal discontent will result. No matter how

well equipped a negro may be for filling a government position in the South, a white man equally as well equipped should be given the preference even though he be a democrat, because the entire negro race will conclude that they too are worthy of the office, and demand that their worthiness be rewarded. All negroes are believed to be equal, by the negroes themselves, and what one does or is permitted to do is license sufficient for every member of the race to do likewise. We have already learned of a number of degroes who have entered the parlors or private rooms of white citilens, referring to the Booker Washington-Roosevelt eposide as latest authority on the social attitude of the two races. Appetites are thus created in the negro that cannot be satisfied by the food that is placed on his table but which drives him to raid the white man's store. It further widens the gulf made between the two races made by Northern fanatics by creating a sentiment against the education of the negro. No more powerful though demagogic appeal can be made to a great number of white people than that to remove all aid from the negro and allow him to furnish all his educating funds. A reference to the attempt Mr. Roosevelt has made towards the establishment of social equality will win many a vote for the demagogue in local as well as national politics in the South. On the other hand, once the negro feels that the South cares nothing for his interests he will no longer feel under obligations to him and estrangement will inevitably result.

This problem is peculiar to the South just as the labor problem is peculiar to the North. The South cannot solve the North's problem because she is not familiar enough with the questions involved. The North cannot solve the South's, because she is not familiar with the conditions, and because she has not read the Bible from the South's point of view. You can afford to proclaim that a certain line of action is right when at the end of the line is a bucket of goodies for you, Your line becomes brighter and brighter, no doubt, as you draw nearer the end, just as the rainbow looks more and more beautiful to the happy boy who confidently expects to find the bucket of gold awaiting him at the end. It is very convenient for the dema-

gogue to find congenial virtues in the blackest negro for the whitest white man when the finding finds an office. Some Republicans, for instance, would find very little difficulty in convincing themselves that the negro is good enough to be asked by the white women of the South for their mail if the negro becomes sufficiently intoxicated with the privilege to cast a Republican vote.

There is but one solution to the negro problem, namely, the one the South secures. Why? Because knowledge, not ignorance, is the motive power of the social brain; and profoundest life-interest, the instinct of self-preservation, is a more powerful incentive than assumed ethical interest. The South has worn this problem as a badge of enforced degradation; she has accepted it as the outcome of causes most natural and unavoidable. She will continue to wear it, as did Hester Prynne the scarlet letter "A," until the days of her probation have passed and time, with his strong mind and sympathetic heart, has solved it. There is no need for Mr Roosevelt to point mockingly at it; she already realizes its enormity. She knows that it is the shameful ful leprosy spot which threatens her life. She is horrified when she looks down upon it eating into her body, silently creeping into the very marrow of her bones. She shudders at the sight of the awful disease! But she is determined that no man, though he be the favorite child of a nation, shall transmit a leprosy spot of her political body to her immortal soul. She lifts her face heavenward and hopes for a new political body; she knows that the soul which she has must always be hers.

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

LAMAR EASTERLING, Editor.

The *Emory and Henry Era* is still keeping its high place among the college journals. Whenever we want good poems and interesting and romantic stories, we have but to turn to the *Era*. There is always an abundance of poetry—real poetry—

to be found in it, even when the pages of many journals are bare of verse. In the number before us (February) we find much that is interesting and readable, and much that is deserving of praise, on account of its intellectual worth. The Literary Department is well represented, containing four stories, seven poems, an essay, and a humorous sketch. "Merely an Incident" is the story of an event of the Franco-Prussian war in which a little maid plays a very important part without knowing it. The childish innocence and trustfulness add a pathetic interest to the spy's venture. "R. K." is another interesting and unpretentious story, simply told, and hence the more interesting. The hero is brave and honorable, but it seems that the plot is weak in that an investigation of the caves should have been thoroughly made before the trial. Then again it hardly looks reasonable that the prisoner would have been convicted on such slight circumstantial evidence. "Was It Fate?" is a good, strong story with a unique plot. It deals with a moral question very effectively, and teaches us to have a purpose in life, to be truthful, and honorable. The change in John Kent's character from an intended suicide to a noble aim in life—to be of service by filling the place left vacant by his dead brother—furnishes a strong climax to the story. "A Moral Compromise—Honor Gripped," is a strong article, well written, and one that should be read and assimilated by all. It forcibly brings before us a truth that is only too often unnoticed. In it the writer shows that a person, though strong and averse to dishonesty of any kind at first, may, by "moral compromises" of his honor in respect to little things, be led away to crime and villainy. "The Adjective of Emergency" is a humorous piece of satire on the modern slang, which goes to produce that "perfect symmetry of a perfect language." The examples cited are calculated to excite laughter, but they show that the writer has a true insight into the tendency of the times, as well as a sense of appreciation of the humorous and ludicrous. "The Shore of Time," "Fairer Flowers," "To Sidney Lanier," "Somewhere" and "The Infidel's Cry" are poems of considerable merit and excellence, especially the first and second. The Exchange Department is

still good. The criticisms abound in bright remarks and originality. In this case, evidently the right man is in the right place. The Board of Editors are certainly to be congratulated on getting out so meritorious a publication.

As usual, we find much that is interesting and attractive in the *Hendrix College Mirror*. The *Mirror* can always be counted on for scholarly essays and breezy and up-to-date editorials—strong points in a college periodical. "Philosophy and Science as Witnesses to Christianity" is an essay that deals with a theme that is of interest to every one. The author handles his subject with much skill and force. He goes to show that even in a scientific explanation of the universe there is need of supernatural events to complete the chain of arguments—events that are as miraculous in their nature as the incarnation of Jesus Christ. The point taken is a good one, and the writer argues it with much skill and eloquence. "Chaucer and His England" is the title of an interesting essay, which opens the doors of the past and interprets for us the conditions of England—politically, morally, intellectually—at the time when the "Father of English Poetry" laid the foundation for English song. The influence he exerted on subsequent poets is also pointed out. Such an essay holds the attention as well as stimulates the intellect. "Poe's Place in American Literature" is another subject pregnant with interest, and one worthy of careful attention and consideration. The writer has given us a true and unprejudiced delineation of the poet, and of some of his excellencies and admirable qualities as a writer, together with an estimate of his shortcomings and faults. Poe has never received the praise which he justly deserves. The public, while acknowledging his intellectual power and poetic genius, has been slow in according to him his proper place in the category of American singers. Prejudice, we believe, has had much to do with public opinion. The slanders concerning Poe, which were spread abroad by his chief enemy—his first biographer—are largely responsible for the popular prejudice against him. As some writer has aptly said, the world overlooked the vices of Byron and Burns, and on

account of their genius placed them on the highest pinnacle of fame; but the American people could not forgive the poet who harmed no one but himself, who brought sorrow to no home but his own,—they could not overlook in him such slight faults and honor him as he deserved. Yet they honor Burns and Byron, whose vices were far worse and more harmful to others. We are glad the movement is on foot to restore this unhappy poet of genius to his rightful place in the estimation of his people and to the pinnacle of fame which he so richly deserves. "Ideals" seems too-short and fragmentary for so broad and comprehensive a subject. The one only piece of verse, "A Tragedy in Three Acts," which is modeled on Poe's "Raven," merits praise; but the last line, "* * * not serve me worth a *psalm*," here psalm shows lack of reverence, and besides seems forced and inappropriate. The editorials of this paper are always breezy, pithy, and well written. Dealing as they do with some of the vital questions and problems of the day, they merit a careful consideration. But the Exchange Department is shorter, we think, than it ought to be for so good a publication.

"The Romance of An Exchange Editor" is the title of a very interesting and unique story in the *Clionian*. The name by itself is enough to "catch" the average exchange editor, and to guarantee a speedy perusal of it. "The Sonnet as Used by Milton" is a good essay and very cleverly treated. The examples add much force to the discussion and make it more instructive. The poem "Advice to Boys" is good, and should certainly be followed. We always enjoy the Exchange Department of this magazine. The criticisms are short and bright, but to the point. We are sorry that the Ex-editor was so badly startled by a statement in the COLLEGIAN, especially one made by the "local editor." As most exchange editors know, the two chief characteristics or local editors are extravagant statements and humorous (?), side-splitting (?) jokes. Our editor is only guilty of the former. By way of explanation, we will say that the statement about the "tears as large as goose eggs" was made

exclusively for the Belhaven girls, because they failed to attend a Millsaps society meeting.

In the *Alpha* we find a magazine of much merit. There is a serious, scholarly tone to this paper that places it among our best exchanges. The appearance is neat and unpretentious, but the inside is filled with good reading matter. Among many other well-written and entertaining sketches and essays we may mention the essay, "Samuel Taylor Coleridge and the Rime of the Ancient Mariner." This impressed us as being a well-prepared and most enjoyable paper. Coleridge is our favorite poet, so all the good things the writer said about him and the "Rime" were fully appreciated by us and heartily seconded. The quotations are striking, and beautifully illustrative of the points under consideration. "Pen Pictures" is another cleverly-written article, which shows the writer was well acquainted with her subject. "New Year" is a good specimen of verse. So is the translation, "Palinodia ad Tyndaridem." We would like to see the Exchange Department enlarged; what there is of it is good.

The *Parker Purple* is a semi-monthly from Winnebago, Minn. This issue contains a good article, "Ignorance a Voluntary Misfortune," which is argued in a forcible and logical way. "Compulsory Labor Arbitration" is an interesting paper, which discusses in a lively manner one of the leading problems of the day. The article is continued, but bids fair to give some interesting reading. Poetry and fiction are entirely wanting; so is the Exchange Department. A college paper cannot be complete without this department, which keeps its journal in touch with other college publications.

The quality of material that fills the pages of the *Southwestern Univ. Magazine* is the very best, both in the depth of thought and in the easy and forcible style of expression. The interest

taken in this journal by the students must be tip-top, judging from the quantity of matter that it contains. There is scarcely space enough allowed us to call attention to all the articles that merit praise and consideration. So we will have to content ourselves with a few passing remarks on some of the best.

"The Inspiration of the Imperfect" is an article well worth careful reading and consideration. It shows much care and thoughtfulness in its preparation. We would suggest, however, that in correcting the proofs, more attention should be given to quotation marks, as we observe that they are wanting from the three quoted verses in the above article. In such cases the absence of quotation marks might give rise to unjust suspicion. "The Last Court of Appeals," is another piece of production of rare merit and scholarship. In it the writer points out in a masterly and convincing way the influence of universities on a nation as well as on the individual. "Woman as She Is and Ought to Be," "Not Science Only" and "The Time Will Come With All Its Blights," which, with its pretty passages of description serves to break the monotony, are all well prepared and interesting constituents. As for depth of thought and weightyness of material, the *Southwestern University Magazine* cannot be beaten. Its institution may well feel proud of so scholarly a publication.

For want of more space we content ourselves by acknowledging receipt of the following much appreciated exchanges: *College Reflector*, *Randolph-Macon Monthly*, *Arizona Monthly*, *Revielle*, *Olive and Blue*, *Cap and Gown*, *University of Virginia Magazine*, *Hillman Lesbidelian*, *Maroon and White*, *Emory Phoenix*, *Miss. College Magazine*, *University Unit*, *The Journal*, *Univ. of Miss. Magazine*, *Deaf Mute Voice*, *Crimson and Gold*, *The Limestone Star*, *Tulane Univ. Magazine*, *Exponent*, *Vanderbilt Observer*, *Converse Concept*, *Blue and Gold*.

CLIPPINGS.

Like silver lay the river with its broad and sunlit reaches,
As we drifted with the current, she and I.

How the ripples laughed in answer to the whispers of the

beaches,
And how swift, the swooping swallows darted by,
How the meadows seemed to quiver, in the heat across the river,
Like some half-remembered dream of long ago.
'Twas as if the world lay sleeping, thro' the hours slow creeping,
And ourselves the phantom dreams that come and go.

P. B. M., in Morning Side

SUE AND I—AND CUPID.

We three hung the mistletoe,
Sue and I—and Cupid,
When the lights were burning low,
We three hung the mistletoe.
I begged a kiss. Cupid *woutdn't* go.
"Why, he's blind, you stupid!"
We three hung the mistletoe,
Sue and I—and Cupid.

L. R. Whipple in Univ. of Va. Magazine

The teacher asked, "What is space?"
The trembling Freshman said:
" I cannot think at present,
But I have it in my head."—Exchange.

" Non paratus," student dixit,
With a sad and mourrful look;
" Omnis recte," Prof. responding,
Scripsit nihil in his book.—Exchange.

She met him in the darkened hall.
Said he, "I've brought some roses."
Her answer seemed irrelevant;
It was, "How cold your nose is!"—Ex.

There is beauty in the ocean;
There is beauty in the skies;
There is beauty in misfortune—
If we know just where it lies.

Classic Greek may show its beauty,
And Old English if it tries;
But when Math. proclaims *its* beauty—
Well, I know just where—*it lies*.
—Univ. Miss. Magazine.

'Twas Catharine Mary once, we guess,
Though now 'tis Katheryne Mae.
Styl thys is no one's buysness—
Yf she lykes yt that wae.—Exchange.

A college student, in rendering an account of his term's expenses, inserted: "To charity, thirty dollars." His sire wrote back: "I fear charity covers a multitude of sins."—College Rambler.

LITERATURE.

JOS. H. PENIX, Editor.

THE SIEGE OF LADY RESOLUTE.

It seems that Harris Dickson has decided upon a definite field for his literary efforts. It would be interesting to know why the possibilities of this particular field should have appealed to him so strongly as to tempt him to try it a second time. Not, however, that it is in any measure barren. On the contrary, it is of almost boundless scope and variety. When Mr. Dickson chose it in writing his first book, no one could deplore his choice; and now, that he uses it as a setting for his second, he must see in it material which seems especially adapted to his use. At the time of which he writes, Louisiana was certainly broad enough and wild enough for an abundance of romance and

romantic action. Couple with this wildness the exciting scenes and times of France, the mother-country, and we have a luxuriance of variety that certainly leaves the imagination of the writer free and unhampered in its representations.

The Siege of Lady Resolute describes the eventful time when Louisiana was being colonized by the French. It deals with the life and surroundings in this colony of France, however, only incidentally. By far the greater number of the events which it records happen in France. There are plenty of duels, Indian fights, wars at home and abroad, intrigue in court and out of court, castles, and knightly, daring deeds. How truly it depicts the actual state of the times, none but the historian may say, but surely in reading it one never tires from lack of adventures, and those, too, of various sorts and in most varied causes.

The book is simply a narrative. There are no abstract problems involved, nor are there any sharp delineations of character. We learn the deeds of the different men and women better than we learn the men and women themselves, for somehow their words and deeds do not enable us to form any definite estimate of their individuality. We pity Malcolm and Andrea because of their sad fates. We pity Julie and Saint Maurice, too, because of their early disappointments and misunderstandings. But before we reach the end we cannot but feel that Julie, at least, is somewhat inconsistent. It is not possible that love and lack of respect could live in the same heart so long. All common sense and experience is to the contrary. Least of all, it seems, would this be the case with a strong, independent woman like Julie. A siege indeed was the wooing of Saint Maurice, and never after so long a siege, nor so reluctantly, did any besieged city open its gates to a victor as did "Lady Resolute" open her heart to its conqueror.

The story is, in a sense, ordinary. No abundance of knighliness and rash courage can ever make up for certain higher elements that are wanting. The book is written in that high tension of constant conflict of arms and undaunted steadfastness of unrequited and unhoping love which has come to be considered as rather strained, and has been

employed in so many instances that the writer who adopts it may well be thankful if he escape the charge of sameness. And yet, it is interesting and entertaining. However old such tales may be, though they may come to have an interest which is not the highest, yet it is an interest that clings to them steadfastly, and always demands and receives a certain degree of attention. Its author evidently does not aspire through it to celebrity. His object is but to tell an engaging tale in a pleasant way, and while the novel is in no sense extraordinary, yet it cannot justly be regarded as unworthy of a place among the books of the day.

LOCALS.

D. L. BINGHAM, Editor.

Dr. Murrah spent Saturday and Sunday in Memphis.

Rev. J. A. Bowen of Tupelo, spent two days with Cawthon during the month.

William Buchanan of Okolona, spent a day on the Campus a few weeks ago.

Mr. J. W. Chambers a member of the Junior Class, spent several days at home this month.

R. A. Clark, '00, now pastor of the Methodist church at Pontotoc, came out to see us last week.

Mr. F. Roder Smith has withdrawn from school and gone to New Orleans, where he has entered Tulane.

E. B. Cooper spent Saturday and Sunday at home with home folks(?). He was accompanied by Rob Russ.

Mr. C. Bowen was on the sick list this month. He had a severe attack of La Grippe, but is able to be out now.

Rev. J. M. Jullian, of the North Mississippi Conference, spent a few days with his son, Dr. J. M. Jullian, this month.

Rev. W. T. Bolling, paster of the First Methodist church of this city, conducted the opening exercises for us the first of the month.

Rev. J. R. Countiss of Oxford, made a visit to clubmates and friends a few days ago. Mr. Countiss is one of our best alumni, and we always welcome him.

While parcticing in the gymnasium Wednesday afternoon William Witty had the misfortune to fall and break his arm. He left for his home in Winona as soon as he was able.

The small pox scare is over and all that is left is a few sore arms which some of the boys wear as a gentle reminder. There was only one case and that was very mild, not even sufficient to put the patient in bed.

Rev. W. L. Duren, '02, another Millsaps' star, was on the Campus last week. He claims that he came to this part of the country to attend the prohibition meeting, but there are other rumors afloat and, if we read the omens right, we beg to differ with the reverend gentleman.

The prohibition meeting held in the capital city, Tuesday Feby. 17th, brought a number of distinguished visitors to the College. We are always glad to have visitors. Among the number were, Messrs. W. L. Clifton, J. M. Wyatt, W. C. Chambers, W. W. Wollard, R. N. Agustus and J. A. Duke.

Bishop Galloway came to chapel last Wednesday and made us a most interesting talk on some of his observations while abroad this past year. This is the first time the Bishop has been with us this session. He has a great deal to do, but he always finds time to visit Millsaps and we are always ready with a hearty welcome. His talk was thoroughly enjoyed by all, as evidenced by the hearty applause.

On last Thursday evening the marriage of Prof. Bert E. Young to Miss Ethel B. Smith was solemnized in the First Methodist church. Millsaps was present almost en masse. Dr. Murrah, in a solemn and impressive manner, pronounced the words which made them man and wife. Millsaps extends its heartiest congratulations to the happy couple. They left for New Orleans on the 2:30 train, where they will spend their honeymoon, returning to Jackson on Monday the 2nd of March.

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DOES THE SUN RADIATE HEAT AND LIGHT EQUALLY IN ALL DIRECTIONS ? *

Heat and light radiations by hot and luminous bodies at the earth's surface have been very carefully studied. It is very well understood that these radiations are equal in all directions, and that the intensity, in any given case, varies inversely as the square of the distance. From these facts the following inferences are drawn; 1st. At the earth's surface ether tension is equal in all directions, 2nd. Whenever this condition of ether tension exists the heat and light radiations will be equal in all directions. It is further known that the sun radiates heat and light to the different bodies of the solar system, and that these reflect the light back and forth among themselves, and that in the case of near by bodies, at least, like the earth and moon, heat is also reflected and radiated between them. Hence we know that ether, in a state of high tension, extends from body to body in the solar system. Moreover, we know that the suns and nebulae of the universe exchange light radiations with our own great sun; hence the ether extends out from our sun in millions of definitely marked directions to the most distant of those bodies, and so we may safely conclude that the ether extends from body to body throughout the universe. If we confine ourselves to the facts, it seems I have now stated the extent of our knowledge as to the distribution of the ether. Yet it is very generally assumed by scientiffc writers that the ether fills

* This articla was contributed by Dr. J. A. Moore, Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy, at the request of the class in Astronomy.

all space. I suppose they regard it as analogous to a free atmosphere or free gases which tend to indefinite diffusion. But is this assumption reasonable? Is not the most marked property of the ether high tension, and in all other cases are not high tension and indefinite diffusion incompatible? Are we not then, by this consideration alone, driven to the conclusion that the ether is precisely and definitely limited? To secure high tension for rapid transverse vibrations we choose a tenacious substance in an attenuated form, we stretch it tight and fasten the ends securely. In this way stringed instruments of music are made. May not the high tension of the ether between the sun and the planets be maintained in a similar way?

I come now to the direct question of the radiation of heat and light by the sun. Heat is a mode of force. Ordinary mechanical force is convertible into heat and heat into ordinary mechanical force. The mechanical equivalent of heat has been carefully determined. With reference to the sun's heat at the earth when expressed as energy, it has been learned by careful experiments that each square meter with the sun shining vertically receives about one and three-quarters horse-power. Heat then is energy and has a rate of working. Now it is well known that mechanical energy cannot be exerted except against resistance, work cannot be done where there is none to be done. Hence I infer that heat has corresponding limitations. Of course it is claimed that this resistance is met with in the unbounded fields of ether, but ether lying beyond the bounds of the universe of heavenly bodies, it seems to me, would have no tension and so would offer no resistance. A distinguished writer speaks of only a minute fraction of solar radiation ever reaching *a resting place*. My theory is that heat never sets off towards a resting place, that it never leaves the home factory except when on its way to *a working place* and then it moves in a bee line at the very industrious speed of 186,000 miles per second, and upon its arrival at its destination, it puts in its licks faster and harder than any steam-hammer ever invented.

Moreover, the usual theory concerning the sun's radiation of heat leads inevitably to estimates of the output of solar en-

ergy far beyond the reach of acceptance, so long as nothing lies back of these estimates except unproved assumptions. The estimate of the solar radiation at the sun's surface, based upon this theory, is one hundred and thirty thousand horse-power continuously for each square meter of the sun's surface, and the earth's share of this is about two-and-one sixth-billionths part. I do not believe that there is such an enormously great output of energy at the surface of the sun, and in what I have written above, I have taken the simplest and most straight-forward way of avoiding this conclusion, that is to say, I have denied the unproved assumption which leads with mathematical certainty to such a preposterous conclusion.

It is well for us to remember that this is a matter in which mere appearances may mislead us. The fact that we see the sun as a great globe with every part of its surface intensely luminous does not necessarily show that it radiates light and heat equally in all directions. It only shows that the earth receives light and heat from every part of the sun. That there are zones of the sun's surface subject to special disturbance and intense activity, that these zones do not extend in directions unrelated to the position of the bodies in the solar system as though this activity were not specially for the benefit of this system, and that this sunspot activity is responded to promptly and persistently at the earth by magnetic disturbances, are facts now well established. These, and many similar facts, ought, it seems to me, to be taken into account in any theory of solar radiation. The true theory will exhibit the solar system well-ordered and well-adjusted in all its parts, its beneficent energies combining large profusion with necessary economy, in a word, it will show that "the Lord by wisdom hath founded the earth; by understanding hath he established the heavens."

THE RISE AND DEVELOPMENT OF COMEDY IN THE ENGLISH DRAMA.

The comic element found its way even into the Miracle plays. Indeed it formed a distinct part in these plays. The Devil was generally the comedian and afforded much amusement for the audience.

On account of the prevailing custom of having court clowns, fools and dancers, these parts were very well acted. Indeed the professional comedians proved quite a hindrance to the development of comedy as an art.

The earlier playwrights wrote comedies of life; and characters or manners furnished the comic parts. Many humorous passages are found in the religious plays. A passage from "Noah and the Flood" is illustrative of this.

Noah's wife has, previous to the completion of the ark, declared repeatedly that she will not go into it. The ark is completed; all has been done as God commanded; Noah and his children have entered, when Noah's wife flatly refuses to enter and flees to the top of the hill where she sits and and spins until the water rises so high she is afraid and rushes into the ark. Noah immediateiy gives her a clubbing to quell her rebellious spirit, and she answers by calling him hard names. This is a scene of the broadest kind of humor. Many like these are found in the Miracle plays.

These early writers associated nature and life closely; hence most of their comic scenes, while crude and rough, are pure. Even when the Miracle plays gave way to the Moralities the comic element was the most prominent, it appealed more strongly to the audiences and as a consequence the playwrights catered to them, thus making the comic very prominent.

In the several encounters of Robin Hood with the Knight, the Friar and the Potter, the boastful language used by them in reference to the capture of Robin Hood sounds rather

comical when each in turn is subdued and taken by Robin Hood himself. Robin and his fellows are a set of jolly lawless men, ready for anything that will give adventure and excitement.

In the "Oxfordshire Play"' the first of the "St. George Plays," the songs and jigs add much to the otherwise very monotonous play. The Merry Morris-Men furnish the dancing. Old Dr. Ball is comical in his conversation and witty repartee.

In the "Lutterworth Christmas Play," we meet the clown for the first time. Under that assumed name is recognized the Devil of the Miracle plays and what the French call Vice in their Morality plays. He filled the same place then that he does now, that of mirth-maker and jester. He says:

"My head is great, my wit is small,
I'll do my best to please you all."

In this play, too, song contributes part of the fun. The "Reversby Sword Play" is rife with wit and humor. The Fool is the principal actor, who with his quick wit and ready answers, keeps all in an uproar of merriment. This merry Fool, even when about to be killed, cannot refrain from joking.

Comedy then begins to detach itself from the more serious Miracle plays and Morality plays. The times, not ready for the more highly developed drama, clamored for comedy.

As a sort of intermediary stage between the "St. George Plays" and the real comedy is the humorous dialogue, "The Four P's." The characters are a Palmer, one who makes pilgrimages to the Holy Land and to holy places seeking forgiveness for his sins, a Pardoner, who by the authority of the Pope, sells pardons from sins, and Indulgences, and as a source of revenue, carries for sale with him holy trinkets which possess the power to cure the sin-sick soul. We know the Poticary or Apothecary and Peddler; they are familiar personages even in this day. The Palmer and the Pardoner are in the midst of a heated conversation when the Poticary enters; he joins in the discussion, each setting forth the merits of his calling. Finally the Peddler enters with the pack on his back, he must immedi-

ately display his wares and discuss the merits of each article. A discussion on women and their mode of dressing, which if not very instructive is humorous, follows, in which each takes his part. The superiority of one over the others must be decided, as it is agreed that each shall tell a lie and that the Peddler shall decide which is the greatest liar. But before they begin the Pardoner produces from his sack, old relics, each possessing a peculiar charm and power of its own. They are ridiculed by the Poticary, who immediately produces his medicines and explains for what purpose and how each is used. Much fun is derived from this little scene. Each then tells his lie. The height of excitement and fun is reached when the Palmer says that he has seen many women and has been in their company a great deal, but that he has never seen one "*out of paciens.*" The Palmer is acknowledged the superior, all do obeisance and promise to obey his commands. The Peddler then moralizes on the necessity of our believing in God and having faith in his power, doing right and keeping his Commandments. The humor is natural and in all but one or two instances is pure.

"The Four P's" was written about 1530, "Roister Doister" was given to the public before 1550, and "Gammer Gurton's Needle" was acted about 1556. All of these three produced in less than half a century mark three distinct epochs in the development of Comedy. "The Four P's" represents the entire separation of the comic from the Miracles; while not a comedy it contains several of the requisites of a comic play and leads up to the true comedy "Ralph Roister Doister." Gammer Gurton's Needle" is is a kind of comedy, a farce. Nicholas Udall took real characters true to the English life of that time and conducted them through a well arranged plot. He used serious and comic characters, created complicated difficulties and found a way to disentangle matters and straighten out their affairs and finally bring all to a happy end.

Roister Doister is a rich, boastful, self-important fellow who thinks himself the acme of physical and moral strength and beauty. He is in love with Dame Custance, who is engaged to Gawyn Goodluck. The parasite, Merrygreeke, Roister Doister's

companion, discovers his friend's love for Dame Custance and urges him on in his suit, making him appear perfectly rediculous. Dame Custance tolerates him, for she finds there is no way to drive him away. But the servant of Gawyn Goodluck is a witness to one of these love scenes and reports the state of affairs to his master. Then things assume a sombre color, affairs are becoming complicated. Only through the assistance of friends to Dame Custance and Gawyn Goodluck are matters righted and a happy end to the play brought about.

"Gammer Gurton's Needle" is a grotesque comedy, a good farce. It has no plot. The characters are representatives of the lower class of English people. Gammer Gurton, while sewing for her servant, Hodge, loses her needle. She and Tyb, her maid, look in every conceivable place for it, they even sift the ashes, but all in vain; the needle cannot be found. Hodge is very much distressed, for it is absolutely necessary that his clothes shall be mended in order that he may enjoy the festivities of the following day.

The needle was lost in this way: Gammer Gurton had just begun to mend Hodge's clothes when Gyb, her cat, jumped into the pan of milk, and in her attempts to save the milk Gammer Gurton lost her needle. Diccon, a bedlam, told Hodge that Dame Chat picked the needle up in front of his mistress' door and took it home with her. He knows it is true for he saw her do it. Various stories are told by Diccon, which, easily reaching the ears of the two old women, stir up continual strife. Gammer Gurton visits Dame Chat with the purpose of either getting her needle or of giving Dame Chat a sound whipping. Failing in the first she attempted the second, and as a consequence got the worst of it. Gammer Gurton finally, at Diccon's suggestion, calls in Dr. Rat, the minister, he knows nothing of the needle, but promises to go to Dame Chat's home and see whether or not she has the needle. But without avail. Dame Chat gives him a heavy pounding over the head for meddling with her affairs. Finally after the whole neighborhood and the town officials have been called in, the needle is found sticking in Hodge's pants. Diccon is the one around whom the action clusters. He

brings about the complications and leaves those concered to work them out.

Campaspe is a light comedy. It has not plot. It is only a narrative in the form of a comedy.

It is plain to us why, for many reasons, Comedy should have preceded Tragedy so far and have reached such high development before the Tragedy was ever attempted. The comic scenes were a regular part of the Miracle Plays. They were gradually detached from the play itself and were grouped into a form separate and distinct. They passed through the Moralities and emerged as a distinct thing in "Ralph Roister Doister" and the five-act farce, "Gammer Gurton's Needle." This light play appealed to a great many who would not have been able to listen to a Tragedy. Then, too, Comedy is more easily written than Tragedy. The motives prompting the several actions are more familiar to the average mind. Last, but not least, these parts were more easily played by the actors. It is very doubtful whether the actors of that day could have done credit to a Hamlet or Cleopatra. Short, light, comic scenes were often enacted at courts and at great dinners. The court fools and jugglers could very easily take the place of these comedians. Through different circumstances it is evident that the comedy should rightfully precede the tragedy. The serious parts of the miracle plays combined with the weighty parts of the moralities, formed the tragedy. Naturally the mind of the people developed with the development of the drama, their senses were refined and made more acute, their whole soul was prepared for the acceptance of the tragedy.

M. L. H.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

The purpose of this article is not to attempt a critical analysis of Poe's genius, nor to discover in his works new merit, nor reveal a hitherto undisclosed cause for his present general recognition. It is rather intended, especially in reference to these things, to collate the opinions of others, and then attempt to give impressions formed personally from his works.

Few writers have ever braved a severer storm of opposition, or been, at times, more without honor in their own countries. Few writers, nevertheless, have had more loyal friends than those who held firm their allegiance to Poe. The contention immediately following his death took something of the nature of a personal struggle, his enemies endeavoring to bury his productions in the wreck of an ill-spent life, his friends palliating his faults in the effort to direct attention to the beautiful symmetry, not of his life itself, but the fruits of that life.

In this, his friends were right. It is not for those unacquainted with the intensity of men's souls, out of sympathy with the eternal restlessness of a wonderfully acute mind rioting with reason and defying restraint, wholly perverse or unable to determine that erratic tendencies are the logical resultants of powers whose elements are the most rigid analysis and the most tenuous imagination—I repeat that these are not the ones to pass judgment or fix the standard of measurement for those lives so constituted. Less tenable is the ground that a man's works should be determined by the manner of his living. That the necessity arises for separating the two is deplorable, because human nature is so constituted that it loves the beautiful whether it be seen in art or in life, and it delights to regard the excellencies of a man's achievements attributable to the admirableness of his character.

It can not be doubted that much of the worth of Longfellow's works is due to the purity of his life. Neither can it be doubted that much of our appreciation for them results from our appreciation of his exemplary living. If, however, the life and works

are at variance, we can not disregard the one because the other may be censurable or reject the one because the other can not be followed. It may often happen that great truths are broken into more valuable components than the whole, by coming through the distorted channels of human life and thought. The expressions of many lives are needed in the determination of what constitutes the great aggregate, human nature.

The opposition to Poe, however, was due, not alone to his wayward life, but to the hatred resulting from his aggressive criticism of would-be literary celebrities. Many a *budding genius* felt the iciness of his touch. Nor did the young aspirants, spoiled in the making, ever forgive their spoliator. These unable to cope with him living, busied themselves after his death to rid the world of every memory of Poe and every vestige of his works. How well they succeeded may be determined from the fact that not until recent years have Americans given to Poe that leadership among our literary men, long since awarded him by Europeans.

The value of Poe's criticisms is not so widely recognized as it should be, doubtless because this part of his works is so totally different from the *a priori* conclusion of what it would be, that the criticisms, themselves, are not widely read. Nevertheless, as a critic his insight was keen and his judgment unerring. There is perhaps no difficulty greater than accurately to weigh the relative merits of contemporaries and determine their proper place in the literary realm. The idea of greatness and permanency gets so confused with popularity that the one is often mistaken for the others. Poe, however, had the needful discrimination. From the deluge of rubbish which, then, as today, broke loose on the public, he, rarely, failed to detect the permanent from the drift, or help reclaim the meritorious from the punishment of being caught in the wrong class. Though a contemporary of our own greatest writers, of Tennyson, Dickens and the other celebrated European writers of that time, his analysis of their productions, yet, reads like the accepted views of today, and his estimate of their respective places in literature, the fulfillment of prophecy. A great part of his criticism, how-

ever, was directed to books and authors now extinct, but whose extinction following the predicted end makes the only needful comment. A revival of this kind of literary criticism would come today in the nature of a blessing, when each publisher vies with another, in hawking his wares.

As a critic Poe was bold, original, defiant, sometimes, perhaps a little unjust. His own originality, his freedom from the influence of any school or class of writers and his detestation for anything savoring of literary theft found expression in many heated controversies that, at times, carried him beyond his accustomed critical methods. He labored to emancipate American literature from the domination of the English, and to free it, when emancipated, from the narrowness of sectionalism and partisanship.

No attempt will be made to classify Poe's distinctively literary productions, though the effort would be interesting. They cover a wide range, notwithstanding the criticism that they are of a peculiar kind. If by *peculiar kind* is meant the imaginative part of life—the vast realm not confined to earth—the criticism is perhaps true. A contradiction, however, faces us at the very beginning. The incidents related in Poe's detective tales, *The Murders of Rue Morgue*, *The Mystery of Marie Roget* and *The Purloined Letter*, do not strike us as fantastical or improbable if related to the physical world. Remembering that they were written to clear up the mysteries of actual occurrences and that they actually did so, we are convinced that Poe was something more than a dreamer in fairy land.

It is not difficult to find a striking resemblance in these tales and the adventures of Sherlock Holmes. If they be read together, the reader can not fail to see the identity of Dupin and Holmes and of the deductive processes by which conclusions are formed. As regards detail there is, however, a distinction. Poe takes a past, completed occurrence and solves the manner of its happening. Doyle has Holmes to help achieve the final result. We are more interested in Holmes because he is working before us, checkmating the plans of his antagonist and preventing the perpetration of some cunningly devised crime.

There is room for many thrilling adventures, many brilliant displays of inductive reasoning, many startling surprises. The author has his actors before him and they act at his direction. The reader becomes interested, follows intently every movement, takes the part of Holmes, and works with him. This accounts for the popularity of Doyle. Holmes, however, never ferrets out an occurrence completely past. It is only when the same persons undertake a similar scheme the second time, which scheme he becomes aware of and succeeds in forestalling, that Sherlock Holmes learns the mysteries attaching to the former occurrence. Remembering, then, the two methods we wonder if Poe's detective tales are not the text suggesting the adventures of Holmes; we, further, wonder if Sherlock, himself, does not represent Dupin exercising his skill, not to disclose the perpetrators of past crime but to prevent the perpetration of new ones.

Without more than a passing mention of the class of Poe's works combining equally the analytical and imaginative, as illustrated by Hans Phaal, that class will be noticed, which has distinctively characterized him and isolated him from the power of classification. Reference is made to those tales where the conscience is brought into play and the power of imagination furnishes the reality. The criticism most often arrayed against this class is that mysticism and unnaturalness are vastly predominant. The criticism is not well made. It is true that we feel a strangeness, a lack of perfect adaptability in the realm wherein his characters act, but we experience only what the author intended that we should feel. Poe, bitterly, and with good cause, resented every insinuation of mysticism. He did, however, what few have done. He created the world in which he chose to labor and peopled it. Each is consistent with the other; neither is ghost-like or chimerical. There was no confusion in Poe's mind either as to the desired effect or the effect actually produced. His characters were as distinct in outline, as natural in expression and as adaptable to the environments of his world of imagination as a natural person in the physical world. We may feel that we are in a strange place, that we

meet with little that seems familiar, that we recognize little in common with our life, but the conclusion is not warranted that everything in that world is out of order, unnatural, and grotesque. We, simply, mistake our own confusion for the author's and our lack of understanding for the chaos of his productions. If, however, we lay aside our mental combativeness and the effort to make his world and its inhabitants conform to our own, if we accept the situation he suggests and look from his own viewpoint, the supposed faults disappear and the unmarred symmetry stands beautifully disclosed. The meaning is illustrated by *The Fall of the House of Usher*. The opening description leads us into Poe's created realm and if no attempt is made to blend world-made notions with his imaginative suggestiveness there comes no consciousness of the horrible or repulsive.

Another feature of Poe's works subjecting him to criticism is said to be the absence of a moral and the pervading spirit of death. With him, however, death is not the end; it is the power by which other revelations are revealed. The revelations may not be pleasant, but, nevertheless, they are true and are founded in the obscure depths and workings of human nature where the conscience, invisible to the human eye and in silence, wages its mighty conflicts. Poe's use of death, however, may not, in fact, does not always serve in unfolding the darker side of conscience. Its presence in Eleonora, the most beautiful of all his producrions, shows the changes attendant upon the bestowal and withdrawal of human love. The valley after the death of Eleonora was as beautiful as before, but the spirit of its beauty had departed and the mirror reflecting it was broken. The man had changed, and the valley took its final coloring from his loneliness and isolation.

Of a moral, no *haec fabula docet* is more suggestive than *The Tell-Tale Hearl*. Yielding to the first suggestion of malice, though the object of its envy be but the color of an eye, the criminal hastily forms his plan and speedily executes his design. Every indication of the crime has been carefully concealed. The criminal, emboldened by a false courage and that indefin-

able something of human nature which rejoices in its own resourcefulness and exults over the baffled skill of others, directs the officers to the very spot that conceals the object of their search. He helps them search—sees them satisfied and ready to depart—when, drinking the spirit of satanic triumph, he reaches the very limit of defiance and detains them. This was the fatal step. Conscience, suddenly became stricken with the realization of the crime and the consequence of its disclosure. He mistakes the beating of his own heart for that of his murdered victim concealed near by, the innocence and ignorance of the officers for fiendish gleefulness and triumph over the discovery of his secret, until the awful strain could, no longer, be endured and he confesses.

The history of conscience when a man yields to crime, is here given and the terrible tragedy enacted in his own soul resulting in what is ordinarily called *confession* is laid bare. We shudder not at the murder, not at the minuteness of its description, but at the passions of the murderer. We stand aghast not at the disclosure of crime, but of the criminal as his soul passes through those awful processes to end in the maxim—that murder will out. We may feel that Poe has shown us *crime*, but the silent warning of its hideousness speaks out that the way of the transgressor is hard.

AMATEUR.

What tho' some wind of life thy idol lay
Naked, dethroned,
Its gilded feet prove coarsest clay,
Its heart but stone?
The darkness passes with the storm,
The day will light some fairer form,
And thou shalt wonder that with eyes so blind
Thou e'er couldst worship at a meaner shrine.

What if thy woes be sealed within thy breast
Too sad for tears,
And bitter seems thy weary part,
Endless the years?
Thou seal'st a fountain from some friend,
Thou check'st the streams that he would send,
Nor years eternal ever can replace
The loss of both from lack of common faith.

The world is wider than thy life, thou art
Not most, but least:
Expect it not to fast with thy sad heart,
Go join its feast.
Good Cheer and Gladness wait to serve
The cup that will thy powers nerve,
And thou shalt see again the star of Hope,
Long set, arise above the darkened cope.

J. H. P., '04.

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EDITORIALS.

A MEDAL FOR THE JUNIORS

We have understood that a prominent citizen of Jackson proposes to give a medal to be offered to the junior class. Five medals are offered annually at Millsaps College, but none of these are especially offered to the juniors, while each of the other classes has a special medal. It is true that the juniors, along with the members of the other classes, are eligible as contestants for the Clark essay medal; and if they happen to be chosen, they can contest for the inter-society debater's medal. In fact, this latter medal was until recently regarded as rather belonging to the junior class; for, in the main juniors have been chosen by the societies as their representatives. This, however, has been rather an accident, and that it is far from establishing itself as a custom is evidenced by the fact that three of the contestants in the approaching debate are seniors. As the senior class grows larger and larger with the

growth of the college, and as its members become thereby more influential and prominent in all college work, the juniors will become correspondingly less conspicuous in the essay and debater's contests. So, it does seem that if a medal and a contest are necessary for the proper activity, enlivening, and representation of a class, the juniors are in need of a medal.

What particular excellence or attainment shall be distinguished by this medal, we believe, has not been determined. Indeed, we hear that the faculty are somewhat at sea in the matter. This is not because they feel that an additional prize could not be worthily bestowed; nor is it because they are reluctant to receive the beneficence of a patron. The real difficulty lies in the poverty of resources available in an ordinary commencement occasion for affording an event that shall be signalized by the winning and bestowal of a medal. For a medal demands a public event; gold glitters to be seen. Glorify as we may the zeal for contest, the ambition to attain highest excellence, or the unselfish desire to bring honor and pleasure to our society, our fraternity, and our home friends; he truth remains that the event is important and interesting in the public eye because of the tumultuous acclaim, the stirring and dramatic creation of a transient hero. Commencements are for the public, and contests are for commencements. So the faculty are casting about for some new contest that will give the junior a chance to invite his father and mother to witness his glorification, and afford his girl an opportunity for flowers.

There are three possible contests for the college boy, declamation, oration and debate. Others that we think of are adventitious. At Millsaps to propose declamation to a junior would be to invite scorn. Oratory comports with the dignity of juniority, but we already have two oratorical contests; to add a third would stale a variety that is certainly not infinite. As to a debater's contest, the Literary Societies make their joint debate a commencement event; and they make it a contest and award a medal to the best debater. A junior debate contest would necessarily divide the interest that now attaches to the inter-society debate, an interest that, as it is, is certainly not turbulent or intemper-

ate. The juniors should have a try at fame and glory; but how provide a way?

To us there appear two plans, either one of which would not only provide an interesting and developing contest but would afford an opportunity for improving the contests already established. One plan would be to make the sophomore oratorical contest a declamation contest and establish a junior oratorical contest. It is true that this would introduce the same contest in two suceeding years, but it is as fitting to have two declamation contests as it is to have two oratorical contests, which we now have. In fact the balance would be better preserved by making the contests for the lower classmen and the upper classmen respectively the same. There are obvious advantages to the sophomores in such a change. Chief of these is that the sophomors would be set a task they could all of them undertake with the hope of accomplishing in a satisfactory manner. Some sophomores can write speeches, but many of them are not developed enough, not trained enough, for such a task. A college can render no higher service to its students than to develop a fine sense of honor in all matters that depend upon student honesty in tests and contests. If the conditions involved in the sophomore oratorical contest are unfavorable to the fostering and strengthening of this sense of honor, then this contest cannot but be regarded as an unfortunate event.

Another possible disposition of this medal would be to offer it as a debater's medal, limiting it to a contest between six members of the junior class. It could be provided that if more than six men entered as contestants, the contest could be cut down by the faculty in a preliminary. Such a contest, we believe, would afford several advantages. Chief of these would be the opportunity it would furnish for doing away with the medal in the inter-society debate. There, a medal is an impertinence. The primary purpose of this debate was to pit two debaters from each society against one another and let them tussel for the honors; honors that were fine and glorious, not because of the exaltation of an individnal, because the champions in generous zeal and toil had led their society to victory. As a matter of

fact we are a far leap from such a condition. Little thought is given to the society victory by the members or by the contestants themselves. The elimination of the medal feature would not only bring this event back to its original purpose but it would certainly insure better debates. Interest would center in the debate itself with reference to the treatment of the question. Colleagues would work together with the single aim of winning a decision that would bring pride to the society that has honored them; and they would be sustained and heartened by an *esprit de corps* in their society that would be the very strongest incitement to utmost effort. Not only so, but a debate that is purely an inter-society contest is sure to excite society activity and develop society spirit as hardly anything else can.

Finally, the elimination of the medal feature from this joint debate would add much in dignity to the occasion. How much more serious, how much more manly it is to strive for excellence, for achievement, for victory that is not cheapened by the intrusion of any vain and gaudy medal! What a fine thing it is to work for the sheer glory of doing a thing well!

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

LAMAR EASTERLING, Editor.

The Journal, of the Southwestern Univ., (Clarksville, Tenn.) increases in merit each issue. There are to be found in this periodical a large number of essays and stories, with much good verse and clippings interspersed among the more solid productions. The prize contests for poetry, essays and stories, certainly are accomplishing the purpose for which they were designed. They have supplied *The Journal* with a large assortment of first-class articles. This course, we think, is without doubt a good one, and one that should be followed by all magazines which are desirous of attaining to a high degree of prominence in college journalism. We have noticed all along with the keenest interest what effect prize contests would exert on a college paper in the way of stimulating interest among the stu-

dents in a literary direction. In every case there have been a decided improvement and advancement in the quantity and the quality of the matter published. Among other interesting and thoughtfully prepared articles, we call especial attention to the article "Literature—It's Ideal," which impresses us as being the best essay in it. It is an admirable article, and one that gives us a true insight to what ideal literature is, and what effect it has on its readers. "State Interference" is another essay well worth a careful reading and assimilation. "My Inheritance," a competitive story, is a strong, well written story. The plot is good, and with his command over language and ease of expression, the author shows himself to be a story writer of no mean order. "Richard the Third," while much condensed, presents very well some of the characteristics of this wonderful character. "When My Mother Went to Pray" is a praiseworthy piece of verse, containing much genuine feeling in its tone. The last verse is especially touching and well expressed. We feel that our judgment receives no abuse when we say that the Journal is a strong, progressive, and in every way praiseworthy publication, and one which we value very highly as an exchange.

The suggestion made by the Exchange Editor of the *Tulane University Magazine* in regard to giving the name and location of the magazines reviewed, is certainly a good one, and one that should be followed by all Exchange Editors. The Exchange Department of this magazine is very noticeable for the interprising and thorough-going way in which it is conducted—a strong point in a college magazine.

We found in the *Review and Bulletin*, (Greensboro, Ala.) a veritable literary treat. It is with much pleasure that we note the rapid progress this magazine is making. It impresses us as being well gotten up in every respect; the departments are carefully edited; and the choice of its material show much good taste and judgment but the arrangement is not the best. "Tennyson and His Poetry" is a cleverly treated essay. From this much

may be learned about this wonderful poet—about his works and his life. A subject that will never grow stale or uninteresting as long as poetry finds an answering throb in the human breast. "Lord Byron" is another carefully prepared essay, that evidences much literary taste and insight in its treatment. "A Plea for the Classics," though briefly treated, certainly touches the core of a lamentable truth.

"Tierra Incognita" is the title of an interesting and instructive article in the *Arizona Monthly* (Tucson, Ariz.) This piece, together with the illustrative cuts, adds much charm and beauty to the *Monthly*. In describing this unknown region of country the writer beautifully and expressively says: " * * Little known and rarely traversed these ravening barrens, gated with a thousand ominous defiles, toothed with a wilderness of snarling rocks, terrify the imagination with their menace, even while they tempt with their mystery." About the only fault we can find with the *Monthly* is the entire absence of verse. We looked in vain among its pages for a single poem. May Springtime be propitious in unlocking the founts of the muses! Otherwise the *Monthly* is a strong journal, with many good points to make up for any shortcomings—among which good points the Editorials are always very prominent. We are always glad to receive this magazine and enjoy reading it much.

The *University Unit*, (Fort Worth, Texas) with the new year, has taken on a new and attractive dress. But this is not the only point in the *Unit* worthy of praise. We find much interesting and valuable reading matter in it—if it is all prose. This issue (January) brings us two good essays and many sprightly and spirited editorials on interesting topics. The Exchange Department of this magazine is one of the best conducted we have met with—abounding in many keen and helpful criticisms and suggestions. "Makers of Public Opinion," by Miss Elma Gillespie, is certainly a very praiseworthy production, which is written in a pleasing and forcible style. The writer evidently believes in "Hero Worship." This article goes to

show that the writer can write quite as well as criticise. "Cecil Rhodes" is a fine piece of charactor study. From it we catch some idea of the kind of a man he was and and of some of the aims he had in life. Barring the want of verse, the *Unit* takes its rank among our best exchanges, and we always welcome it with much pleasure. In its pages are to be found much originality and good sense.

The *Mississippi College Magaeine* (Clinton, Miss.) has some interesting reading in it, as is nearly always the case. "How a Young Man Built Up History in Mississippi" is an interesting article to all loyal Mississippians. It traces the growth of the Mississippi Historical Society, which led to the creation of the Department of Archives and History in this State. "Robert Browning" is a strong essay, dealing with Browning as a poet. In it the writer has given us a comprehensive delineation of some of Browning's strong points as a poet and philosopher of life. The Exchange Department of this magazine is especially worthy of praise for the careful attention devoted to it, and the enterprising way in which it is conducted. The poen "To Baine" is an exceedingly good piece of verse.

Among the new exchanges we have lately received is the *University School Budget* (Stone Mountain, Ga.). It makes a neat appearance and is printed on good paper. It contains some bright reading, but an essay or two would add much to it. "His Consent" is an interesting story, though the plot is somewhat old. We gladly welcome the *Budget* to our desk.

Another new exchange and one valued very highly, is the *Limestone Star* (Gafney, S. C.). In its pretty white cover it makes an up-to-date and impressive appearance. Yet, within in the quality and arrangement of its material deserves still more commendation. "Experience as an Essential to Life" is a good article. So also are "Kindness" and "A True Woman". The editorials are strong and forcible. We reckon it among our best exchanges.

New exchanges received: *The Exponent*, *Limestone Star* and *University School Budget.*

Since he the last issue of the COLLEGIAN, we wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following much appreciated exchanges also: *Hendrix College Mirror*, *Southwestern University Magazine*, *Hillman Lisbidelian*, *The Twentieth Century Tattler*, *College Reflector*, *Randolph Macon Monthly*, *Crimson and Gold*, *Olive and Blue*, *Revielle*, *Univ. of Va. Magazine*, *Vox Wesleyan*, *The Alpha*, *Maroon and White*, *Parker Purple*, *Emory* and *Henry Era*, *Emory Phoenix*, *Clionian*, *Deaf Mute Voice*, *University Miss. Magazine*, *Purple and Green*, *Buff and Blue.*

CLIPPINGS.

I followed her four blocks or more,
With ever-quickening pace;
Her figure was indeed divine,—
At last I saw her face.

I now am armed with two big guns;
The blood is in my eye;
I'm looking for the man who said,
"Figures never lie."

—From a Cynic's Diary.

He guessed the guess for his degree,
But gnessed his guess in vain,
For he guessed without the Faculty,
Who guessed he'd guess again.—Exchange.

O, Mary Ann, come row with me,
Upon the silent bay,
Where dancing moonbeams here and there
Disport themselves at play.

"Ah, sir," said simple Mary Ann,
"I hardly think we ought'r,
For I'm afraid we'd seem to cast
Reflections on the water."—Exchange

Parson (visiting prison)—Why are you here, my misguided friend?"

Prisoner—"I'm the victim of the unlucky number, 13."

Parson—"Indeed! How's that?"

Prisoner—"Twelve jurors and one judge."—Excharge.

Schoolmaster: "Now let us have 'Little Drops of Water,' and do please put a little spirit in it."—Ex.

AN UNCOUNTED HOUR.

Ah! was the hour uncounted
Because it was serene;
And passed as quickly as a breath
Over a quiet lake's clear silver sheen?"

Ah! was the hour uncounted
Because it was not long;
And passed as quickly as the murmur
Of the dying echo from a drifting song?

Ah! was the hour uncounted
Because it swift did flee;
Like a phantom play it sped
And soon was passed and left a memory?
—Univ. of Va. Magazine.

The rose at morn may open out
Her cup for all the world to kiss;
The primrose wooing through the night
May in the moonbeams find her bliss.
But in the night, or in the day,
With one heart ope'd for me alway,
I'll envy not the pink rose kiss—
I'll envy not the primrose bliss.
—R. C. Erskine, in Williams Literary Monthly.

LITERATURE.

JOS. H. PENIX, Editor.

THE HOUSE WITH THE GREEN SHUTTERS.*

So many and so varied are the books of today that the reviewer hesitates to discuss a novel unless it is fresh from the pen of the author. Verily, "of making of books there is no end." The appetite of the reading public has become greedy with a desire for quantity and variety rather than quality. Since once there has occurred in the public mind a loss of appreciation for those standards of literature which were fixed by the art and genius of our great novelists, it seems that the abnormal greed to devour books while hot from the press will develop in it a chronic dyspepsia such as to render it incapable of digesting a really strong novel. This demand calls forth in turn an increasing supply which, under present conditions, cannot, as a whole, grow better, but must rather tend to depreciate, and there is at least a tendency toward that deplorable state where a writer shall be known better by the number of his books than by the individual books themselves. How far the taste of readers will become perverted, and to what extent this perverted taste will affect our literature, both immediately and permanently, are questions, which, of course, cannot be answered, but which are nevertheless serious ones. However, of the present, this at least is true: should a writer of real merit appear, should that writer produce a work of true and permanent literary value, it must struggle against great odds to find a secure place in the body of our literature. It must prove its right to live by the hardihood of extraordinary strength and merit, and amid the multitude of books whose lives are ephemeral it must await the slow recognition which finally comes to "the suvival of the fittest."

Occasionally, however, there arise an author and a book of such uncommon merit that we cannot but wish for them a kind-

*The House with the Green Shutters, by George Douglas; McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

lier fate and a more usspicious and appreciative time. Such a writer is George Douglas Brown, and such a book is *The House with the Green Shutters.* And even though this book is already considered rather out of date by some, yet it is still worthy of discussion, and contains some elements so rare that they should secure for it a longer lease on life than falls to the average literary production.

Mr. Brown himself, in a general estimate of books, said that the damning fault of most books is that nothing seems to leap at one from the pages. "Books," he said, "should be pregnant and packed." He has fully carried this idea into execution in *The House with the Green Shutters.* It is said that he first composed it as a short story, and while we cannot see, knowing how concise and forceful it is even now, why he should ever have tried to pack so much in such little space, yet this gives the key to the writer and the book. Though throwing in occasional bits of description which have a striking power and interest in their directness and simplicity, he generally plunges directly into the very midst of thought and action, leaving minor details to the imagination of the reader. Indeed, this very suggestiveness is one of the most striking elements of his style. He does not devote half a dozen pages to the description of an object or to the investigation of some psychologic process in the mind of one of his characters, yet who can read *The House with the Green Shutters* without feeling that he has become well acqnainted with "gurly Gourlay" and his surroundings?

Brown was one of the few who deal with humanity simply for the sake of what they see in it, and who feel that a delineation of life will justify itself without calling in the aid of abnormal freaks of character or pictures of disgusting ugliness. It is true that there is nothing of the highest in any of his characters, and our admiration for the Scotch character forces us to believe that he has painted the darker side; but there seems to be nothing in the book which might not be true of that darker side. He simply depicts the Scot when all his grim sternness and pride are perverted by isolation or envy. John Gourlay is a pitiable fellow, it must be confessed; yet in his nature and in his awful fate we

see that none but he has woven the web that at last trips him headlong into destruction. Selfiishness, defiance of public opinion, and consequent isolation cause his ways to diverge further and further from the sympathy and concern of mankind, until at last the causes of that isolation react upon him and involve him in sad ruin. It is a serious lesson, vividly though sadly taught, and its application holds true far beyond the narrow confines of a Scotch village. Then the overweening pride and foolishness of the younger Gourlay! How surely had he inherited his father's weaknesses without his strength! How admirably has the writer in describing him described the effect of a petty success on a little mind!

The House with the Green Shutters might be likened to one of Poe's tragic tales with the natural substituted for the fantastic; and though differing so widely in this respect, it suggests *The Fall of the House of Usher*. Poe has surrounded the House of Usher with an atmosphere of weird mystery, bestowed upon its master all the exquisite nervousness of generations of ancestors and placed him within a house where every accessory combines to aggravate his temperament. It is no white-sheeted ghost of vulgar superstition that stalks and shrieks through the darkened chambers, but it is something more awful because unseen, yet felt the more keenly. Brown, on the other hand, employs nothing more mysterious than occurs in what are termed the commonplace lives of a family of coarse Scotch people. And yet he has surrounded them with an air so peculiar, has attributed to them traits so distinctly their own and has made his characters and scenes so dramatic that the commonplace comes to have a strange interest for us. He has succeeded in making the house take on the character of the master, rather than influence the master himself.

It is hard to imagine anything more dramatic than the final scenes of the story. They are terrible, and their silent sureness and swiftness make the reader wait with bated breath for the outcome. They form a cumulative series of tragic climaxes, not distinctly elevating, perhaps, but of extraordinary power: and whatever faults the story may contain, it is beyond doubt one of the strongest books of the last few years.

ALUMNI AND OLD STUDENTS.

F. D. MELLEN, Editor.

Rev. W, E. M. Brogan is pastor of the Methodist church in Carrollton, Miss.

Mr. F. M. Glass, of Law Class 1901, recently spent a day on the campus. Mr. Glass has quite a lucrative practice at Vaiden, Miss.

Mr. Edwin B. Ricketts, who has been employed in the Meter Department of the Edison Illuminating Company, recently spent a few days with his father, Prof. R. S. Ricketts. Mr. Ricketts has gone to Birmingham, Ala., where he has accepted a position. His cousin, Mr. E. B. Powell, who has been associated with him, will, however, remain in New York as technician at the Waterside Power Plant.

Another of our alumni who has recognized the rewards connected with an engineering profession is Wharton Green, '98. During the few years he has been residing in England, Mr. Green has realized much success in his chosen field of labor. We understand that he has entered into several important and profitable contracts for constructions at Glasgow, Scotland.

Mr. A. L. Clark, who has for the past few months been interested in business at Yazoo City, paid us a hurried visit a few days since while on his way to Austin, Texas. He was accompanied by his brother, Richard, and together they will enter into the studies of an advanced business course.

The new Professor of Mathematics at Belhaven College is Mr. W. A. Williams, '02. Mr. Williams was assistant in Biology in this college last year, and during that time proved his ability as an instructor. Already in his new work his ability is recognized. He has, in fact, become quite a favorite among the pupils.

Several graduates of this institution have received the degree of Master of Science at the hands of their *Alma Mater*.

But of the large number who have received diplomas from this college, only one has yet applied for the distinction of M. A. It is worthy of mention that our first woman graduate, Miss Mary Holloman, is also the first applicant the College has ever had for the degree of Master of Arts.

Frank Bailey, 1900, has located in the Indian Territory. He has been so fortunate as to secure a partnership in a very old and well-established legal firm. He was chosen Temporary Secretary of the Statehood Convention, recently held.

LOCALS.

D. L. BINGHAM, Editor.

"A maid with a duster
Once made a great bluster,
A dusting a bust in the hall;
And when it was dusted,
The bust, it was busted,
And the bust is now dust."
That is all.

Boys'! Have you noticed the new Spring ad's., in this issue?

We failed to note in our former issue the election of Mr. W. F. Cook to represent us in the State oratorical contest this year. We have won the medal three times in succession and we are equally confident this time.

The revival services held annually by the Y. M. C. A. were conducted this year by Bro. T. W. Lewis pastor of the first Methodist church of Columbus, Miss. Great interest was taken and much good was derived from them by the whole student body.

Bro. Ellis pastor of Capitol Street Methodist Church conducted chapel exercises for us the first of the month.

Work on the K. A. Chapter house has been begun and the building will be completed by commencement. It will be a credit to the fraternity at large and to the members of Alpa Mu Chapter.

Mr. McCullough a member of the board of Missions of the Methodist Church South spent several days with us this month in the interest of his work.

"He claims to have invented a camera that makes people prettier than they are. "How is that?" "By simply making the lens flatter."

H. V. Watkins a member of the class '04 has withdrawn from school and accepted the position of circulating editor of the Jackson Evening News.

Mr. Edwin B Ricketts '01 who has been working in New York, city has resigned his position and accepted one with a chemist in Birmingham, Ala. At present writing he is at home sick with La Grippe, but we hope to see him able to be out soon.

Dr. Sullivan to Kennedy in Physics class: "What are concave mirrors?" "Why er-er—they are mirrors that are concave." Dr. Sullivan, "Well then tell me what you mean by concave?" Kennedy. "Why Doctor a man is expected to know something about the English language."

Ben D. Hennington a former member of class '05 has stopped school and is now studying shorthand under Prof. Will Campbell of this city.

The senior class of this year fell into the same rut that the classes of the past few years have, that is they adopted the Cap and Gown. "*These Articles*" are all right in their place but we fail to see their appropiateness in some places anyhow.

The man to represent the Y. M. C. A., at Ashville summer school has not been elected, yet but the money has been subscribed and the choice will be made in the near future. This is a good work boys and if you have not already contributed do so at once and have a hand in helping the association along.

She was handsome, leading a pet dog up Hamilton Avenue. An exquisite masher gulled a chimpanzee smile as she passed the Windsor Hotel and said: "Madam I envy your dog," "So do all the other puppies" was her quick response, and he pulled up his coat collar and took the nearest side street.

All the commencement speakers have been elected now and all the boys are hard at work from the dignified senior who struts along as if he had his diploma in his hip pocket instead of a "pony" to Horace or a pass on his final exams. instead of three months hard work, to the poor humble Freshman whose heart leaps into his throat every time he thinks of the coming ordeal.

The faculty have elected Mr. D. C. Enochs to represent us at the Crystal Springs Chataqua in July. Mr. Enochs is also Anniversarian for the Lamar Literary Society.

The reception tendered to the Senior Class on the night of March 20th, by Miss Aimee Hemmingway at her home on North Street was quite an enjoyable affair. The interesting event of the evening was the awarding of the prize to the man who wrote the best description of the girl he took to the entertainment. Mr. Easterling by far the handsomest (?) man in his class won the prize while Mr. Nobles a close second in respect to "good looks" won the booby, a pair of spectacles to enable him to do better next time.

The prep who asked the Librarian for Evangeline by Wordsworth had best study Longfellow's first and then he will be more able to understand ' the one by Wordsworth."

The Epworth League social given at Epworth Hall last Friday night was greatly enjoyed by all who attended. Delightful refreshments were served and some interesting recitations and humorous sketches by Mr. Jordan were features of the evening.

Never buy so much as a shoe string from a man who does not have an ad., with us, if you can get it from a man who does. It has been by the generous support of our advertisers that we have been able to make any improvement we may have made.

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Yours to please.

G. B. Downing Com'y.

WEST JACKSON, MISS.

MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN.

Vol. 5. JACKSON, MISS., APRIL, 1903. No. 7.

IN THE LAST ACT.

The Prime Minister strode angrily up and down the room. Finally going to one corner he turned and faced the King.

"Your jokes, to say the least of them, are not in the best of taste. What warrants you in saying such senseless things, I know not."

"My dear Count," said the King, a spot of red glowing on either cheek, "this is no jest; I am in earnest. I thought that I myself would take one of the parts before, and now since you have put your stamp of disapproval on it, I have become more firmly resolved to play the leading part of the play. I am the king of this realm, not you."

The Prime Minister saw that the young King was angry and that he would do his cause injury by using ridicule. He began to try to reason with his young Sovereign.

"Don't you see that it will create talk? Besides, it will expose your royal person to the attacks of some anarchist, fanatic, or crank. Remember that not only your life is imperiled, but the nation's interests also."

"I have thought of that," returned the King, "I will never reveal my identity only to the persons in the cast. There can be no danger if my identity remains undisclosed.

"Very well," replied the minister, "very well, but remember I have warned you of the consequences, and wash my hands of the whole affair. If you must act thus foolishly, I recommend that you take one of your Life Guards as a companion so as to insure your absolute safety."

"It is true that I have just reached my majority," replied the independent young King, "but that is no reason why I should have one of those soldiers trotting at my heels continually. If I am in danger, I trust that I am too much of a man to drag even a common soldier into it with me."

"As you will, as you will. When will this farce be presented?"

"It will take a month's practice at least for the players to learn their parts. As for the play, I have said before, it is a tragedy, not a farce," said the King smilingly as a spark of humour lit up his face, although our efforts to produce a tragical effect may be farcical." No indeed, it is no farce. It is a regular Blood and Thunder tragedy and in the last act there is some sword play between the Hero and the Villain. It ends in the Hero putting a sword through the Villain's vitals By the way, who can I get to take the part of this Villain. If I offer it to any of the Courtiers they will take it as an insult as you know they are over sensitive regarding such things. It will be very unfortunate if I do not get some one soon."

"You will have to look out for that yourself. I cannot see anything good in having this play produced. I can see no motive that can actuate you."

"Life is getting dull at the Court and everyone is nearly dying of ennui. The play may serve to liven them up. You must excuse me now as the Ambassador from the United States has an audience with me in a few minutes" The King left the room.

The Prime Minister looked at the retreating form of the King." It was ever thus. Boy Kings lead the Ministers and court officials a merry chase with their ever varying whims and fancies." He stepped outside and called in the soldier who stood outside the chamber in the corridor He was a young soldier and as the Prime Minister called him in, he trembled. It is not often a common soldier is called into the Prime Minister's office. The minister led him over to the light of the window and looked earnestly into his face. "He has an honest and intelligent face" soliloquized the Minister, "he will do."

"What is your name my boy, and where do you hail from?',

Paul Schutz sir; my home is at the foot of the Bavarian Alps. I have been in service only six months."

"What," asked the Minister curiously yet kindly "what influenced you to go into the service?"

The boy, for he was hardly more, stammered and raddened. "I am poor sir and my father taught me something of the use of the sword and I thought to be of service to the King and win myself a name in the world that I might go back and claim "he looked doubtfully at the other." Sir, he ventured. "I love a maiden."

The Minister turned and looked out of the window at the gathering dusk. The young soldier wondered what he was looking at so long. The Prime Minister was thinking of a maiden more beautiful than a dream who died in her early youth, perhaps also he was thinking of a boy, ragged and friendless, who came to the court and enlisted as a soldier many years ago. The minister was called a hard man by his enemies, but the soldier almost fancied he caught the gleam of a tear in the old man's eyes."

"Young man," said he without turning, "You haven't met with the success you have desired, have you?" And then without waiting for an answer he continued. "You can serve the King and if you do it well you will not go unrewarded. The King is going to have a play produced by the Court, he himself playing the leading part. He will reveal his identity to no one except the other players. You see if his identity should accidently be shown to some fanatic, great danger would result. At this particular time of all times when the Kingdom fairly teems with anarchists it has pleased the King to go into this foolish business defenseless. I have heard that the great Italian anarchist, Giovanetti, is in the Kingdom. If he is, the King's life is in great danger. Observe the King's actions closely, but do not let him see you if possible. Remember, watch." He dismissed the young soldier.

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In a dark, damp room with low ceiling in the capital city of the Kingdom, there was gathered a strange assemblage. A man was closing a short speech.

"Fellow Socialists it gives me great pleasure to present to

you our famous co laborer for justice to the down trodden; one who devotes his life to the cause. He has already slain one despot and" he added with emphasis, we hope he will soon add another to the list. Gentlemen, I present to you, Giovanetti, the anarchist of anarchists.

The man beside the speaker on the platform bowed gravely. He had a noble cast of countenance, not much in keeping with the unshaven and unkempt visages of his audience. His frame was well knit, and the square of his under jaw showed tenacity.

"Fellow Laborers for the Right, I have been in this city something over a month. I had been here but one day before I found that the King of this country was going to have a play produced by the Court. This was very favorable to my plans. None of the courtiers would take the part of the villain in the play because they thought it would be a little beneath their dignity to play the part of the one who got the worst of it in the play. I found out all this, no matter by what means. I then went to the King and offered myself for the part. The King did not even consult his Prime Minister, but accepted me without hesitation, after examining my credentials. The play is a bloody one. In the last act there is a duel between the hero in the play and the villain. After a heated sword combat the hero triumphs, and the curtain rings down on the hero restored to his love with all misunderstandings cleared away. Now, I have some little skill as a swordsman, and I am going to make use of it simply in this way: In the mock duel between myself and the King, instead of pretending to be killed myself, I intend to kill the King. I can do it in such a way that it will seem to be an accident, caused by the clumsiness of the King."

The speaker paused, as he thought he heard a noise overhead. But hearing no further disturbance, he continued to detail a few minor things in regard to his actions after he had killed the King.

Over the speaker's head there was a knot-hole in the floor of the room above, and, as the room below had no ceiling, one could very well hear what went on in the room below from the room above. Lying on the floor, with his ear pressed close

against the knot-hole, every muscle tense with excitement, was a young man dressed in the uniform of the Life Guards of the King. It was Paul Schultz. He was listening eagerly to the words of the speaker. As he heard the plot unfolded he trembled and turned an ashy hue. He had been following the King for a month, as the Prime Minister had directed him, but he had never dreamed of such a well-planned plot as this. In fact, he knew not why he had followed Giovanetti. His blood chilled with horror at the cold-bloodedness of these anarchists. The play was to be to-night, and if he did not warn the King in time he would be killed. This thought stirred him to action. He hurried out of the building and started as he heard the great clock in the public square boom out the hour of seven. He had one hour in which to save the King.

He went to a public fountain and bathed his brow, which was fevered with excitement. He reflected that it would not be best to go to the palace and call out the soldiers, for there would be more or less confusion and excitement. It would be better to warn the King himself.

It was a short walk to the theatre, which had been leased by the King to produce the play. He waited half an hour and the King did not appear. He was looking anxiously up the street in search of the King when he felt his shoulders grasped by no gentle hand, and heard a voice say: "So you are looking for me, are you not?"

The soldier turned and found himself face to face with the King, who was in citizens' clothing.

"But, Sir," stammered the soldier.

"Don't deny it. Where do you think I have had my eyes during the past month that I haven't seen you dogging my steps? I'll warrant that that plagued Minister, who is so solicitous about my safety, is at the bottom of it."

"Sir, you are in great danger!" the young soldier finally managed to say.

"The Prime Minister has instilled some of his foolish fears into his flunkeys," said the King, with rising wrath. "There is no danger to this Kingdom except from having such an

addlepate for a Minister. Look here, young fellow; if I catch you sneaking around my heels again, there will be a vacancy in my Life Guards shortly." So saying, the King turned on his his heels and went into the play-house.

Soon the carriages of the noblemen and great people began to stop before the place. The play was a great society affair for the Court. It soon began. The house was full. Outside was a young soldier racking his brains for a plan to save the King. He had tried to warn him, but the King would not permit him. Suddenly an idea struck him. "I'll save him in spite of himself," he said. He ran up the street in search of a policeman. Although it was but a few minutes, it seemed an hour before he found a complacent guardian of the law sleeping on a street corner. He told the officer that there was something important to be done, whereat the officer became very much awake and alert, especially when he saw the uniform of the soldier. They came back to the theatre and the soldier led the policeman behind the place by an alley, and here they waited. Time seemed to pass so slow to the soldier that it almost tortured him. The policeman's head dropped on his bosom and he was nodding. The clock in the square struck ten. Then the soldier nudged the officer in the side and the latter gave a ponderous snort and awoke. Paul led the way to the back entrance of the theatre and went behind the scenes. The players were finishing the third act; the next was the fourth, and the last.

When the third act was over, the actors came back off the stage on the way to their dressing-room. As they passed Paul pointed to one of the actors, the star player, and gave the policeman directions: "Follow that man into his dressing-room, and, if you can get the key, lock the door on the inside, arrest the man, handcuff him, then send his costume for the next act to me and I will further instruct you. I command you to do those things in the name of the King," and he showed the officer the authority which the Prime Minister had given him for such an occasion. The policeman stared, for it had just penetrated to his dull brain that something of more than usual significance was about to take place.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CONSTITUTION OF THE MISSISSIPPI INTER-COLLEGIATE ORATORICAL ASSOCIATION.

ARTICLE I—TITLE.

This organization shall be known as the Mississippi Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association.

ARTICLE II—OBJECTS.

The objects of this Association shall be to form closer bonds of friendship between the leading colleges of the State, to encourage and promote the study and cultivation of oratory in these colleges, and to hold annual contests in oratory, and such other literary contests, at such times and places as shall be decided upon by the Association at its annual convention.

ARTICLE III—MEMBERSHIP.

SECTION 1. The membership of the Association shall be composed of two kinds: College and Personal.

SEC. 2. The Association is composed of the following college membership: University of Mississippi, Agricultural and Mechanical College of Mississippi, Mississippi College, Millsaps College, and such other colleges as shall be admitted by unanimous vote of the members of the Association present at any annual convention.

SEC. 3. The personal membership shall be composed of the representatives elected by the colleges. They shall be the active members of the Association for one (1) year immediately following the contests in which they take part, when their names shall be added to the Alumni roll of the Association.

ARTICLE IV—OFFICERS.

SECTION 1. The officers of this Association, shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer—one from each of the four colleges now represented in the association

alternating annually, in the order of the colleges as named.

SEC. 2. All officers of the Association shall be elected by informal ballot, no nominations being made, and the college representative receiving a majority vote shall be declared the choice of the Association.

SEC. 3. The President of the Association, on his retirement from office, and ex-prize men, shall have their names enrolled on the Honor Roll of the Association.

ARTICLE V—DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

SECTION 1. It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings. He shall be ex officio chairman of the Executive Committee, shall be master of the ceremonies at the annual contest, shall cast the deciding vote in all cases of a tie in the convention and Executive Committee; shall deliver or have delivered all awards to successful contestants; shall attach his signature to certificates of membership, and shall have power to call special meetings at the written request of a majority of the colleges represented in the Association.

SEC. 2. In case of absence, by request, removal from the State, or death of the President, the Vice-President shall become the active President of the Association. He shall become the active chairman of the Executive Committee.

SEC. 3. The Secretary shall keep in suitable record the membership of the Association, both active and alumni, according to the colleges represented; shall keep the honor roll, shall keep and file proceedings of the annual conventions and copies of the orations delivered in the annual contests; shall sign and issue certificates of personal membership upon the order of the President, shall attend to such correspondence as may devolve upon him, and any other duties the Association may authorize.

SEC. 4. The Treasurer shall keep all accounts of the Association and pay all bills approved by the Executive Committee. He shall keep on deposit all moneys belonging to the Association, shall receive all dues and receipt for same.

ARTICLE VI—EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

SECTION 1. The President shall appoint annually an Exe-

cutive Committee consisting of one representative from each college having membership in the Association. If the President of the Association should be a member of the Executive Committee he shall, in case of a tie, have two votes.

SEC. 2. It shall be the duty of the Executive Committee to audit all accounts before they are presented to the Association. The Committee shall decide all contests in regard to personal membership. The annual contests of the Association shall be under the control of the Committee.

ARTICLE VII.—COMMITTEE ON DECISION.

SECTION 1. Six (6.) persons shall constitute the Committee on Decision. The Committee shall be elected annually by the Executive Committee, acting with the President of the Association, and shall serve only in the contest following their selection.

SEC. 2. The members of the Committee shall not in any way be connected with the colleges represented in the contest nor shall three of the committee be selected from the same state, and only in case of extreme necessity shall any member of the Committee be selected from Mississippi.

SEC. 3. Any college of the Association shall have the right to object to any member of the Committee, but not more than two objections shall be allowed from any college. All objections shall be in writing and in the hands of the Chairman of the Executive Committee at least twenty-five (25) days for Committee Section A, and five (5) days for Committee Section B, previous to the contest.

SEC. 4. The Committee on Decision shall be divided into two equal sections, A and B. Section A shall be elected at least sixty (60) days previous to the contest, and each college of the Association shall be notified as soon as practicable, of the Committee's selection and acceptance. This Committee Section shall grade each oration on the following points: *Originality*, *Thought* and *Rhetoric*. Section B shall be selected at least ten (10) days previous to the contest. This Committee Section shall grade on *Delivery*. All points shall rank equally, shall

be graded without consultation, each member of the committee giving one grade, which shall be on the scale of (100).

SEC. 5. The Secretary of the Association, at least twenty (20) days before the contest shall forward a type written coppy of each oration to each member of the Committee Section A, who shall grade them and send sealed copies of their grade to the President and Secretary of the Associatton, so as to reach them at least two (2) days before the contest, said marks to remain sealed until after delivery to Secretary of the sealed marks of Committee Section B. Neither the names of the authors of the orations, nor the institutions represented, shall be known by the members of Committee Section A.

SEC. 6. At the close of the contest, and in the presence of the audience assembled, the President and Secretary shall open and take the grades of all members of the Committee for each contestant. At no other place and time, and under no other circumstances whatsoever, on penalty of explusion and exclusion of college represented, shall the President and Secretary, or either, open or have opened, the sealed grades.

SEC. 7. The grades of each member of the Committee shall be marked as 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, etc. The orator ranked first by four or more judges shall be awarded the first honor place. If no orator in this ranked first, the orator, the sum of whose rank shall be least is awarded the first honor place. In case of a tie, the orator receiving the highest grand average shall receive the first honor place. The first place having been awarded, the grades of the remaining orators shall be ranked as 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, etc., and the second honor place determined in the same manner as the first. The President shall then announce the result, naming the orator who receives the second honor place first, and then the orator who receives the first honor place. The markings of the Committee shall be published in at least one daily paper.

ARTICLE VIII—ORATIONS.

In the contests of this Association, no oration shall contain more than two thousand (2000) words, and it shall be the

duty of the Secretary to construe this article strictly to the letter, and to return any oration exceding the above limit. Analyses, outline, or explanation shall be considered a part thereof, counted and graded accordingly.

ARTICLE IX—Representatives.

Each college of the Association shall be entitled to one (1) representative, selected in such manner as each college may determine, but at least ninety (90) days before the contest. Such representative shall be a member of the literary department exclusively of his institution, and an under graduate at the time of his selection. Each representative shall have made and forwarded to the Secretary three (3) type-written copies of his oration at least twenty-five (25) days previous to the contest. All representatives shall be residents of Mississippi and resident students of the colleges which they represent.

ARTICLE X—Fees.

Section. 1. Each college of the Association shall pay an annual fee of ten ($10) dollars. This fee should be paid at least thirty (30) days previous to the contest.

Sec. 2. Each representative shall pay an initiation fee of one ($1) dollar. Upon the payment of this fee, the treasurer shall issue his receipt which shall be forwarded to the President, who shall then order the Secretary to issue a certificate of membership in the Association. Any representative who shall fail to pay the fee within twenty-five (25) days previous to the contest, shall not be allowed to enter contest for prize.

ARTICLE XI—Prizes.

As testimonials of success in the contests of this Association, there shall be awarded two prizes: As first honor, a gold medal; as second honor ten ($10) dollars.

ARTICLE XII—Conventions.

Section 1. The annual convention of the Association shall Convention, there shall be published, by order and direction of

meet in the afternoon of the day on which the contest is held. Each college representative shall be entitled to one (1) vote. All representatives who take part in the morning contest, and all officers of the Association present, shall attend the Convention. Failure to do so, without valid excuse, shall subject offender to expulsion. All Alumni members present shall have a right to take part in the deliberation of the Convention, but shall not be allowed to vote upon any question except to adjourn.

SEC. 2. At the expiration of ten (10) years, counting from 1896, an Alumni Convention shall be held. Following this the Association, the winning orations for the decade, biographical sketches, of prizemen, Alumni and honor rolls, the proceedings of the Annual Conventions, and such other matters pertaining to the Association, as the Committee having this publication in charge shall decide upon and deem proper.

ARTICLE XIII—EXCLUSION FROM MEMBERSHIP.

Any college of the Association failing to send its quota of representatives to any annual contest without furnishing to the Executive Committee a satisfactory reason, or shall fail to pay its annual dues within the time limit, shall be excluded from the Association.

ARTICLE XIV—CONTESTANTS.

SECTION 1. All contestants shall draw for places on the day preceding the contest. His place, name and subject of oration alone shall appear on the program.

SEC. 2. A contestant shall not appear in uniform, or wear college colors, medals, pins, etc., and no college banner shall be placed in any position whatsoever, during the time of the contest, so as to designate the representative of any college.

ARTICLE XV—PUBLICATIONS.

SECTION 1. The Association shall have no official organ, but each college of the Association shall publish once in its

magazine, or college paper, during the term following the contest, the oration of its representative, a list of officers, prize men, date and place of next contest, and the Constitution of the Association.

SEC. 2. Each President of the Association shall have four copies of the Constitution published, to be distributed among the representatives who are to take part in the contest over which he is to preside.

ARTICLE XVI—AMENDMENTS.

SECTION 1. All questions of parliamentary forms and usage, not provided for by the Constitution, shall be referred to "Roberts' Rules of Order,"

SEC. 2. The Constitution may be amended at any annual Convention of the Association, by a two-thirds (⅔) vote of the college representatives present.

AMENDMENTS TO CONSTITUTION.

First Amendment.

ARTICLE I—CHAUTAUQUA.

Any one who represents his institution in the Mississippi Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest, pledges himself not to enter the oratorical contest at the Chautauqua.

MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN.

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EDITORIAL.

OUR NEW LIFE.

The sun of the nineteenth century has gone down upon a people destined to live, for the greater part, in cities; his successor in the twentieth will witness their new dwelling place.

Some view this change from rural to urban conditions with alarm; the pessimism of others is almost blasphemous. That the new responsibilities are profound and must be felt by those solicitous of the general welfare we admit, but we do not believe that the change is necessarily a change for the worse. Wiser men than those whose doleful voices are now heard and whose solemn faces are now seen, have looked askance upon what appeared to them a prodigal world, leaving the old well-beaten paths for new scenes and prophesied that she would go crashing into an abyss from some dizzy mountain height; but she has only occasionally stumped her toe, bounced up, rubbed the dust from her eyes and gone on with a merry laugh.

In the South this change has taken place with marvelous rapidity. Let the cause be what it may, the Southern people are deserting the farms and building factories, and cities are thus being formed and with them problems of the most vexing type. One that is being prepared for the South's solution is: How shall she educate and protect her children born under these new conditions We believe that only as a factor in this problem may the negro become a menace to the South. Can we divide our school fund with him and at the same time provide school facilities for our own children? This seems to us to be the negro problem, since popular sentiment insists that we name it from its darkest element. We are threatened in the South by a condition that has prevailed in the North: An ignorant vote set in opposition to an intelligent vote. Southern political life is not divided into antagonistic negro and white man, but, unless counteracting agencies are set to work, will be divided into hampered intelligence and vicious ignorance. Over-crowded cities will, as they have done with every people, result in poverty, squalor, misery, and vice. Children forced to work in factories as a part of its machinery are deprived in their plastic years of the preserving and ennobling influence of parental care; they are kept too busy in the sustenance of mere physical life to develop normally into useful members of society. Both ignorant and immoral, they become the most effective tools for the political boss.

Another danger is to be found in the kind of education that is generally considered as alone necessary for the youth to meet the new demands. He enters a technical school before he has been instructed in the common schools. He becomes a mere machine and a slave to his professior, for the only world to any man is the world he knows. It circumscribes his scene of action; it alone is the stage of his activities. We are not opposed to technical education. On the contrary, we believe that only through specialization of study will the greatest truths be found. But we are opposed to sacrificing breadth of character to higher wages. The technical school not only fails to develop a good citizen, but it fails to guarantee him "a good living," because a man who knows only one trade is not sure of steady employment.

There are two ways by which these dangers can be avoided: (1) The ratio between the urban and rural citizenship must be kept reasonable. (2) The citizenship must inform themselves on municipal government, that they may meet the new demands.

In order to keep a reasonable ratio between urban and rural population, rural life must be made more inviting. The privileges and advantages of urban life must be carried, so far as is possible, into the country. Many families leave the farms in order to educate their children. The rural public schools must be improved by "rural consolidation," adoption of uniform text-books, better paid teachers, or by any other means possible and practicable. Rural free delivery, carrying newspapers and magazines into remote rural districts, must be extended, and the press advantages of the city thus afforded the country. Public libraries must be established in every village and hamlet, and the country folk enabled to sit at the feet of the world's greatest teachers. Telephone stations must be established in easy reach of the people. Modern inventions which facilitate and dignify farm labor must be introduced.

Our educational system must be one which instructs the child in those things which are lasting and eternal, as opposed to those which are ephemeral and transient. It must build characters who will be citizens of a free commonwealth and makers of world history and not mere parts of a machine. American life is already sufficiently "*strenuous*," the tension is high enough; American character needs to be softened by thought and meditation. Food-bringing education is essential, because there is physical hunger; but there is a soul hunger that is not a whit the less real, and so there must be soul-sustaining education. The technical schools must require an entrance examination which will necessitate a common school course for the successful applicant. Factories must not be allowed to employ children only on the condition that the child attend school a reasonable number of hours each day. Only by the aid of a broader intelligence and a higher code of ethics will we be enabled to successfully deal with the complex problems of our new and wonderful life.

COLLEGE WORLD.

LAMAR EASTERLING, Editor.

On the whole, we have been very well pleased with the exchanges of the past month. There has been a decided change, we think, for the better in most of them. The genial influence of Spring has given them new life and caused them to blossom into song and story. The interest of the students in their college papers, as can be seen from the increased quantity and variety of the contributions, has been quickened and vivified. This is a hopeful and encouraging sign of progress, and one that will give much pleasure to all exchange editors, no doubt. For hardly anything gives the ex-man more genuine pleasure than to open a large, well filled magazine, like the *University of Va. Magazine* or the *Emory Phœnix*, in which is to be found a large variety of articles, bespeaking a strong and healthy interest among the student bodies, as well as a wide range of talent and taste. On the other hand, none feel so keenly the disappointment at opening a meagre, scrappy paper with hardly anything in it beyond a purely local nature.

It is with much pleasure that we add the *Buff and Blue* to our exchange list. As can be seen at a glance, this is a most noteworthy publication in every respect. Its neat and attractive cover constitutes a most faithful index to the literary character of its contents. The departments are carefully edited and not overdrawn. They reflect much praise upon their respective editors. The Exchange Department, we think, is good enough to merit larger print.

"Old Howdye Do and Goodbye" is a pathetic story shortly and concisely told. The characters, Ruth and Stephen, command our sympathy and respect, the former for the loyalty to her promise, the other for the depth and steadfastness of his love. Leaves from a Journal" is humorous and assuring, with much originality about it. Such articles add much vigor and freshness to a magazine and serve to break the monotony of

more serious productions. A keen sense of humor is certainly a desirable trait of mind. The one lone piece of verse is worthy of praise, more poetry would improve this puplication. We number the *Buff and Blue* among our most valuable exchanges.

The Randolph Macon-Monthly (Oakland, Va.,) still contiues to give satisfaction. Poetry, essays, and fiction all come in for their share of attention, and thus the proper equipoise of variety is secured. "Friendship" is a thoughtful and sensible production which brings before us very forcibly some noble conceptions of life. The writer is certainly right in saying that friendship of a noble kind is *not* restricted to persons of the same sex. "Two Boys—and a Story" is an interesting and well told story which is all the more pleasing as it shows much originality in plot. "Poe, the Story Writer," gives us a truthful diiineation of some of Poe's chief qualities as a short story writer. In this the writer shows a genuine appreciation of his genius as well as much knowledge of his works. "Nature's Law" is a beautiful and poetic piece of verse, both in sentiment and in diction. So also are "A Plantation Medley" and the Sonnet to "Shakespeare." We like the way the exchange department is conducted. The criticisms are exceedingly just and fair-minded, and show much literary judgment and good taste.

The Literary Department of the *Vox Wesleyana*, (Winnepeg Manitoba) contains some good reviews and literary criticisms. 'John Wesley's Journal" is another good article which gives a good insight into, and appreciation of this great work. Fiction and poetry would add much to this paper in the way of interest and would make it more truly representative of a many sided and versatile student body. Prize contests for verse and story might be used to advantage in stimulating contributions.

There has been a decided improvement, we think, in the *Twentieth Century Taler*, (Memphis, Tenn). The appearance is neat and attractive. This issue (March) brings to us a larger and fuller table of contents, containing two essays, a story, and

one lone poem. "Macbeth," though the subject has been somewhat extensively dealt with of late in other magazines, is, nevertheless, written in a pleasing style and holds the attention of the reader. "The Witch Agency" is another carefully prepared essay. The writer's views as to the true nature of the witches in Macbeth, is certainly the correct one. The *Taler*, as a whole is bright, newsy, and in every way attractive, and reflects much credit upon its enterprising and efficient staff.

The chief fault we find with the *Lesbidelian*, is, that it is too meagre,—what there is of it, is bright, newsy, and well written—and of course interesting The only essay in it, "Watch Thy Tongue," is carefully prepared, and shows much research. In it are to be found some some high and ennobling sentiments, which are borne out and strengthened by many appropriate quotations. We note, however, that the quotation marks are absent from the quotation from Carlyle, beginning "Fool." Let us timidly suggest that a story or two and more verse would serue to increase the merit of this magazine, as well as add an additional interest. The Exchange Department of this magazine is the most extensively conducted as well as the best in it. The editor contrives to make it interesting with well thought out criticisms and outside information. We congratulate her and the other members of the staff.

Since he the last issue of the COLLEGIAN, we wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following much appreciated exchanges also: *Hendrix College Mirror*, *Southwestern University Magazine*, *Hillman Lisbidelian*, *The Twentieth Century Tattler*, *College Reflector*, *Randolph Macon Monthly*, *Crimson and Gold*, *Olive and Blue*, *Revielle*, *Univ. of Va Magazine*, *Vox Wesleyan*, *The Alpha*, *Maroon and White*, *Parker Purple*, *Emory* and *Henry Era*, *Emory Phoenix*, *Clionian*, *Deaf Mute Voice*, *University Miss. Magazine*, *Purple and Green*, *Buff and Blue*, *Lemestone Star*, *Miss. College Magazine*, *Hendrix College Mirror*.

CLIPPINGS.

EASTER LILLIES.

Sweet emblems of purity unknown to earth,
They wake the soul of man to aspirations fair,
And fill the palace aye, the cot of meanest worth—
With fragrance like the incense of an angel's prayer.

So fragile all, so weak, they seem a tempting prey
To every hostile gale—each hand untaught of ruth,
But ah! the spoiler e'en should know that in the day
That beauty dies, the world must die to love and truth.

Fit consorts these of faith and prayer and holy praise;
Mute worshipers and witnesses of Him above,
Whose skill can wed to matchless glory simplest grace,
And veil in wondrous art the mysteries of love.

J. W. Wayland in Univ. of Va. Magazine.

AT EVENTIDE.

In the opaline haze of the evening,
As the lingering twilight dies,
Wandering with you in the shadows,
And mute at the love in your eyes—
Before love that I never can fathom,
Whose depths I can only surmise—
Heaven, why yearn for thy glories?
I have entered my paradise.—Ex.

LITERARY

Jos. H. Penix Editor.

SOUTHERN HISTORY.

The record of the South is in some senses unique. Never, perhaps, in any constitutional government was a section so large and so closely bound, both politically and geographically

to the federal body, yet having developed a race and institutions so peculiar as to induce war, the avowed purpose of which was to establish a separate government———never before was such a section again thoroughly assimilated by the federal head.

Indeed, the war itself, its causes and its results, are unique in the history of all nations. The records of time afford no parallel; there is no precedent to which we may compare them, no example by which we may judge them. By the strict interpretion of all antecedent appeals to arms, the War between the States was an anomaly. It certainly was not a revolution in the strict sense of the word, for its primary purpose never was to overthrow the existing government nor to superimpose its peculiar political and social institutions on those of the contending section. Much further did it differ from ordinary insurrection, since the number engaged in it formed such a large part of the whole nation. And though in a strange signification of the word a noted Northern historian has said that the defeat of "State Sovereignty" demonstrated, *ethically*, its unrighteousness, it is the rather tacit yet general opinion of the ablest and fairest-minded statesman and constitutional lawyers of to-day that this doctrine was the correct one. This admitted, the war could not have been a rebellion, for rebellion is not the act of sovereignty, but an act directed against sovereignty, and thus the North itself might be questioned on the act of revolution in restraining the states from secession. Hence, the struggle remains unclassified in the annals of nations. It was a peculiar war, arising from peculiar causes and conditions, and leaving a peculiar impress on the South which has differentiated its history from all others.

Especially is the chapter on reconstruction one which was never written by the chronicler of any other race or government. What remained of a race conquered by dearth and virtual extermination returned to a country deprived of the institution which its needs and conditions had developed, and the loss of which, therefore, necessitated an inversion of customs, vocations and policies, yea, the transformation of the Southern race.

To this seeming impossibility was added the black ashes of war's holocaust to daunt the spirit of the south. But this was not worst. The greatest blunder-crime in civilized history was the coercion of the South by heartless and senseless strangers who, as she lay lame and bleeding from a wound almost mortal, lashed her more fearfully and pitilessly than ever an overseer lashed a slave. At last the New South has arisen from the tomb of the Old; but it has been reconstructed by its own sons and not by the obtrusion of aliens. Southern life has been turned into new channels. From no resources save strong hearts and a fertile soil, from a blasted political organization, and while contending with the most serious social problem that ever engaged any people, there has been reared a new civilization, a flourishing section.

The South has perhaps been too busily engaged in making history to find time for writing it. Perhaps, too, though firmly believing in the rectitude of its course, that depression which always follows failure has had its influence here. Perhaps the feeling has prevailed that it belongs to the victor to tell the tale of the vanquished. However it may have been, certainly the history of the South, that part which has been attempted, has generally been told by other than her own sons.

Mr. Burgess, one of the greatest of living historians and political scientists, says that the history of the United States from 1817 to 1858 can be written only by a Northerner, because the victor can and will be more liberal, generous and sympathetic than the vanquished, and because the Northern view is, in the main, correct; and while we hesitate to accept this statement without further qualification and explanation, we feel that even if this be granted, yet the following cogent statement of a noted historian certainly demands our consideration. "The history of the reconstruction must be written by Southerners who were the ultimate victors in that life and death struggle." As has been said already, this is the most peculiar chapter in our national, and more especially in southern history. The war was a Titanic test of the breaking-strength of the greatest republic ever established; and when the mighty tension was released by its close, the strain in the bond of nationality was far

from mended. It has taken a generation to weld to its former strength what four years had all but snapped asunder. The very uniqueness of this process makes its history one of special interest. The same thing makes it impossible for anyone to write and ihterpret its history save some one who has been a part of it in his experience and observation. And now is the time to gather the materials for this record. Time has borne us far enough from the strife to divest us of the passions and misconceptions of that period, and yet we are near enough to gather at first hand from original sources, and especially from the testimony of living men, the details of the time, its dramatic picturesque, and vital aspects, its ultimate relations with the problems, racial, educational and economic, with which the South of today has to deal. Nothing, it seems to us, can do more to hasten the harvest of that more perfect unity which is rapidly making the United States of today mistress of the world than a thorough and adequate account of this great fratricidal strife, its causes, its incidents and its sequel. Amid existing conditions, the South certainly has a right to be custodian of her own records, for she alone has the opportunity of securing, digesting, arranging and interpreting these records in a thoroughly scientific spirit, and of combining practical experience with the theories of sociology, political science and political economy.

It is for this most interesting and profitable task that the younger generation is being trained. The spirit of science and the balm of time are curing men of their passions and prejudices, and they have set to work for the sake of truth alone, confident after reflection of many years that the truth, of itself, will justify the thoughts and actions of their fathers. Maryland has published nineteen volumes of her Colonial and Revolutionary Archives. Virginia is preparing a roster of her volunteers in the Civil War, and has published a calendar of her State papers. North Carolina has issued seventeen volumes of her Colonial Records. South Carolina has secured thirty-two volumes of her Colonial Records in England and prepared a roster of her Confederate soldiers, and a "Roster and Itinerary" of her soldiers in the Spanish-American War. Several years

ago, Alabama created a Department of Archives and History. Mississippi has made an appropriation for publication under the direction of the Historical Commission. Texas has sent a commission to the City of Mexico to examine important documents there.

The Historical Association of Mississippi deserves special mention. It has a large and enthusiastic membership, has already published many valuable records and proceedings, and has just issued the first of its annual publications. It carries on

a thorough and systematic search for and examination of manuscripts, papers, and all documents relating to the history of the State, extending its study to prehistoric works, Indian remains, and places of historic interest.

The Southern Historical Society, with headquarters at Richmond, has issued twenty-eight volumes which deal with the Civil War; and the Southern Historical Association at Washington issues bi-monthly publications. This work is being aided by increased facilities for historical study, by legilaative appropriations for carrying it on, and the greatly increased interest in the subject which has been aroused in Southern colleges and universities.

Thus the South is doing work of increasing importance and significance in collecting the materials formerly unknown or neglected, which will make possible a history of the United States wherein she shall claim her just place in the government, shall vindicate still more fully the prudence and bravery of her people and her leaders, and the justness of their views and actions in the past. The most perfect fruit of this zeal and interest in Southern history, the most significent earnest of what we may hope for it in the future, is seen in Woodrow Wilson's *History of the American People*. It seems to approximate more nearly than any other work an impartial yet thoroughly philosophic interpretation of the birth and life of the nation. Dr. Wilson, by his Southern birth, broad learning, marked literary ability and present high position as president of one of the oldest American universities, is eminently fitted for

the task of showing the place of the South in the national structure; and no one can read his chapter on Reconstruction without feeling that in him she has found a chronicler who will tell aright to the world the tale of her struggles, failures and ultimate successes.

LOCALS.

D. L. BINGAM, Editor.

Dr. Murrah attended the District Conference held at Sardis during the month.

Mr. W. A. Williams has been quite sick with inflammatory rheumatism for the past three weeks. We regret to say that he is as yet no better.

Mr. Charles G. Carter of Hattiesburg has withdrawn from school.

We neglected to note in the former issue the election of Mr. H. B. Heidelberg of the Galloway Society to fill the place on the Commencement debate made vacant by the resignation of Mr. Duncan.

Mr. Eugene Johnson of Holly Springs spent a few days with his brother, "Cap," during the past month.

E. H. Galloway, '00, has finished the medical course at Vanderbilt, and is now a full-fledged M. D. He has located at Jackson.

Jim—"I do not believe that I have a true friend in the world." Jack—"So you have been trying to borrow money, too, have you?"

Mr. W. B. Hogg, of Hazlehurst has entered school. He is a member of the freshman class and a base ball player of fame.

The banquets given by the two fraternities during the month were quite elaborate affairs and enjoyed by all present.

Rev. T. B. Holloman of Itta Bena and his son, Leon, were pleasant visitors to the Campus during the month.

Dr. I. W. Cooper spent a day with his brother last week. Dr. Cooper is a graduate of the University of Nashville Medical Department.

We are glad to report Prof. Shannon fully recovered after an illness of a week.

Messrs. Beard and Milligan, of Evansville, Indiana, spent a week with Mr. Joe Sample the first of the month.

The following are the new officers of the Lamar Literary Society: President, W. C. Bowman; Vice-Pres., Hendon Harris; Secy., J. J. Burnham; Critic, C. R. Ridgway; Doorkeeper, Hubey Rachford, Chaplain, M. S. Pittman.

Mr. J. B. Howell, '02, who has been studying medicine at Vanderbilt, spent Saturday and Sunday with us.

Miss Kathryne Redding, of Crystal Springs, is the guest of her Aunt, Miss Annie Linfield.

MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN.

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ANITA.

The story which I am going to relate for the sake of a few serious readers dates back to the year of 1847, the time when the northern part of the beautiful land of Mexico was devastated by cruel, merciless war. The exact date of my story is in the latter part of the month of February, 1847, just before the great battle of Buena Vista. Up to this time the Americans had been successful. The army of Gen. Taylor had gained the advantage in several decisive engagements, but none the less daunted the sons of Mexico had rallied under their bold and determined leader, Santa Anna, to strike another blow for the cause of their country.

Gen. Taylor having received an intimation that this shrewd Mexican general was collecting an army to intercept his march through Mexico, thought it prudent to send scouts ahead to determind the whereabouts of the enemy. I was then captain of Company B of the Fourth Regiment, and being in the good graces of the general, I know not exactly why, he chose me among the other scouts to go on this hazardous undertaking.

It was then time for action and not for ceremony; so without making any excuses I chose two old backwoodsmen to accompany me, and prepared to start on this important mission.

The men whom I chose to go with me were Daniel Travis and Michael Simpson. They were both skilled in woodcraft and all the arts of the plain and forest. Daniel Travis, whom we all called "Dan" for short, was especially skilled in these arts. No problem of the plain or forest ever presented itself but his shrewd mind could devise some way to solve it. And besides all this, I knew them both to be true and tried friends; so with such men as my companions, I felt sure that we would be in little danger of the Mexican Guerillas or Comanche

Indians which infested the country at that time. Therefore we made preparations to leave with the anticipation that we would, with the aid of the other scouts, soon thwart the plans of the shrewd Mexican general, if he should be anywhere in the neighboring country.

We left the army early in the morning and began our journey across the plains. We traveled for several miles without seeing any signs of the enemy, and in a short while came to a dense forest which seemed to be about two miles in width. We entered this immediately, and began a laborious journey through the dense undergrowth. It now became necessary for us to travel more cautiously on account of the possibility of an ambush, and after about an hour's journey we came within sight of the opposite side. My companions deeming it prudent for one of us to go ahead of the rest and inspect the plains beyond the edge of the forest, I agreed to take the duty upon myself; so dismounting and taking my rifle in my hand, I approached the edge of the forest on foot.

I had hardly gained a suitable position from which to overlook the plains, when the sound of galloping hoofs almost directly in front of me attracted my attention. Raising my eyes and looking in the direction whence the sound came, I saw someone on horseback riding at full speed almost directly toward me. The rider had just emerged from a clump of trees and was now plainly discernable. I was at first surprised and somewhat puzzled at the sight which met me eyes, for on the fleeing horse I could plainly discern, without doubt, a female figure! As I stood wondering at the oddness of the situation a second figure hove in sight, riding at full speed directly in the trail of the first. I was then no longer in wonder. The mystery was solved; for on the hindmost horse was the figure of an Indian warrior. The girl had evidently been out on the chase when the redskin saw her, and thinking this a fair prize, he had given chase with the intention of carrying her back to camp to be sold to someone of his tribe as a wife or probably kept as his own. With a sudden apprehension that I might be detected, I clasped

my rifle with a firm grip and concealed myself in a clump of bushes near by to await developments.

On came the pursuer and pursued, each straining every nerve to overcome the other in the chase. It was evidently the end of a long chase, for both horses seemed stiff and weary. For a moment the girl and her pursuer seemed to be about equally mounted. The race was indecisive. But as they drew nearer I could plainly see that the foremost animal was growing weaker. His noble efforts could only prolong his mistress' fate, for the Indian's horse was gaining at every stride!

I had now made up my mind to save the girl from her terrible enemy. I thought first of sending a bullet through his head, but on a second thought changed my purpose. Although we were at war with the Indians, my sense of honor forbade me shooting an enemy down in an unfair way; so that I decided to learn him a lesson which he would not soon forget.

He was now within seventy-five yards of where I lay concealed and no more than fifteen from the fleeing girl. He was straining every muscle to overtake his victim ere she could reach the forest. Probably he feared there might be aid near at hand. It is not often that the keen eye of the Indian fails to detect danger, but this redskin was so much absorbed in the chase that he did not see me in my place of concealment. I determined, nevertheless, to make him aware of my presence. Suddenly I saw him raise his hand with something coiled about it. It was a lasso. I saw him hurl the coiled rope once about his head. As he did I raised my rifle to my shoulder and took deliberate aim at his upraised arm. He hurled the lasso once again about his head, and was almost in the act of throwing. A second's delay and I might be too late. Glancing down the barrel of my rifle to make sure of my aim, I pressed the trigger. A sharp report followed. The next instant a wild Comanche whoop echoed through the forest. I knew that my bullet had sped true to the mark. For a moment a cloud of white smoke shut the scene from my vision; but when the smoke cleared away, I saw that the Indian had wheeled his horse about and was galloping back across the plains.

My companions, hearing the shot, now came up, leading my faithful horse. They lost no words inquiring why I had fired the shot. To their experienced senses, the wild yell and the retreating form of the Indian spoke plainer than words; so I mounted my horse, and without parley, we rode up to the bewildered girl, who had checked her horse and now stood gazing at us.

As we approached her I was completely charmed by the dazzling beauty which she possessed. I had traveled a great deal in Mexico and seen many fair specimens of its glorious womanhood, but never before had I seen one to equal this queenly beauty. Her brunette complexion, her long raven tresses, her shapely head and figure, combined to give the maiden a surpassing loveliness.

"Was it you?" she asked, turning suddenly to me as we rode up. "Was it you who saved my life?"

"It was I who fired the shot," I said, paying more attention to the charming girl than to what I was saying. I was on the point of introducing myself and my friends when she interrupted me:

"But you are an enemy to my country. You wear an American uniform," she continued in Spanish, a language with which I was perfectly familiar.

"That is true," I said; "but if all my enemies were as agreeable as the one before me, I should almost feel inclined to desert."

"Allow me to thank you for the compliment, Senor, and humbly beg your pardon for my hasty words," she resumed, suddenly changing her tone and expression. "I am not as simple and prejudiced as my words seemed to indicate. I was only excited and spoke rashly. I am conscience of the fact, Senor, that before gallantry, especially in a woman's eye, all the petty hate and prejudice between foe and foe must dwindle into insignificance. You have done me a service for which I can never repay you; you have saved me from a fate worse than death; so let us forget our enmity, Senor, and become friends. My name is Anita Moreto."

"My name is Randolf," I said, as soon as she had finished speaking. "I am captain of Company B of the Fourth Regiment in General Taylor's army, and am now on an arrand for the general. These are my friends, Dan Travis and Michael Simpson," I continued, turning to Dan and Michael, who had drawn up their horses close beside me. My companions bowed in acknowledgment to the introduction, without speaking a word. They were each familiar with the Spanish language to some extent, but did not seem inclined to talk on this occasion. I concluded that they were either somewhat abashed on being in the presence of a lady, or that they disdained to speak in what Dan often termed "that cussed Mexikin squabble." So I made use of the first supposition, partially to pay my friends a compliment and partially to relieve their seeming discomfiture.

"My comrades are as bold in battle as they are timid in the presence of ladies," I said, casting a side glance at them to ascertain the effect of my words. Dan cleared his throat and was preparing to justify himself and Michael as best he could under the circumstances, when Anita interrupted him:

"Yes," she said, "the Americans are all a brave and chivalrous people. I have hitherto been unjustly prejudiced against the Texans, but after this I shall defend Texan gallantry wherever I hear it assailed."

"But I lose time," she said, suddenly turning her steed about and glancing at the sun. "I must be going, for it is now past noon. If I remain longer, my father will be alarmed about my safety. Come, Senor Randolf, and ride with me to the hacienda just across the forest. There my father will repay you for the service you have rendered me."

This invitation, so inuocently extended, to ride with one so beautiful, was perhaps one of the greatest temptations of my life to turn me from the path of duty. I knew that the fate of the army might depend upon my com ades and me, and that the failure to do my duty at such a critical time might mean its ruin. There stood beside me the brave, sagacious Dan and the bold and dauntless Michael. Why not intrust the duty to them? I had been with them in a score of battles; I knew that they were

as true at steel. But to leave them at such a critical time, when the army of Santa Anna might be near, was not to act the part of a loyal soldier, and besides it might take every man of us to cope with the scouts of the enemy if we should happen upon them. So with these reflections in my mind, and knowing also that Anita would be in no peril when once beyond the forest, I declined the invitation as best I could under the circumstances, and turned my steed about as if to ride away.

"Then; Captain, you will surely come to the dance at the hacienda tonight, won't you?" she said in sweet, entreating tones.

I promised that I would, hardly considering what such a promise implied, I was in such a state of perplexity."

"Then may God be with you and your friends," she exclaimed, and in an instant she had wheeled her horse about and disappeared through the forest.

After scouting all the rest of the day, we returned to the army without having seen anything of the enemy.

Feeling that I had done my duty for the day, I determined to spend at least a portion of the night in a more pleasant manner than sleeping on the cold ground; so after eating supper I set out for the hacienda, which was several miles away.

I suspect that by this time the reader has gotten the idea, that I fell desperately in love with this beautiful Mexican girl. Truth, however, forces me to state that I did not. I admired; yea, I almost worshiped her marvelous beauty, but never once thought of her as a lover. She was to me as a costly gem whose radiance strikes with as brilliant effect upon the eye, but is unable to stir the nobler passions of the soul. Therefore, with what motive I sought another meeting with Anita, at the risk of my life, I am almost unable to say. It is true that under the impulse of the moment I had promised to attend the dance. I began also to realize that it would be an injustice to one, who seemed to have been thrown across my path by providence, not to comply with her earnest request before I left that country to which I might never return. I was not ignorant of the fact that the country through which I would

have to travel was infested with Mexican guerillas, and that they would have little mercy on me as a Texas captain. But, whatever might have been the prevailing motive which prompted me to go or the discretion of the act, at the end of about an hour's brisk riding, I found myself in front of the hacienda, in which I heard the sound of revelry and dancing.

Dismounting and and hitching my horse, I strolled leisurely up the walk leading to the entrance of the building. In a few moments I was walking up the stone steps of the veranda. I did not tarry on the steps, but walked immediately across to the doorway. When I reached it, I recognized Anita in a small crowd standing just inside the hall. A swarthy Spaniard was standing beside her—her lover no doubt She recognized me as soon as I caught her eye, and extended her hand in a hearty welcome. She then introduced me to the swarthy Spaniard who stood beside her, as Raffael Bernardo. I extended my hand and he grasped it apparently in friendship, but as I glanced at his swarthy visage, upon which the marks of crime were deeply indented, I saw his eye gleam with a malignant fire. There was no mistaking that vicious glance; Raffael Bernardo was my deadly enemy.

After walking about the room for a short while, chatting with Anita an several other Mexican beauties to whom I had been introduced, I began to enjoy myself very much The pleasant company which I was in soon smoothed the rough, unpolished nature of the soldier to that of a fine gentleman of society. As I said, I was passing the time very pleasantly in this gay crowd; but, still, ever and anon a grim-visaged countenance would pass before my mental vision like a threatening cloud. It was the countenance of Raffael Bernaddo. And what was more, he had disappeared from the crowd. He was no longer to be seen amid the throng of dancers.

At length Anita and I, as if by instinct, drew near each other and began a conversation. I saw that her face wore a troubled expression. She was evidently in anxiety about something. At her suggestion we walked out upon the veranda and took a seat where we would not be overheard by anyone, and in

few moments I had found out the cause of her anxiety. She told me of how Raffael Bernardo had lately given evidences of being in love with her and how she detested his attention. She also told me that he had heard about the "Yankee" Captain saving her life, and became terribly jealous. She said that she thought he intended to murder me, and urged me to leave the place at once; and what was my surprise, she asked that she might be allowed to go with me. She followed this request with a sudden outburst of passionate feeling. She vowed that I had won her heart—completely, although we had known each other but a few hours. She that declared I was nearer her conception of a true man and an ideal lover than any one she had ever known, and requested that I allow her to follow me through life to minister to my wants and to soothe my troubles and sorrows.

I told her that this could never be; that my sword was my my only fortune, and that she would never be satisfied in leading the life that I led. I tried to convince her that her's was a childish passion. She remained obstinate however; and no words of mine could convince her that she did not love me truly.

At length I looked at my watch. The hour hand stood at twelve on the dial. I noticed that during our conversation the crowd had dispersed unheeded. The lamps were still lighted, but from the hall there came no sound to indicate that anyone was present. Everything was as still as death.

"I must go," I said, at last summonsing courage enough to speakthe words. Anita gave a deep sigh. As I rose to my feet I heard a slight rustle in the bushes at the opposite end of the veranda, and the next instant a dark form sprang up the steps and glided towards me with a swift, stealthy tread.

The perils of my situation now flashed across my brain. For as the advancing figure stepped upon the veranda, the flickering light of a candle in an adjoining room fell across his countenance. I recognized him in an instant. It was Rafael Bernado. In his hand flashed the blade of a Spanish stiletto; in his eye flashed the fire of murder.

I knew that I was in for a struggle. Whipping out my cavalry sabre, I prepared to defend myself as best I could. I was not a

COLLEGIAN STAFF.

second too soon; for I had hardly drawn my sword when he rushed upon me with the ferocity of a tiger. With one blow of my heavy weapon I knocked the stiletto from his hand. As I struck the blow, he sprang back and uttered a shrill whistle, which echoed through the whole building. The echoes had hardly died away when at least a half dozen dark forms sprang up the steps and advanced swiftly toward me.

The perils of my situation were now obvious. To remain meant instant death. To flee was my only chance. So leaning over Anita's chair and imprinting a parting kiss, I sprang from the veranda and fled. I knew where my horse was hitched. Running to where he was, I mounted without looking back at my pursuers.

Once upon my noble steed I felt safe, for I knew that with a few strides he could carry me out of danger; so I determined to look once more upon the scene I had so recently left before I had passed beyond sight of it forever. As I turned in my saddle and looked back a vision of glory met my eyes. There in the light of the chandelier, as immovable as the stone walls of the hacienda, with a painful look of anxiety on her face, gazing intently in the direction which I had fled, stood Anita. She seemed a hundred times more beautiful than ever before. With her long disheveled tresses fallen about her shoulders, standing erect with queenly grace, although in dispair, she suggested to me the statute of a Grecian goddess. But while I sat gazing at her the sound of advancing footsteps reminded me of my danger. Turning in my saddla I put spur to my horse and fled. It was the last time I ever saw Anita, and thus I ever afterwards remembered her: how she looked, standing in the light of the chandelier, so stately and so beautiful, yet as immovable as the stone walls about her.

I suppose that I had ridden about an hour when the challege of a sentry broke the reverie into which I had fallen about my late experience. I gave the countersign and passed into the lines. As my eyes fell upon the long glittering rows of stacked arms and the thousands of war-worn veterans who slep beside them, I felt that I was once more one among my comrades,

to share with them their hardships and join with them in their songs of victory.

Although I felt that I must again conform to the iron rules of war, and like my comrades respond to the thrilling notes of the trumpet and march to the throbbing drum-beat, I did not forget Anita. But that night before I lay down to snatch a few hours sleep in order that I might be able to renew the march on the next day, I breathed a silent prayer that the angel of peace might follow Anita along the path of life, and at last kiss down the eyelids in the sleep of death; that heaven might be her home for eternity.

F. V. [illegible]ONS.

PEDDLER SWAMP.

In the northern part of Mississippi there is a large, marshy swamp, covered by a broad causeway, supposed to have been first built by General Andrew Jackson on his famous march from New Orleans, through Mississippi, to Tennessee. This swamp is clothed with a dense growth of vines and saplings, with every now and then a tall cypress or live-oak, covered with moss, to add to the weirdness of the scenery. A beautiful creek has its source here that goes by the name of Peddler Creek; the swamp is called Peddler Swamp. Many ghost stories are told about the place, and the negroes have a horror of crossing it after dark.

The marsh is so boggy that it is impossible to cross it except on the causeway. Many is the time that men, venturing out in it by jumping from root to root, would miss their aim and sink waist-deep, or probably neck-deep, in the mire for their trouble, and would have to have help in order to extricate themselves.

I was traveling in that part of the country when I was a young man, and one evening I found the sun sinking very fast and I had not found a place of lodging for the night. As night approached I noticed a heavy bank of clouds rising out of the west. It took no prophet to tell what that meant. I hurried

along as fast as possible, in order to find shelter before the storm should overtake me. Sundown was followed almost immediately by darkness, and I soon found that I was in the middle of a dense swamp, lit up by the occasional flashes of lightning. As soon as I had crossed the swamp I saw several lights. I knew somebody lived there; so I pushed on, and when I had driven up to the gate, I inquired if I might find lodging for the night. I was answered in the affirmative and told to come in, that my horse would be cared for.

This was really more kindness than I was expecting I went in, wondering what kind of a looking man my host was, when—Oh, terror! I heard the rattle of a chain coming around the corner of the house; no one had to tell me, "Beware of the dog!" A sudden flash of lightning showed me a terrible looking yard-dog. I made a spring for the door, but stumbled and fell, expecting each moment to feel the fangs of this monster tear my flesh. But instead I heard a light scream and one of the sweetest voices in the world saying, "Down, Tiger! down!" I recovered myself as quickly as I could and turned around to thank my rescuer, but only blank night stared me in the face, and I heard a low growl around in the back yard.

"I hope you are not hurt. Come in, and you will soon be none the worse for your accident." I looked up and saw a very aged man standing in the door-way inviting me in. I walked in brushing my knees, now wondering who was the owner of that sweet voice and where she was. I was soon relieved by my host speaking to his wife, a very aged lady: "Polly, I think we will have to get Tommy to let Katie stay with us all the time. She is so much help to us, and she seems to like it. If it had not been for her, this stranger would have been badly bitten a while ago; for I had gone to call Jake, and you could never have made Tiger let go." Then, turning to me, he said: "Excuse me, sir, our name is Martin, and Katie is our granddaughter. What may be your name?"

"George Roberts, thank you," I promptly answered.

Mrs. Martin went out, saying she would go hurry supper along. After she was gone our conversation at first was concerning the storm, which had begun now in good earnest. Soon my host,

turning to me, asked me if I was from the western part of the State, and if I knew an old man by the name of John Roberts. I replied that I did, and that John Roberts was my grandfather.

"Why, I am glad to see you!" replied my host, shaking my hand. "John was my best friend when we were young, and I have often wondered what had become of him. How is he now, or is he still living?"

"He died twelve years ago," I said. "I used to hear him talk of his young days and of a John Martin as his best friend."

"Well, I am that friend. We had the same name and always went together until we were about grown, when my father moved across the State over here." Then he went on to question me about some more of his old friends, few of whom I knew anything of, but all that I knew were dead.

Supper was then announced, and my host led me to the dining-room. When we entered the dining-room there was Katie moving about, the most graceful of the graceful, I thought. She appeared to be about seventeen. The introduction was short and simple: "Mr. Roberts, this is our granddaughter, Katie Martin."

I thanked her, as we sat down to the table, for her timely help.

"Thank you," she answered, blushing slightly. "That was nothing. Tiger and I are playmates, and he always obeys me better than he will anyone else."

My host went on to tell his wife who I was and how glad he was to meet me. She appeared as glad to know me as he was, and I thought I could distinguish a little sparkle in Katie's eyes. About the close of supper we were startled by a negro running upon the gallery and thrusting his head in at the door.

"What on earth is the matter Jake?" asked Mr. Martin.

"I tell you what, Marster," answered the frightened negro, "I saw a ball of fire big as a barrel shoot 'cross Peddler swamp, an' it uz dat ar' bright you could a seen to pick up a needle."

"Go along, Jake, you know that was just one of your fancies," returned my host.

"I seed it wif my own eyes, an' I know that it is some of that ar' ghost's workings; they allus travel around of a rainy night," insisted the darkie.

This was the first time I had ever heard of Peddler swamp, and you may imagine I was anxious to hear more of it.

When we had gone back into the house—for this was an old-fashioned house with the kitchen and dinning-room apart from the dwelling—and were sitting around the fire built to drive the dampness of the air from the room, my host said:

"There is a story connected with the name of Pedlar swamp which is one reason why that darkie was so frightened. Negroes are naturally superstitious anyway. Maybe you would like to hear the story; but then I expect it would give Katie frightful dreams for a week."

"Oh, no sir, it wouldn't; please tell it for I like to hear those old stories," she replied; and I assured him it would be a great pleasure to me to listen. And this is the way, as nearly as I can give it, that he related the story:

"Away back yonder, while this state was a territory, Col. Cleveland was a given a grant of land by the Government for service done in the war of 1812. His grant included this swamp and all the land around here for nearly two miles. Col. Cleveland lived in Ohio, but decided to move to his new possessions and there spend the remainder of his life. He was real well-to-do and owned a great number of slaves. His family consisted of himself, his wife, two sons, and one daughter.

"His two sons stayed in Ohio to look after their father's interests up there, but his daughter came with him.

"The Colonel built this house and soon became one of the the first men of the country. In those days this part of the coun try was very thinly settled. I remember that my father had just moved to a place about four miles below here, and we were first door neighbors to Colonel Cleveland, therefore we knew his family well. The Colonel's daughter was a pretty woman, but she never married; she lived to be an old maid and sold out her father's land and slaves after he and her mother died, and went back to Ohio. No one ever knew why she never married, but

everybody has a right to form an opinion, you know.

"Well soon after Colonel Cleveland moved down here there was a worthless young fellow, Howard McFaddin, the son of a rich planter whose plantation joined Col. Cleveland's, who came to see Miss Cleveland, or Jo Ann, as we called her. And to whom she became very much attached very soon, but no one thought there was anything of it. There were no stores on every cross-road then, and the nearest approach to a town was Natchez, seventy or more miles away, so all that most young people saw of trinkets were brought around by Irish peddlers

"One day when Howard was out hunting, while crossing this swamp he saw an old peddler coming hobbling along under his pack. 'Now is my chance,' thought he, ' I will just lay this old fellow out of the way and then I will have all the trinkets I want to give to Miss Jo Ann.' So, suiting actions to his thoughts, he leveled his gun and fired. In an instant the old man was quivering upon the ground.

"Howard just then realized what he had done. Terror seized him. 'What if somebody should come along and find the deap body! Col. Cleveland's bloodhounds would be sure to be put upon the track! He was the murderer! He must do something with the body; but what if some one should come along before he could hide it! Time enough! It would take but a few minutes to carry the body and pack out in the marsh and sink them!' But minutes seemed hours to Howard McFaddin. He no longer thought of jewelry, but of flight. As he fled home he thought he could hear the baying of the hounds upon his trail. During the night he dressed, gathered a few clothes in a bundle, got some money and fled, resolved on going to Texas to forget his crime and die there unknown.

"Ten years afterwards there was a picnic given at Col. Cleveland's. A great many people were gathered there from the whole country. Early in the afternoon a dusty traveler came up to a group of old men and addressed them thus:

" 'Fellow Men—Ten long years ago I murdered an old peddler here and sank his body in yonder swamp. It was a case of cold-blooded murder and I deserve punishment. I have fled from my crime these ten years, but no rest have I had. A sense

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of guilt has followed me day and night the whole time. My desire is that you lead me back to the spot where I murdered the old peddler and there give me my due punishment sink my body where I sank that of the old man.'

"At that time the law was not followed like it is now; Howard McFaddin, for this was he, was led to the spot he indicated as the place where he had murdered the poor peddler and shot; then his body was sunk in the marsh. There was a lady among the crowd of women who watched this tragic scene that every now and then raised the corner of her apron to her eyes: this was Miss Jo Ann Cleveland. Ever since that time this swamp has gone by the name of Peddler Swamp."

My host finished and I glanced over towards Katie; she seemed to be nestled a little closer to her grandmother's knee.

* * * * * * * * *

I now sometimes tell this story to to our children, but always when I come to the point where I was rescued from the dog Kate—I call her Kate now—is very busy..

WHO IS THE GOVERNOR'S WIFE?

The tall elms were lengthening their shadows down the slope, and the sun was sinking behind the old Goodrum hill, when two young lovers took their seats on an old log that lay decaying in the shadow of the sheltering tree. The young man was just blooming into manhood, while the maiden had still the appearance of a child. Their eyes were not lit with the flash of joy, nor did their cheeks blush from the smile of mischief-making. But each showed that there was something which had brought meditation, and that that meditation was producing some grief

Clara slowly looked around her, as if looking to see if anyone was near. Her eyes were dimmed by tears of love. Her affections were all centered on Charles. Charles had loved her

almost from infancy, and for her to love him seemed only the just course of nature. With her handkerchief she brushed the tears from her eyes, and then, fixing them intently upon Charles, in tones that foretold sadness, she said:

"Charles, are you really going to leave us?"

"Yes," he replied, trying to assume the firmness of a man; "I have promised Judge Harris that I will go with him."

"Oh, Charles, you will be so far away from home," responded Clara, in a voice that was full of despondency; and then doubt and a tinge of jealousy, which is so often mixed with the pure love of woman, filled her heart, and she continued: "If you go with Judge Harris to California, you will forget all about the little girl back in Choctaw county, Mississippi, who loved you so dearly, won't you?"

"No, a thousand times, no!" replied Charles, as he grasped her hands between his. "*You*, Clara? Forget *you?* The one whom I have loved from the time when you first learned to prattle; the only one except my mother that has ever charmed my eyes and inspired my life to nobler deeds and higher accomplishments? No; I could never forget you or cease to love you. You do me an injustice to intimate that I could ever cease to love you, or love another. It is for your sake that I desire to go with Judge Harris, for he promises me that if I will go with him he will lend me money and let me work for him to repay it, and that I can go to the famous Leland Stanford University and be educated. Then, Clara, I shall return to my native State and county for you to be my wife. If you have proven true to me till then, have not married another, and still love me, I promise that you shall not always be Miss Clara May McAllister, but that, if you are then willing, your name shall be changed to Mrs. Charles Ruston Cooper."

"Charles, my pride, my life, my lover! The future seems bright for you. I know that you will make a great man; I know that you will use the advantages which are given you; I rejoice because I feel that you will succeed. But, Charles, I fear that when you are educated and have become accustomed to the society in which Judge Harris is prominent, you will look

FRESHMAN CLASS

with snorn upon the daughter of a poor farmer, and that you will marry the daughter of some rich gold miner, who will inherit a fortune. I wish it were so I could go to college, but I do not see how it can ever be possible. But, Charles, remember, wherever you may be, and in whatever circle of society you may move, that I still love you and that I am waiting for you to return."

Charles was enraptured in her love and charmed by her beauty. It seemed to him that he had never seen her so beautifully dressed, although her apparel was plain and simple. There she sat—the embodiment of innocence and love and beauty. Charles was never in the presence of a more lovely or a more lovable creature. Dressed in a simple calico dress of blue which hung only to her shoe-tops, over which she wore a pure white apron which had the shoulder straps crossed on her breast and extending over her shoulders, she was beauty and innocence combined. Just over her heart was a beautiful white rose-bud, and resting on the back of her head was a snow-white bonnet which over-shadowed the golden curls that tantalizingly embraced her beautiful neck and carelessly rested their locks of gold on her throbbing breast. He sat for a moment feasting upon her beauty and contemplating the happiness which would abide in their home when they were man and wife. Then Charles, looking around him, realized that time had passed quickly and that the sun had ceased to shine over the tree-tops of the distant hills. Rising from the old log where he had been sitting forgetful of his surroundings, he said: "Clara, it is late; we must return home, or your parents will think we have wandered away. But before we go I ask you to remember what we have said; remember our promises and all will be well. I start for California tomorrow. Judge Harris has bought a tract of land there, and is going to spend his declining days in that healthful climate. Now, Clara, if you love me truly, and if you mean to live up to your promises, you will grant me one request, won't you?"

"Yes, anything," replied Clara, for she understood that it was only a good-bye kiss. Then she threw her arms lovingly

around his neck, and he put his gently around her waist, and there in the presence of God alone they sealed their promises and love with a kiss. Then they hastened to her home and Charles took his leave, after having told her family all good-bye.

Judge Harris and his party departed early next morning, September 1, 1891, for the village of Santa Barbara, California. Charles did not enter school that year, for he remained at home doing all that he could to aid Judge Harris in the arrangement of his affairs. The old judge has made some investments which he found that Charles could now more successfully attend to than any laborer that he could get. Charles proved himself so apt and tactful in business, and so kind and gentle and affectionate in the home, that Judge Harris and his wife became very much attached to him. They loved him as parents would love an own child; and both of his parents being dead, his father having died when he was an infant and his mother a few months before they came to California, the good old people began thinking of having him adopted as their own son. They had no children at all and they were both now getting old, and having lived a prosperous life financially, they had a good deal of property, with no direct heir to receive it. Charles was then seventeen years of age—rather old to have his name changed,—but they persuaded him to let them do so, and he was adopted as the son of Judge A. P. Harris.

At the opening of the session of 1892-1893 of Leland Stanford University, Charles Ruston Harris was admitted as Freshman on trial. He soon rose in his class to a student of high standing.

When he left home and was freed from the responsibility of business duties, and when he began to read the songs of poets whose hearts throbbed with love, and to study the productions of novelists whose imaginations planned, and whose pens told, the thrilling events of romance; when he was associated with school-boys whose lives were full of sentiment, who sang the songs of their "sweethearts" they left behind, and who anxiously awaited the weekly letters from the girls whom they loved

so dear, Charles could bear it no longer and determined to write to the girl whom he loved so dearly and renew his love, make his promises stronger, and explain his silence. This he did, and then anxiously awaited the reply. A week passed and no reply came; two weeks were gone, and still he waited. His sleep had been broken by dreams of varied nature—sometimes good, sometimes bad. He determined to write again, thinking perhaps he had made some mistake in the address. This time he took particular care to direct her letter correctly, leaving out nothing. He addressed it as follows:

Miss Clara May McAllister,
Care J. W. McAllister, Perry,
Choctaw County. Mississippi.

Then he watched every mail for two long and dreary weeks, but no letter came from Clara. Charles was almost broken-hearted to think that the girl whom he thought loved him so truly, who had made such earnest vows, could so easily prove false. He gave up in despair, thinking she had ceased to love him and was now loving another. But he determined not to yield to this little love affair, but to banish it from his thoughts.

Time advanced, and Charles became popular in the society circles of the university, belonging to the most popular fraternity of his college in addition to the scholarship fraternity, to which very few were ever admitted.

On June 2, 1897, his fraternity gave their annual banquet, at which the young ladies of the most wealthy and influential families of the State were guests. Mr. Charles B. Harris, having just gotten his master's degree, was chosen to deliver the welcome address for the fraternity. When he arose to make his speech, his stately appearance, his jet black hair and sparkling eyes, caught the attention of every one present, and when his address was ended his eloquence had charmed the audience and he had won the heart of Miss Adelia Jose, the only child of the great money king, H. K. Jose, of Sacramento. She was an accomplished and beautiful young lady; she was attractive and entertaining. There was nothing to keep Charles from marrying

her, and a marriage with her meant honor and wealth combined. The evening was spent, and unconsciously the hearts of Miss Jose and Mr. Harris were pierced by one of Cupid's darts.

The banquet was ended and the visitors departed to their separate abodes, and Charles returned to sleep on a pillow of thorns. Thoughts of love had once again been aroused in his mind. In his dreams that night he saw a queenly lady adorned with silks and bedecked with diamonds who had in one hand wealth and in the other honor, and by her side there stood a country maiden dressed in blue calico, trimmed with white lawn, and she was jeweled with two sky-blue eyes that were lit by love; in her right hand she held love, in her left she held happiness.

Charles did not believe in dreams, but he rose next morning to serious meditations. He soon decided that it was foolish for him to think of dreams and to keep thinking of that little country maid of his boyhood love.

Shortly after he had finished school he was appointed by the Governor as the State Horticulturist, he having taken some special course in that study during vacation. This position he filled with much credit to himself and much profit to his State until 1900, when he was appointed to be the Commissioner for the State in the Pan-American Exposition. During the time he occupied this position he had many calls from the great fruit growers all over the State for the advice which he alone could give. He became the most popular man of public affairs in the State. During this time his friendship with Miss Jose had become intimate. His suit was encouraged by his foster-parents and by Mr. Jose. The prophecy soon went forth, if he married Miss Jose, he would be elected Governor in 1902.

The Pan-American Exposition was a great success, and California's exhibit was considered by all as the best which was shown.

As the latter days of the exposition drew to a close the grounds were filled with college boys and girls from all over the Union, who had come from their respective schools on special trains. Mr. Harris went out on the exhibition grounds on the

30th of September to give some final instructions to the managers of the California exhibit before he took his departure back to his home State. As he passed through the fair grounds he saw innumerable college girls. When he came to the California exhibit he found a large number of college girls from Virginia admiring the beautiful fruits and the various kinds of oddities which were shown, but he noticed one lady of the number who read intently the bulletin of the managers which hung at the entrance. He thought this singular that she should turn aside from the magnificent exhibit to read the names of the managers. He happened to stop near her, and stood for an instant watching the peculiar expression of her face. As he stood there he heard her say, "Charles Ruston Harris?" "Charles Ruston?" At that instant she turned and looked straight into his eyes. He felt condemned that he should stand and gaze at a lady in such a manner, and quickly turned his eyes and walked away. He gave his instructions to the managers of the exhibit concerning the arrangements to be made when the exhibition was ended, and then he returned to his hotel to make preparations for his return home.

When he had gone to his room after dinner, he seated himself in a comfortable chair to take a smoke, and as he sat time passed unconsciously in a reverie. To himself he thought, "I am now through with this duty, which has been a laborious one, but it has made me and my State famous throughout the world. I will now return to my State and marry Miss Jose and be elected Governor in 1902. Then I will have honor and weath. What better success can man want? But who could that strange lady be whom I saw reading the bulletin today? Why should she have been so interested? She had a familiar face to me, it seems, and those eyes I surely have seen before. Why could she have been repeating my name? Surely she did not know me." Thus he continued at length. Finally he retired, hoping to get a good night's rest before he began his long journey home.

The porter rapped at his door before he had hardly gone to sleep, it seemed, and informed him that his train would start in

thirty minutes. It was then 5 A. M. He dressed in haste and hurried to the station. He decided that he would not take a sleeper until he got to Erie, where he would change cars and take the great South-Western, which would carry him direct to Sacramento without a change. He boarded the train, and as he seated himself a flash of joy came into his heart as he thought that in two more days he would sit by the side of and hear the musical voice of her who was soon to be his wife. Just then he saw a lady, who occupied the chair just ahead of him, trying to open the window by her. The train was crowded and the air was stifling. She could not work the spring, and, the porter not being near, Mr. Harris rose and asked: "Will you permit me to raise the window?"

"Thank you," replied the lady; "if you will be so kind."

Mr. Harris did this quickly, but as he raised it one of his cards fell accidently from his pocket. The lady saw it fall, picked it up and returned it to him as she thanked him for his kindness. He noticed when she handed it to him that she was the same lady whom he saw reading his name the day before. He then looked around him, and saw that there was the same body of Virginia students whom he had seen. He noticed that she seemed older than most of them, yet she was not too old to be the most beautiful one of the number. He decided that she must be a teacher, and, noting an imitation of an Æolian harp on her brooch, concluded that she was the music teacher. He thanked her for returning his card and took his seat again, in a state of confusion. Just then one of the young lady students came to the lady and said: "Miss Clara, I want you to meet a personal friend of mine, a young lady whom I met last summer while visiting the Yellowstone Park and the Yosemite Valley. She was a member of our traveling party."

While the college girl was gone to get her friend, thoughts passed in rapid succession through Mr. Harris' brain. He wondered how it could be possible for two people to resemble so much as did the object of his boyhood love and this lady who sat before him whom the student had called Miss Clara. Those sky-blue eyes were the same; those golden curls of maidenhood had

only changed to a light brown of maturer years. That voice had the same mellow tone as had the voice of his childhood sweetheart, Clara McAllister. Was it possible? Could he be mistaken? Was that Clara, the little country girl, the daughter of the poor Choctaw county farmer, who was the music teacher? His heart leaped within him, and he was filled anew with the pure love of his youth.

Then the scene of his last walk with Clara came into his mind. He remembered those loving words that were spoken and recalled those promises that were given, made sacred by love; and then he remembered how he had written her two letters while in college, and that no reply ever came. He thought that Clara must be dead or had married another. He did not know that both of his letters had been destroyed by accident—before Clara had the opportunity of reading them; he did not know that she had taken advantage of opportunities, and had become an educated woman; he did not know that she had anxiously expected his letters, hopefully awaited his return, and patiently borne his silence.

The young college girl returned with her friend, and, approaching the lady teacher, said: "Miss Clara, I want you to meet my friend, Miss Evans." Then turning to Miss Evans, she said: "Eva, this is my favorite teacher, the head mistress of music in our college, Miss Clara May McAllister."

Then Mr. Harris rose, as if the introduction had been made to him, and forgetting formality and allowing love to gain the mastery of timidity, he said in quick and anxious words: "Is this Clara May McAllister, of Choctaw county, Mississippi?"

Then the teacher turned and looked Mr. Harris straight in the eyes. At that instant each recognized the other, and, forgetting the dignity of a college teacher and that of a candidate for Governor, each grasped the other in an impulsive embrace, and shed tears of joy inspired by true love.

The whistle blew for Erie. Did Mr. Harris change cars alone and return to California to marry the lady whose wealth and social position offered him so many advantages and insured him so many honors? Or did he take with him, regardless of

the results, the one who had sworn her love for him as a maiden, and had loved him, and him alone, through ten years of abandonment?

Mr. Harris is now Governor of California; who do you think is his wife?

IN THE LAST ACT.

(*Concluded.*)

The Policeman followed the actor as Paul had directed and arrested him. At first the actor tried to question the man, but received no information whatever.

"Why am I arrested on what charge?"

He got no answer from the stolid guardian of the law who stood with a non-committal look on his face, as if he knew volumes but would not tell anything at all.

"I have a right to know why I am detained," insisted the actor husky with anger. "I am playing the leading part here tonight, and the play cannot proceed without me."

"You keep quiet," said the Policeman. "I have arrested you in the name of the King." This he said with great emphasis in order to impress the actor with the uselessness of further argument or questioning.

"Great Constellations! You fool, I am the King of this realm. You turn me loose, or you shall pay for it."

"I see," muttered the policeman to himself, "I see. The mystery is all clear. This is a dangerous maniac and that smart young soldier didn't want to risk his skin," and he shuddered at the great danger he had escaped and hastened to pass a rope around the King until he looked a veritable ball of rope. The King raved, threatened and swore at the Policeman, but this only increased that worthy's belief in the fact that he had a madman in custody.

APHA MU CHAPTER OF KAPPA ALPHA.

Following the soldiers instructions, he found the King's costume for the next act, went out the door, locking it behind him and carried the costume to the young soldier. Paul had directed the arrest to save the King's life, and he was going to take the King's costume and go on the stage and face the anarchist in the duel scene in the last act.

Paul commended the man for carrying out his instructions so faithfully and told him to guard the room where the prisoner lay bound. The young soldier then stepped into one of the empty dressing rooms and quickly divested himself of his uniform and put on the costume which the King was to have worn. The costume fitted a little tight, but not enough to matter. Dressed in it he might easily be mistaken for the same actor who had just left the stage. He surveyed himself in the glass and he thought the deception would be complete. He took his sword out of its sheat and bended it across his knee to test it and then threw it on the table. "I'll need you tonight as I have never needed you before. My father fought with you on many bloody field. You always stood him in good stead. Stand by me tonight and I'll kill that blood-thirsty Italian who is waiting to kill the King." His soliloquies were interrupted by the ringing of the bell as the curtain went up on the fourth and last act. He thrust his hand into the pocket of his discarded uniform and brought out a pencil portrait of a young girl he gazed fondly and earnestly at it and then thrust it into his bosm. He then started up, thrust his sword into its sheath and walked to the wings and waited for his cue.

When it came he walked out into the glare of the footlights. Giovanetti advanced to meet him. Paul said the few words of his part with ease, for he had learned them by following the King to the rehearsals and listening. The words between the hero and villian were few; they quareled, the lie was given—a blow, and the swords were whipped out and the duel began. Paul knew that now there was before him life or death; but whatever came he had saved the King. And then came the thought of the young girl back in the mountains who was wait-

ing for him and he resolved that he would win in this fight for her, for his old father and for his King.

The anarchist had not penetrated his disguise and thought he was fencing with the King. Paul watched his antagonist during the first few false passes. Suddenly the Italian made a vicious thrust at the young soldier. It was parried.

"He calculated to end me then," thought Paul. "We are in for it now in in earnest."

The duel had indeed commenced in earnest, for the Italian seeing his opponent was aware of his foul intention resolved that he would not leave the stage alive. Paul soon felt the strength of the other's wrist and knew that he had no mean opponent to contend with. The fencing began to get bewilderingly rapid as the two fought up and down the stage

The audience during the first three acts had been disgusted by the mediocrity of the plot and the amateur acting of the players, but were carried away by the sword play. It seemed just as though the actors were in earnest. The audience applauded and as the fighting became more heated they seemed to be carried off their feet and were frantic in their applause.

On the stage the fight was getting livelier than before. The Italian had tried all the tricks that he knew without avail. This maddened him so that he sent the edge of his sword whirling in the air before the young soldier's eyes with such rapidity that it seemed one continuous hoop of steel. Paul had tried all his sword tricks except one on his opponent; but the Italian could not be put off his guard. Paul knew one trick which he had not tried. It was a feint which his father had taught him. He resolved to use the trick on the first opportunity. But he never had the opportunity to use it, for as they fought back and forth over the stage with the sparks flashing from their blades, the Italian thought he saw an opening. Then, stiffening his arm to its full length, he thrust forward at Paul's heart. Only the mountain training and activity of the youth saved the young soldier's life from that thrust. He sprang back, but the next second he threw the Italian's blade upward and thrust him through the lungs.

The Italian stood for a moment his face upturned, one hand pressed to his side, gasping for breath like a fish. Then his arms fanned the air, his sword clattered to the floor, a shudder ran through his frame and he fell to the floor—dead.

Paul saw the dead body in something like a dream. He felt a dull pain in his shoulder and put his hand up and brought it down covered with blood. He had been wounded by that last thrust of the anarchist. A sickening nausea seemed to creep over him; some obstruction seemed to cover his sight. He reached out his hand to pust it away and then he felt that he felt that he was falling. He had fainted.

The sword scene took the audience by storm and they applauded liberally. When they saw the villian slain they thought he was acting magnificently in dying. When a few seconds later the hero dropped they began to get confused—they thought there was something wrong.

In a lower box in the audience sat the old, white-haired prime minister and by him an officer. The old man had taken little interest in the play until the last act and then he watched the duel closely. A sigh of relief came from his lips when he villian drop, but when he saw the other drop, he grasped the officer's sleeve in excitement.

"I feel sure that is not in the play," he said nervously to the officer.

"It doesn't matter if it isn't, does it?" asked the officer.

"The King is playing the principal part in the play. Slip around behind the scenes and see if there if anything the matter."

The officer paled and hurried out of the box and went behind the wings and glanced out on the stage. He saw the blood all over the young soldier's shoulder and hurried back to the old man, his eyes dilated with excitement. "The King has been killed or wounded," he reported. "I saw him lying with blood all over his clothing." The Prime Minister hurrid behind the scenes.

In some way the people in the audience heard thathe King was either seriously wounded or killed. The curtain went down

but the audience did not move. They sat in their seats transfixed with horror.

The old Prime Minister found the stage manager walking about the corridors behind the stage in his distraction. A physician was bending over the form of the wounded man examining the wound.

"The wound is not dangerous," said he. "It will be healed soon. It is only a flesh wound in the shoulder."

The old minister came near the group and when he saw that it was Paul he dropped on his knees beside him. He sobbed for joy and excitedly asked the young soldier to relate his story. He listened with shining eyes as the young soldier told him the details. He pressed the young boy's hand and said he was a brave and noble boy. That was a great deal from a brusque old man like the Prime Minister. He gathered from Paul where the King was and hurried to find him. He relieved the faithful old policeman from his duty. Opening the door he found the king mad with rage that he had been kept so long in "durance vile." When he had quieted down the Prime Minister told him how his life had been saved by the heroic young soldier.

"Show me this young soldier at once," said the King. "I can never repay the debt I owe him. I must also ask your pardon for the manner in which I have treated you."

The old man led the way to where the young soldier was, now on his feet, although looking a little bewildered. The King threw his arms around his waist and kissed him in boyish expression of gratitude. He took an ornament from around his neck and gave it to the young soldier.

"Keep it. It is one of the noblest orders of Europe. There are only five others like it in the world."

"But, sir," remonstrated the Prime Minister. "Only a nobleman can wear the order."

The King smiled and said to Paul, "Kneel down."

The soldier obeyed wonderingly. The King knighted him. "You can wear it now, I suppose."

ALPHA UPSILON CHAPTER OF KAPPA SIGMA.

The Prime Minister went in front of the curtain and told the story of how the King's life had been saved by the Life Guards. The audience cheered and cheered again. That night the young soldier was draw to his humble lodgings in a carriage drawn by men.

This happened years ago. The old minister is dead now and his successor bears a strong resemblance to our friend Paul, It is in fact the same person grown old in the King's service. If you enjoy the pleasure of being at one of his sumptuous entertainments,, the fame of which has spread throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom, you will probably see his wife. She is a beautiful little creature whom no amount of attention has been able to spoil. In a locket she has a little pencil portrait which the young soldier carried with him on the stage on that eventful night. It is the picture of herself.

In a tavern frequented by the police of the city, the customers often see an old man. He is a retired p lice captain. It is the custom when a new member comes on the force to bring him to the tavern and introduce him to the old man. The old man will take the young member over to one side and tell him with the skill acquired by practice the story of how he arrested the King.

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EDITORIAL.

When the editor assumed his duties at the beginning of the session, he ventured the statement that the COLLEGIAN would be a better magazine if the staff could be appointed for longer service. After looking upon its painful struggle for a year, we believe that the most admirable feature connected with the management is the annual appointment of a new staff, and feel that the student body, the faculty, and the COLLEGIAN itself are indeed fortunate in this arrangement.

In surrendering to others the obligations and responsibilities of the board of editors, our only regret is that we have done so little, and yet often we have felt the seriousness of the responsibility which the faculty placed upon us. Often we have thought of the student body whose reputation was involved in every issue of the magazine, and of our friends who are so happy when we do well and so grieved when we fail, and the realization of it all has at times been painful. We have done little when we would do much.

The staff is not alone responsible for the nature of the publication, for it has not the power to insure success. Every College publication is dependent upon the spirit and character of the student body for its success. The board of editors may do a great deal towards shaping this spirit and character, but without it the magazine will never be more than an excuse. Many students look upon time spent in writing for the magazine as wasted and consider their efforts thankless,. There are only a few exceptional students among the student body who naturally and gladly aid in supporting the COLLEGIAN. The majority of them feel that their time is too valuable and that it would be poor economy to give it to a critical public free when they might sell it to the faculty for "distinctions." There are others who simply feel that the staff has charge of the magazine, that the faculty has designated them as its authors and sole and all-sufficient supporters, and that they therefore have no part in it. Still others have no desire to aid it; they do not know anything about it and really do not care.

We do not know how it will come about, but until we have a genuine pride, a pardonable pride,—and a genuine pride is pardonable—in our magazine, we will never have one to be proud of. The importance of the magazine ought to have some weight with the student body, ought to be a healthy stimulus. It is through it we are known to the outside college world; it conveys the voice of our college thought and heart and will. It is the reed through which we produce fine harmony with all that is worthy, or grating discord with all that is unworthy within us. Like the musical instrument, it echoes the depths or shallows of the musician. Along its lines flow the vital spirit of splendid college life or stand the stagnant pools of a lazy and indifferent college existence. What a grand spectacle is a student body bending their energies to a purpose whose only return is a magnificient college magazine! We believe that we will one day have such a student body. When we do we shall have a Collegian which will compare favorably with the publication of any college in the South. We have seen, with not more than one-twentieth of the student body

assisting, a Collegian issued by us during the years of '01–'02, which was not a discredit to us. We know that with the other nineteen-twentieths aiding we can have one worthy of us and of our friends.

But there is need of some practical means. The enthusiasm of the staff alone will not do, there must be the means of reaching the student body. Unless the editor has time to transmit the enthusiasm of the staff to the student body the means is wanting. With the present arrangement the editor can not give sufficient time to his department. Soliciting material, correcting manuscript, revising proofs, together with other drudgery, keep him too busy to devote sufficient time to his editorials. He should be given credit on his regular course for his editorials for he would then have more to do on the COLLEGIAN, outside of his writing, than any other student. If the COLLEGIAN be not worthy of this it is, to my mind, not worthy of the College.

We hope and believe that the COLLEGIAN will grow better, which is another way of saying that more students will come to its aid. There is such a great field for its activity. We believe more than ever before that our college will be one of the best in the South. But there is much to be done. We are disgracefully behind in our gymnasium equipment. There is no use posing as the champion of physical development. Those who are not its champions are champions of nothing, and therefore the less is the need of defenders. The time for arguing either in favor of or against physical culture, so far as contested points are concerned, has passed. That time has passed, and one would think he was reading some molded manuscript of frail-handed Monk of old, old times if I were to stop to do such a thing. But just as far as we are from not admitting the necessity of physical development, just so far are we from having sufficient equipment. It is too sickening to contemplate. We are painfully behind here, and though it may be for the reason that we have stopped in the race of college progress to tie the shoes of splendid instructors, we cannot afford to halt long, because we will be run over. As important as are scholarly pro-

SOPHOMORE CLASS

fessors, the time has come for attention to be given to things none the less important.

Our library is dreadfully in need of better equipment in every particular. We need more books. We appreciate the relics of old-time Methodist days and Baptist days and Presbyterian days, and all those thoroughly orthodox days, as for that. These ancient-bound and care-worn volumes of good ministers and as good laymen, are highly esteemed; but we want more than these. We need not mention them, for you know what books we need. We already have many good ones among our interesting relics and tokens of good will, but we want thousands more, and we must have them if we expect to do well the work before us. The periodicals are numerous and good, but not numerous enough. Besides, we have no good place to keep them. They are torn and scattered, and often either in hiding or lost. We cannot find them, or when we do our time is out and we cannot read them.

We need better equipment for our recitation rooms, our chapel, and our laboratory. The shades are poor, and the light cannot be well regulated. The seats, especially in the English room and chapel, are uncomfortable. The heating arrangement is at times very disagreeable. We have a good laboratory, but we need a better one. Our walks are ill kept and shabby-looking.

We have mentioned these things not because we feel that we are in bad circumstances, for we have many and splendid advantages, but because we need better advantages. With a little outlay wonderful improvements could be made. A well-equipped gymnasium with hot and cold bath arrangement, a library with additional books and periodicals neatly and preservingly arranged, a better and more comfortably furnished chapel and recitation rooms, this much could be done now, or some of it at least. We mention these things because we believe the friends of the college should not be satisfied with the equipment we have, but should strive to hasten the day of Millsaps' final leadership of southern colleges.

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